



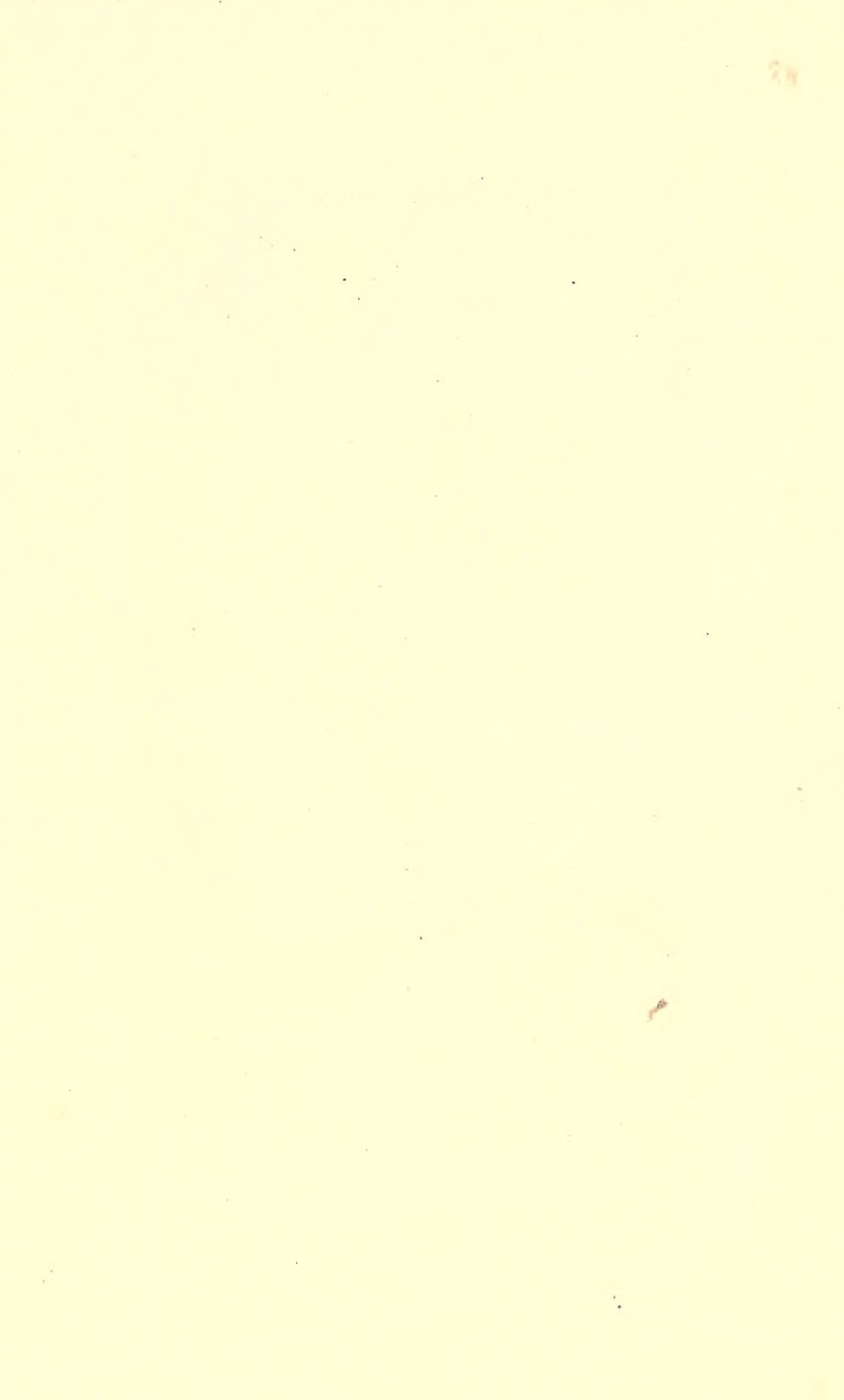
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Illustrated Sterling Edition

POOR JACK
THE SETTLERS IN CANADA

BY
CAPTAIN FREDERICK MARRYAT

Old Nanny.

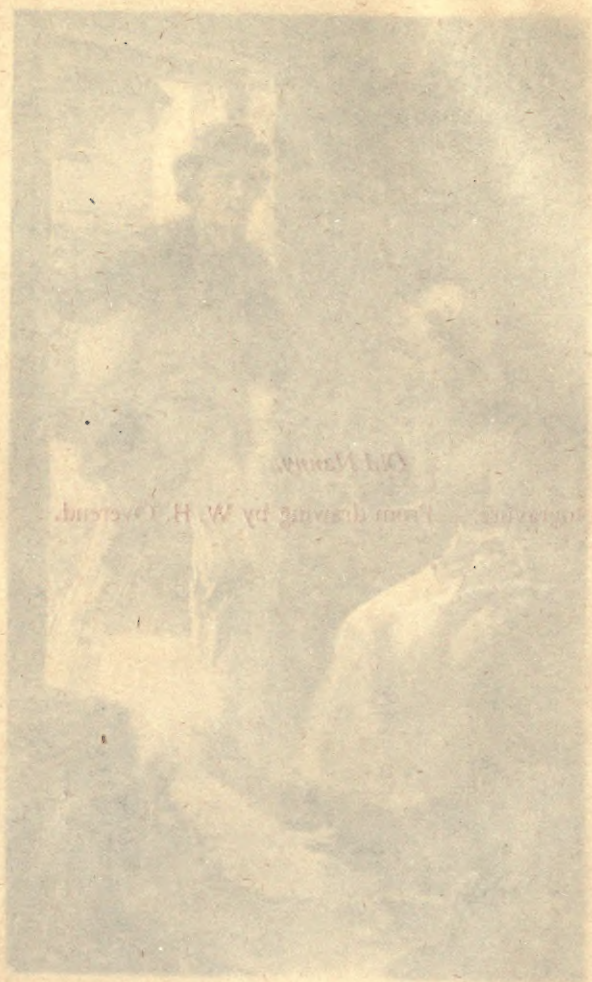
Photogravure. — From drawing by W. H. Overend.

With Introduction by

W. L. COURTNEY, M. A., LL. D.



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
DANA ESTES & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



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INTRODUCTION

IN 1840, the year of the publication of "Poor Jack," Captain Marryat had reached the zenith of his literary career. The novels which appeared in 1839 and 1840, "The Phantom Ship," "Olla Podrida," "Poor Jack," and "Percival Keene," though they cannot rank with the best of his earlier work, at any rate in parts attain a very high level of excellence. "Poor Jack" especially contains one or two jokes as good as any recorded of Mr. Midshipman Easy. At no other period of his literary labours did Captain Marryat cover so large and varied a field of subjects, but in the book now before us, he is content for once to confine his wandering fancy to the shores of his native land. Readers of "The Phantom Ship" or of "Olla Podrida" will undoubtedly experience a sense of relief and relaxation in returning from continental tours, from tropical seas and desert islands, to the homely shores of Father Thames, where, with the flats of Essex on the one side, and the pleasant hills of Kent on the other, they may enjoy a well-earned repose.

The Greenwich of our own day is a very different place from the picturesque old town that Captain Marryat knew. Even in his time, however, improvements were being carried on with an unsparing hand, and he feels a little uncertain as to whether his readers will be able to identify the precise localities of his story. Houses like that of the affable Dr. Tadpole, "of dark red brick, much ornamented, and probably built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," were even then conspicuous among the crowd of newer and meaner neighbours.

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Very few indeed must be the Tudor buildings now left at Greenwich, but some stately Georgian mansions still remain to bear witness to the days when "families of distinction"—that of Sir Hercules Hawkingtrefylyan among the number—resided there, and "Greenwich was considered a pleasant retreat for a few months by many of the fashionable world." Mr. John Timbs, who is perhaps a better authority on matters antiquarian than our author, states, with all the caution of the historian, that it is not very clear at what period the "lovers of good living first went to eat whitebait" at Greenwich. Captain Marryat, however, decides that "it was just at that period," *i.e.* during the first decade of the present century, or nearly a hundred years ago, "that the whitebait parties became so much in vogue." And then he describes how the visitors from London would while away the tedious time before dinner, by throwing coppers from the inn window for the boys on the beach to scramble for. Very picturesque and fascinating are these sketches of the muddy foreshores, of the "poor Jack" who offered his ragged arm to passengers alighting from the wherries, of the "Light Horsemen" the "Scuffle Hunters" and all the other nefarious traffickers who then infested the river, and now that all these things have passed away Captain Marryat's vivid sketch has all the interest of a historical painting.

The one feature of old Greenwich which in external appearance still remains unchanged, has been, so far as the purpose and intention of its royal founder is concerned, entirely revolutionised. The great Hospital, with its hundreds of pensioners in their old-fashioned blue coats and three-cornered hats, is now altogether a thing of the past, and it is to the pages of Captain Marryat that we must turn if we want to know how these old heroes spent the evening of their days. He describes them assembling in little groups on "a small hill just inside of the Greenwich Park gates" to read the news, and how, when the days were chilly, they

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gathered round the great fireplace in the "wards," and recalled the times when they too had their share in the making and marring of nations. "The fireplace," wrote Captain Marryat, "is generally a very large one, and surrounded by benches with high backs, to serve as screens against the cold and wind, and as there are tables inside, you are generally very snug and comfortable." Greenwich Hospital stands on the site of the ancient royal palace of Greenwich, which was converted from its original purpose at the desire of Queen Mary, when "she found it difficult to provide good shelter and good attendance for the thousands of brave men who had come back to England wounded after the battle of La Hogue. While she lived," continues Macaulay, "scarcely any step was taken towards the accomplishing of her favourite design. But it would seem that, as soon as her husband had lost her, he began to reproach himself for having neglected her wishes. No time was lost. A plan was furnished by Wren, and soon an edifice, surpassing that asylum which the magnificent Lewis had provided for his soldiers, rose on the margin of the Thames." John Evelyn was appointed to the congenial task of treasurer of the works, an office which he retained until the buildings were nearly completed, when he resigned in favour of his son-in-law, Draper. Under the date of January 1705, Evelyn wrote: "I went to Greenwich Hospital, where they now began to take in wounded and worn-out seamen, who are exceeding well provided for." And he adds very characteristically, "The buildings now going on are very magnificent." The number of old seamen first admitted was forty-two, but space for more was soon available, and at the time of its greatest prosperity the foundation maintained 3000 inmates and 32,000 out-pensioners. The revenues of the Hospital were enormous, and the difficulties of administration soon gave rise to complaints of extravagance. A commission was appointed to inquire into the matter, and the

INTRODUCTION

result was the conversion of the Hospital into a Naval College. In 1869, the year of the dissolution, there were 1400 inmates, and of these over 1000 immediately availed themselves of the permission to quit the Hospital, and receive a pension as compensation. The majority of these, we are told, died within a year of leaving the Hospital, but on the whole the change was considered beneficial, and more in accordance with our present modes of living. Captain Marryat allows that in his time the old men seemed to suffer from being cut off from ordinary social intercourse. The "helpless ward," where Anderson ended his days, was the refuge of many old pensioners whose health was perfect after their faculties had become much impaired.

Admirable, however, as are all these descriptions of old Greenwich, Captain Marryat is evidently not quite at his ease between the river banks, and accordingly he avails himself of every possible opportunity of return to the fresher atmosphere of the high seas. The "yarns" of the pensioners prove very useful for this purpose, and whenever the story flags a little, one of the old men is sure to embark upon some lengthy description of battle or shipwreck. One of the most graphic and circumstantial narratives in the book is the loss of the *Royal George*, told by Anderson over the "ward" fire.

W. L. C.

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CHAPTER I

In which, like most people who tell their own stories, I begin with the histories of other people.

I HAVE every reason to believe that I was born in the year of our Lord 1786, for more than once I put the question to my father, and he invariably made the same reply: "Why, Jack, you were launched a few months before the Druids were turned over to the *Melpomene*." I have since ascertained that this remarkable event occurred in January 1787. But my father always reckoned in this way: if you asked him when such an event took place, he would reply, so many years or months after such a naval engagement or remarkable occurrence; as, for instance, when I one day inquired how many years he had served the King, he responded, "I came into the sarvice a little afore the battle of Bunker's Hill, in which we licked the Americans clean out of Boston."¹ As for Anno Domini, he had no notion of it whatever.

Who my grandfather was, I cannot inform the reader, nor is it, perhaps, of much consequence. My father was a man who invariably looked forward, and hated anything like retrospection; he never mentioned either his father or his mother: perhaps he was not personally acquainted with them. All I could collect from him at intervals was, that he served in a collier from South Shields, and that a few months after his apprenticeship was out, he found himself one fine morning on board of a man-of-war, having been picked up in a state of unconsciousness, and hoisted up the side without his know-

¹ I have since heard a different version of the result of this battle.

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ledge or consent. Some people may infer from this that he was at the time tipsy; he never told me so; all he said was, "Why, Jack, the fact is when they picked me up I was quite altogether *non pomposus*." I also collected at various times the following facts—that he was put into the mizentop and served three years in the West Indies; that he was transferred to the maintop, and served five years in the Mediterranean; that he was made captain of the foretop, and sailed six years in the East Indies; and at last was rated captain's coxswain in the *Druid* frigate, attached to the Channel fleet cruising during the peace. Having thus condensed the genealogical and chronological part of this history, I now come to a portion of it in which it will be necessary that I should enter more into detail.

The frigate in which my father eventually served as captain's coxswain was commanded by a Sir Hercules Hawkingtrefylyan, Baronet. He was very poor and very proud, for baronets were not so common in those days. He was a very large man, standing six feet high, and with what is termed a considerable *bow-window* in front; but at the same time portly in his carriage. He wore his hair well powdered, exacted the utmost degree of ceremony and respect, and considered that even speaking to one of his officers was paying them a very high compliment: as for being asked to his table, there were but few who could boast of having had that honour, and even those few perhaps not more than once in the year. But he was, as I have said, very poor; and moreover he was a married man, which reminds me that I must introduce his lady, who, as the ship was on Channel service, had lodgings at the port near to which the frigate was stationed, and occasionally came on board to take a passage when the frigate changed her station to the eastward or to the westward. Lady Hercules, as we were directed to call her by Sir Hercules, was as large in dimensions, and ten times more proud than her husband. She was an excessive fine lady in every respect; and whenever she made her appearance on board, the ship's company looked upon her with the greatest awe. She had a great dislike to ships and sailors; officers she seldom condescended to notice; and pitch and tar were her abomination. Sir Hercules himself submitted to her dictation, and, had she lived on board, she

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would have commanded the ship; fortunately for the service, she was always very sea-sick when she was taking a passage, and therefore did no mischief. "I recollect," said my father to me, "once when we were running down to Portsmouth, where we had been ordered for provisions, that my Lady Hercules, who was no fool of a weight, being one night sea-sick in her cot, the lanyard of the cot gave way, and she came down with a run by the head. The steward was called by the sentry, and there was a terrible shindy. I, of course, was sent for, as I had the hanging up of the cot. There was Sir Hercules with his shirt flapping in the wind, and a blanket over his shoulders, strutting about in a towering passion; there was the officer of the watch, who had been sent for by mistake, and who was ordered to quit the cabin immediately; and there was I, expecting to be put in irons, and have seven dozen for my breakfast. As for Sir Hercules, he didn't know what to do; he did nothing but storm at everybody, for my lady, with her head under the clothes, was serving him out at no small rate. She wouldn't, she declared, allow any man to come into the cabin to hoist her up again. So indecent, so indelicate, so shocking—she was ashamed of Sir Hercules—to send for the men; if they didn't leave the cabin immediately, she'd scream and she'd faint—that she would—there was no saying what she wouldn't do! Well, there we waited just outside until at last Sir Hercules and my lady came to a parley. She was too sick to get out of bed, and he was not able to hoist her up without assistance; so being, as I suppose, pretty well tired of lying with her head three feet lower than her heels, she consented, provided that she was properly kivered up, to allow us to come in and put all to rights. Well, first she made Sir Hercules throw over her his two boat cloaks, but that wouldn't do; so he threw the green cloth from off the table, but that warn't enough for her delicate sensibility, and she hollowed from under the clothes for more kivering; so Sir Hercules sent for two of the ship's ensigns, and coiled away the bunting on her till it was as high as a haycock, and then we were permitted to come in and hoist her ladyship up again to the battens. Fortunately it was not a slippery hitch that had let her down by the run, but the lanyard had given way from my lady's own weight, so my back was not

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scratched after all. Women ain't no good on board, Jack, that's sartain."

But I must now introduce a more important personage than even Lady Hercules, which is my mother. They say "like master, like man," and I may add, "like lady, like maid." Lady Hercules was fine, but her maid was still finer. Most people, when they write their biography, if their parents were poor, inform you that they left them a good name and nothing else. Some parents cannot even do that; but all parents can at all events leave their children a *pretty* name, by taking a little trouble at their baptism. My mother's name was Araminta, which, as my father truly observed, was "a touch above the common." She had originally gone into service as a nursery maid, living in her first situation one year and nine months; in her second, she remained two years and four months; then she left to *better* herself, and obtained the situation of nurse in a family where she remained two years and one month; after which, Lady Hercules then having a child of a year old, she was received into her service. At three years old the child died, and my mother was promoted to the situation of lady's maid. This advancement quite spoiled her; she was prouder than her mistress, and gave herself ten times more airs, and when at first my father (who as coxswain was constantly up at the house) offered to speak to her, she turned away from him in most ineffable disdain. Now my father was at that time about thirty years of age, and thought no small beer of himself, as the saying goes. He was a tall, handsome man, indeed, so good-looking that they used to call him "Handsome Jack" on board of the *Druid*, and he had, moreover, a pigtail of most extraordinary size and length, of which he was not a little proud, as it hung down far below the waistband of his trousers. His hair was black and glossy, and his lovelocks, as the sailors term the curls which they wear on their temples, were of the most insinuating description. Now, as my father told me, when he first saw my mother with her sky-scraping cap at the back of her head, so different from the craft in general, he was very much inclined to board her; but when she boomed him off in that style, my father, who was quite the rage and fancy man among the ladies of Sally Port and Castle Rag, hauled his wind in no time, hitching up his white trousers and turning

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short round on his heel, so as to present his back to her whenever they happened to meet. For a long time he gave her a wide berth. Now this fact of my father returning her disdain had the usual effect. At first she was very savage, and when she spoke of him to Lady Hercules, she designated him as "that proud coxswain, who seemed to think himself a greater man than Sir Hercules himself—with his filthy pig-tail, indeed!" My father also, when he spoke of her to the boat's crew, termed her "that proud —— of a lady's maid," the word not mentionable, being both canine and feminine. Thus matters went on for some time, until my mother, by a constant survey of my father's handsome proportions, every day thought him to be a more proper man, and a few advances on her part at last brought them to a mutual understanding.

CHAPTER II

My father does what most sailors do—he makes a foolish marriage, one of the consequences of which is brought to light at the end of the chapter.

I HAVE observed at the finale of my first chapter, that at last my mother and father came to a good understanding; but at the same time Madam Araminta (for so my mother insisted upon being called) took good care to let my father understand that she considered that she was lowering herself by surrendering up her charms to a captain's coxswain. She informed him that her father might be said to have been royally connected, being a king's messenger (and so, indeed, he might be considered, having been a twopenny postman), and that her mother had long scores against the first nobles in the land (she was a milk-woman), and that she had dry-nursed a young baronet, and was now, not merely a ladies' maid, but a *lady's* ladies' maid. All this important and novel communication sunk deep in my father's mind, and when he heard it he could hardly believe his good fortune in having achieved such a conquest; but, as the sequel will prove, his marriage did not turn out very happily. He used to say to me, "Jack, take my advice, and never marry above your

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condition, as I did; nothing would please me but a *lady's ladies'* maid; I had no right to look up to even a *ladies'* maid, and had your mother only been a simple maid, all might have been right." But these were after-reflections when it was too late. I do not wonder at my poor father's senses being dazzled, for, as he said to me, "You see, Jack, after being used to see nothing but Point women, all so slack in stays and their rigging out of order, to fall aboard of a craft like your mother, so trim and neat, ropes all taut, stays well set up, white hammock-cloths spread every day in the week, and when under weigh, with a shawl streaming out like a silk ensign, and such a rakish gaff topsail bonnet, with pink pennants; why, it was for all the world as if I was keeping company with a tight little frigate after rolling down channel with a fleet of colliers; but, howsomever, fine feathers don't make fine birds, and handsome is as handsome does."

My father's marriage was, however, precipitated by circumstances. One afternoon, after he had been accepted, he had taken his quid out of his cheek, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and was in the act of giving and receiving a chaste salute, when Lady Hercules happened to come down into the kitchen—a most rare occurrence, and wholly unexpected from a lady of her refined and delicate ideas. She caught my father and mother in the very act; and (as my father expressed it) with an exclamation of horror, "She 'bout ship, and sculled upstairs like winkin'." A loud peal of the bell summoned up my mother, leaving my father in a state of no pleasant suspense, for he was calculating how far Sir Hercules could bring in "kissing a lady's ladies' maid" under the article of war as "contempt of superiors," and, if so, how many dozen kisses his back might receive from the cat in return. While he was absorbed in this pleasing speculation, Lady Hercules was pouring out anathemas against my mother's want of delicacy and decency, informing her that it was impossible she could submit the decoration of her person to one who has so contaminated herself with a tobacco-chewing seaman—who was all pigtail within and without; for, as the Scripture says, "Who can touch pitch without being defiled?"

Although my mother had made up her mind, that if it was to be a question between a place and a husband, she should

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decide upon retaining the latter, still she thought it advisable, if it were possible, to conciliate my lady. She therefore pulled out a cambric handkerchief, and while her ladyship scolded, she covered up her face and wept. Lady Hercules continued to scold until she was out of breath, and thereby compelled to stop. My mother then replied, with deep humility and many tears, "That indeed she had been so persuaded (sob) that she at last promised to (sob) marry; but only on one condition—yes, indeed—(sob) that her ladyship gave her consent—positively on no other (sob)—no, indeed, upon her honour! Mr. Saunders was—(sob)—excellent young man—(sob), so attached to Sir Hercules (sob), and had such a great respect for her ladyship, that—(sob—sob—sob)—he had won her heart."

By this time her ladyship had regained her breath, and she interrupted my mother by pointing out to her, that allowing all she said to be correct, yet still that was no reason why she should allow such indecent liberties; that Sir Hercules had never obtained such favours from her until after the ring had been put on her finger. Then, indeed, such things might be—that is, occasionally; but the kitchen of all places!—And, besides, how did she know how many wives the coxswain had already? She shouldn't be surprised, if, with that long pigtail of his, he had five at least—nay, perhaps, six or seven. Here my mother replied, that "It was out of gratitude to her (sob) for having consented to permit him to (sob) speak to Sir Hercules (sob), who would plead with her ladyship (sob), which had occasioned Mr. Saunders (sob) to take—such—a—liberty (sob—sob—sob)—which he had never—done before—(sob)—No!—never—upon her honour—never!—"

And here my mother's sobs choked her utterance.

This explanation somewhat pacified, and a little subsequent humility and flattery gained the mistress, who consented to settle the matter with Sir Hercules, alleging, as one principal reason for so doing, that after the familiarity which had taken place between them, the sooner they were married the better. The wishes of her ladyship were tantamount to commands. Sir Hercules pronounced my father to be a fool, and they were married.

My mother was a good-looking person, perhaps two or three years older than my father; she was of a very bad temper,

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very vindictive and revengeful, and in every way she had a pleasure in annoying other people, and when she succeeded she invariably concluded her remarks with, "There—now you're vexed!" Whenever out of humour herself from the observations of others, she attempted to conceal her vexation by singing; and having been so many years of her life in the nursery, her songs were usually those little ditties used to pacify or amuse children in arms. "Saunders," she would cry out, "if you aren't the biggest fool that ever walked on two legs—to look at that long tail of yours you're so proud of, one would think I'd married a monkey—a *hourang-hontang*, instead of a man. There—now you're vexed! One can't open one's mouth." My mother knew where to strike; and this attack upon his pigtail was certain to provoke my father, who would retort in no measured language, till she, in her turn, lost her temper, and then out she would sing, in a sort of scream—

"Hey diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon," &c.

And thus she continued to sing (or squeal) until her wrath cooled down.

The consequences of forming a matrimonial alliance with a captain's coxswain soon became visible. Six months after they had been married, Lady Hercules pronounced my mother's appearance to be quite indecent, and declared her no longer fit for the office of lady's maid to a lady of her exquisite delicacy; and my mother, who became less active every day, received notice to quit, which she did, when her month was up, in great wrath, packing up her boxes, and slamming the door as she left the house, singing at the very highest pitch of her voice—

"Dickory, dickory, dock; the mouse ran up the clock," &c.

My father wished her to come and live with him on board the frigate; but to that my mother would not consent, saying, that she had, it was true, degraded herself and her family by marrying a coxswain, but she was not going to further contaminate herself by mixing with the vulgar creatures on board. In this resolve I think my mother was right; but her dismissal and disgrace was followed up by my

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father being disgraced and turned into the maintop, for no other reason in the world than such being the will and pleasure of Lady Hercules.

Her ladyship considered that she had lost a good servant through my father's intervention; and having therefore taken a dislike to him, did not choose that he should, as coxswain, come up to the house as usual; and, as he no longer did the duty of coxswain, she asserted that he was not entitled to the rating. Thus, seven months had hardly passed away before my father's marriage became a source of vexation and annoyance; his pay was decreased, and he was no longer a petty officer. My mother's pride was hurt; and if she was resolute in not going on board to remain with him when he was captain's coxswain, she was still more so, now that he was reduced to a common seaman. As for my father, he was the picture of misery—he had no consolation except turning his quid and tying his pigtail.

But everything changes in this world, and among other changes was that of the station of the frigate, which was ordered foreign. Sir Hercules took leave of his lady, who retired to Tunbridge Wells. My father took leave of my mother, who retired to Woolwich. She had saved some money in service, and my father handed over to her all the pay which he received, when the ship's company were paid previous to the sailing of the ship. It is but justice to observe, that the moment he was out of soundings and away from the influence of her ladyship, Sir Hercules reinstated my father, and gave him back his rating as coxswain. My father was indeed the smartest and best seaman in the ship; he could do his work from stem to stern—mouse a stay, pudding an anchor, and pass a gammoning, as well as he could work a Turk's head, cover a manrope, or point a lashing for the cabin table. Besides which, he had seen service, having fought under Rodney, and served at the siege of Gibraltar.

But I must return to my mother, who, when she first went to Woolwich, which she did in a transport that was ordered round, took lodgings in the outskirts of the town; and not wishing to acknowledge that she had married a common sailor, as she supposed my father still to be, asserted that she was the wife of a captain of a merchant vessel, which had

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been taken up as a transport to convey troops to the West Indies. On this supposition, being received into a society above her real station, she was compelled to spend more money than she could afford, and her finances rapidly wasted away. In the meantime I was born—a fine baby, but with nothing to look up to but a penniless mother, an absent (if existing) father, the workhouse, and the sky.

CHAPTER III

In which my mother proves herself a tender wife, and at the same time shows her patriotism and devotion to her country.

I HAD almost unconsciously arrived at the age of two years before there were any tidings of my father. All the information that my mother could obtain was, that the ship's company of the *Druid* had been turned over to another frigate called the *Melpomene*, the former having been declared not seaworthy, and in consequence condemned and broken up at Port Royal.

But no letter had been received from my father, who indeed was not much of a scholar; he could read, but he could not write. By this time my mother's savings were expended, and she was in great tribulation lest the deceit she had practised should be exposed. Indeed, there were already many surmises as to the truth of her story, it being so long that her husband had been absent. At last, when she had changed her only remaining guinea, a letter arrived from my father, dated from Portsmouth, stating that the ship was to be paid off in a few days, and then "he would clap on all sail and be on board of his old woman in no time."

My mother, although not a little disgusted at being called an old woman—an affront which she determined to revenge upon a more fitting occasion—was in raptures with the contents of the letter; she therefore returned a kind answer, informing my father what a promising child he was blessed with, and giving him a direction to meet her at Greenwich, as she had resolved upon not receiving him at Woolwich, where her false assertions would have been exposed. Going

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round to all her acquaintances, she bade them farewell, telling them that her husband had returned well, and *well to do*, and had ordered her to meet him at Greenwich. Having thus satisfactorily, as she imagined, got out of this little difficulty, she packed up and hastened to Greenwich, where she sunk her assumed rank and waited very impatiently for her husband. He came at last, seated with many others on the outside of a stage coach—his hat bedecked with ribands, a pipe in one hand and flourishing a pewter pot in the other. It hardly need be added that he was more than half tipsy. Nevertheless, even in this state, he was well received; and after he had smothered her with kisses, dandled me on his knee, thrown into her lap all the pay he had left, and drank three more pots of porter, they went very peaceably and lovingly to repose.

I regret to say that this amity did not last long. My father's manners, which perhaps had been softened down by the awe which he had of Lady Hercules when he first made my mother's acquaintance, were now more coarse, and so was his language; and the neatness and cleanliness of person which he was obliged to maintain while performing the duties of a coxswain to a married captain were not so observable. Besides which, being no longer under discipline, he was almost every night intoxicated; and being so, was more self-willed and regardless of his wife's injunctions: the consequences were, that having received from my father fifty pounds, my mother first locked that up, and then "unlocked her jaw." Disputes were now hourly occurring; and it was "now you're vexed," and "hey diddle diddle," from morning till night.

My father would repair to the grog-shops to have a dance and carouse with his messmates, and my mother would not accompany him to such a vulgar place; consequently he went alone, was out very late, coming home very drunk, if indeed he came home at all. Moreover, the wives and companions of the other seamen would insult her when she walked out, for pretending to be better than they were.

One day when she was walking out arm-in-arm with my father, unluckily she was met by one of her Woolwich acquaintances. This was the severest stroke of all, as she had intended to return to Woolwich; but now she was discovered, and avoided by one party, as well as insulted by the other. I cannot defend my mother's conduct; nor indeed was she

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deserving of pity, as her treatment had been brought about by her own folly and pride. The effect of all this was, however, that of souring her temper still more; and the constant vituperation poured out upon my father so roused his indignation, that one evening, when more than usually intoxicated, the "lady's ladies' maid" received such a severe box on the ear, that the one candle turned to a general illumination. This blow was never forgotten nor forgiven, although my father was very sorry for it, and begged her pardon the next day, with promises of amendment.

Just at this time the French Revolution commenced, and there was expectation of a war with France; the press-gangs were ordered out, and the seamen, aware of it, remained concealed until they should leave the town. But my mother had made up her mind: she found out an officer who commanded one of the press-gangs, gave her address, and having supplied my father with spirits until he was stupefied, she let in the gang, and before morning my father was safe on board of the tender lying off the Tower. This treachery on her part my father did not discover until some time afterwards, and it was the occasion of a scene between them, as I shall hereafter show. The next day my mother went on board of the tender to visit my father, put her cambric handkerchief to her eyes, pressed his hand between the iron bars, and lamented *his* hard fate, and *her* hard fate; but when requested by him to smuggle a little liquor in a bladder to comfort him with, she tossed up her head, and declared "that nothing could induce her to do anything so ungentleel." Whereupon my father turned away, lamenting the day that ever he had married a lady's ladies' maid.

A day or two afterwards my mother brought my father his kit of clothes, and two pounds of his own money. As a war was expected, my mother would have persuaded my father to give her his "will and power" to receive his prize money; but my father, grown comparatively wiser, positively refused. He turned away on his heel, and they parted.

I shall, for the present, leave my father to his fortunes, and follow those of my mother. Convinced by his refusal to sign the deed, which she had brought ready prepared with her, that she had little in future to expect from my father, and aware probably of the risk incurred by a seaman from

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"battle, fire, and wreck," she determined this time to husband her resources, and try if she could not do something for herself. At first she thought of going again into service, and putting me out to nurse; but she discovered that my father's return was not without its consequences, and that she was again to be a mother. She therefore hired rooms in Fisher's Alley, a small street still existing in Greenwich, and indeed still a general thoroughfare. Here, in due time, she was brought to bed of a daughter, whom she christened by the name of Virginia; not so much out of respect to her last mistress, who bore that name, as because she considered it peculiarly ladylike and genteel.

CHAPTER IV

In which I tell the reader all I can recollect about myself, and moreover prove the truth of the old adage, "that it is a wise child who knows its own father."

MY readers must not expect me to tell them much of what passed during the first four years of my existence. I have a recollection of a deal board put at the door of our house, which opened into Fisher's Alley, to prevent me, and afterwards my sister, from crawling out. Fisher's Alley is a very narrow street, and what was said in a room on one side of it can be heard on the other, and I used to hang over the board and listen: there were drunken men and drunken women, and occasionally scolding and fighting. My mother, having made up her mind to be saving, had taken a lease of the house and furnished it; and every day I heard her saying at the door, "Walk in, gentlemen; I've a nice clean room and boiling hot water"—for the seamen used to come in to take tea, drink, and smoke; and so did the old pensioners occasionally, for my mother had made acquaintance with several of them. I was always very ragged and dirty, for my mother neglected and ill-treated me; as soon as my sister was born she turned all her affections over to Virginia, who was always very much petted, well dressed, and a very beautiful child.

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All this I recollect, but little more, except that my mother gave me several beatings for calling my sister "Jenny," which I had learnt to do from others who knew her; but when my mother heard them she was always very angry, and told them that her child had not such a vulgar name: at which many would laugh, and make a point of calling out "Jenny" to Virginia whenever they passed and saw her at the door. When I was a little more than four years old I would climb over the board, for I had no pleasure at home. As I grew older, I used to hasten down to the landing-steps on the beach, where the new inn called the Trafalgar now stands, and watch the tide as it receded, and pick up anything I could find, such as bits of wood and oakum; and I would wonder at the ships which lay in the stream, and the vessels sailing up and down. I would sometimes remain out late to look at the moon and the lights on board of the vessels passing; and then I would turn my eyes to the stars, and repeat the lines which I had heard my mother teach little Virginia to lisp—

"Pretty little twinkling star, .
How I wonder what you are ;
All above the earth so high,
Like a diamond in the sky :"

and when I did stay out late I was sure of having no supper, and very often a good beating; and then Virginia would wake and cry, because my mother beat me, for we were fond of each other. And my mother used to take Virginia on her knee, and make her say her prayers every night; but she never did so to me: and I used to hear what Virginia said, and then go into a corner and repeat it to myself. I could not imagine why Virginia should be taught to pray, and that I should not.

As I said before, my mother let lodgings, and kept the ground-floor front room for people to drink tea and smoke in; and I used to take my little stool and sit at the knees of the pensioners who came in, and hear all their stories, and try to make out what they meant, for half was to me incomprehensible; and I brought them fire for their pipes, and ran messages. Old Ben the Whaler, as they called him, was the

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one who took most notice of me, and said that I should be a man one of these days, which I was very glad to hear then. And I made a little boat for my sister, which cost me a great deal of trouble and labour; and Ben helped me to paint it, and I gave it to Virginia, and she and I were both so pleased; but when my mother saw it she threw it into the fire, saying it was "so ungenteel," and we both cried; and old Ben was very angry, and said something to my mother, which made her sing "High diddle diddle" for the whole day afterwards.

Such are the slight reminiscences, which must content the reader, of my early existence.

When I was eight years old (about six years after his last visit), my father made his appearance; and then, for the first time, I knew that my father was alive, for I was but two years old when he left, and I remembered nothing about him, and I had never heard my mother mention his name as if he still existed.

My father came in one day very unexpectedly, for he had given no notice of his return; and it so happened, that as he came in my mother was beating me with the frying-pan, for having dipped my finger in the grease in which she had been frying some slices of bacon. She was very angry, and as she banged me with it, Virginia was pulling at her skirts, crying and begging her to desist. "You little wretch," cried my mother, "you'll be just such a sea-monster as your father was—little vulgar animal, you must put your finger into the frying-pan, must you? There, now you've got it." So saying, she put down the frying-pan, and commenced singing as loud as she could, "Hush-a-bye, baby, Pussy's a lady." "Ay, now you're vexed, I daresay," continued she, as she walked into the back kitchen.

All this time my father had been at the door looking on, which she had not perceived. My father then came in. "What's your name, my lad?" said he.

"Tommy Saunders," replied I, rubbing myself; for the frying-pan was very hot, and my trousers very much out of repair.

"And who is that little girl?" said he.

"That's my sister Virginia;—but," continued I, "who are you? Do you want my mother?"

"Not very particularly just now," said my father, taking

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up my sister and kissing her, and then patting me on the head.

"Do you want any beer or 'baccy?" said I. "I'll run and get you some, if you give me the money, and bring back your change all right."

"Well, so you shall, Jack, my boy," replied he; and he gave me a shilling. I soon returned with the pipes, tobacco, and beer, and offered him the change, which he told me to keep, to buy apples with it. Virginia was on the knee of my father, who was coaxing and caressing her, and my mother had not yet returned from the back kitchen. I felt naturally quite friendly towards a man who had given me more money than I ever possessed in my life, and I took my stool and sat beside him; while, with my sister on his knee, and his porter before him, my father smoked his pipe.

"Does your mother often beat you, Jack?" said my father, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes, when I does wrong," replied I.

"Oh! only when you do wrong—eh?"

"Well, she says I do wrong; so I suppose I do."

"You're a good boy," replied my father. "Does she ever beat you, dear?" said he to Virginia.

"Oh no!" interrupted I; "she never beats sister, she loves her too much; but she don't love me."

My father puffed away, and said no more.

I must inform the reader that my father's person was very much altered from what I have described it to have been at the commencement of this narrative. He was now a boat-swain's mate, and wore a silver whistle hung round his neck by a lanyard, and with which little Virginia was then playing. He had grown more burly in appearance, spreading, as sailors usually do, when they arrive to about the age of forty; and moreover, he had a dreadful scar from a cutlass wound, received in boarding, which had divided the whole left side of his face, from the eyebrow to the chin. This gave him a very fierce expression; still he was a fine looking man, and his pigtail had grown to a surprising length and size. His ship, as I afterwards found out, had not been paid off, but he had obtained a fortnight's leave of absence while she was refitting. We were all very sociable together, without there being the least idea, on the part of my sister and

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myself, with whom we were in company, when in rolled old Ben the Whaler.

"Sarvice to you," said Ben, nodding to my father. "Tommy, get me a pipe of 'baccy."

"Here's pipe and 'baccy too, messmate," replied my father. "Sit down, and make yourself comfortable, old chap."

"Won't refuse a good offer," replied Ben; "been too long in the sarvice for that—and you've seen sarvice too, I think," continued Ben, looking my father full in the face.

"Chop from a French officer," replied my father; after a pause, he added, "but he didn't live to tell of it."

Ben took one of the offered pipes, filled, and was soon very busy puffing away, alongside of my father.

CHAPTER V

*My father and mother meet after an absence of six years.
She discovers that he is no longer a coxswain but a boat-
swain's mate.*

WHILE my father and Ben are thus engaged, I will give the reader a description of the latter.

Ben was a very tall, broad-shouldered old fellow, but stooping a little from age: I should think he must have been at least sixty, if not more; still, he was a powerful, sinewy man. His nose, which was no small one, had been knocked on one side, as he told me, by the flukes (*i.e.*, tail) of a whale, which cut in half a boat of which he was steersman. He had a very large mouth, with very few teeth in it, having lost them by the same accident; which, to use his own expression, had at the time "knocked his figure-head all to smash." He had sailed many years in the whale fisheries, had at last been pressed, and served as quarter-master on board of a frigate for eight or nine years, when his ankle was broken by the rolling of a spar in a gale of wind. He was in consequence invalided for Greenwich. He walked stiff on this leg, and usually supported himself with a thick stick. Ben had noticed me from the time that my mother first

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came to Fisher's Alley; he was the friend of my early days, and I was very much attached to him.

A minute or two afterwards my father pushed the pot of porter to him. Ben drank, and then said—

"Those be nice children, both on 'em—I know them well."

"And what kind of a craft is the mother?" replied my father.

"Oh! why, she's a little queer at times—she's always so mighty particular about gentility."

"Do you know why?" replied my father.

Ben shook his head.

"Then I'll tell you: because she was once a lady's ladies' maid."

"Well," replied Ben, "I don't understand much about titles and nobility, and those sort of things; but I'm sorry she's gone down in the world, for though a little particular about gentility, she's a good sort of woman in her way, and keeps up her character, and earns an honest livelihood."

"So much the better for her," replied my father, who refilled his pipe, and continued to smoke in silence.

My mother had gone into the back kitchen to wash, which was the cause (not having been summoned) of her being so long absent.

Virginia, who had become quite sociable, was passing her little fingers through my father's large whiskers, while he every now and then put his pipe out of his mouth to kiss her. I had the porter-pot on my knees, my father having told me to take a swig, when my mother entered the room.

"Well, Mr. Benjamin, I shouldn't wonder—but—Oh! mercy, it's he!" cried my mother. "Oh! be quick—sal-wolately!"

"Sall who? What the devil does she mean?" said my father, rising up, and putting my sister off his knee.

"I never heard of her," replied Ben, also getting up; "but Mistress Saunders seems taken all aback, anyhow. Jack, run and fetch a bucket of water!"

"Jack, stay where you are," cried my mother, springing from the chair on which she had thrown herself. "Oh, dear me! the shock was so sudden—I'm so flustered. Who'd have thought to have seen you?"

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"Are you her brother?" inquired Ben.

"No; but I'm her husband," replied my father.

"Well, it's the first time I've heard that she had one—but I'll be off, for Mistress Saunders is too genteel to kiss, I see, before company." Ben then took up his stick and left the house.

It may be as well here to remark, that during his absence, my father had fallen in with one of the men who had been employed in the press-gang, and from him he learnt that a woman had given the information by which he was taken. He made the man, who was present when my mother called upon the officer, describe her person, and the description in every point was so accurate, that my father had no doubt in his mind but that it was my mother who had betrayed him: this knowledge had for years rankled in his breast, and he had come home, not only from a wish to see how things were going on, but to reproach my mother with her treachery.

Whether my mother's conscience smote her, or that she perceived by my father's looks that a squall was brewing, I know not; but, as soon as Ben had left the house, she shut the street-door, that the neighbours might not hear. Having so done, she turned to my father, who had resumed his seat and his pipe.

"Well," said she, putting her apron to her eyes, "you have been away a good six years, and left me to get on how I could with these two poor orphanless children."

"You know best why I went," replied my father, "and by whose means I was walked off in such a hurry."

"Me?" replied my mother.

"Yes, you," responded my father.

"Well, what next?" cried she.

"I'll tell you what next," said my father, rising, and taking about eighteen inches of inch-and-a-half rope out of his pocket. "Look you, ma'am, when I first found out that it was by your peaching that I was sent on board of the tender, I made up this colt, and I vowed that I would keep it in my pocket till I served you out; now the time's come."

Here my father flourished his rope's end. My mother would have flown to the door, but my father was beforehand with her; he turned the key, and, to the astonishment of Virginia and me, he seized my mother, and holding her at

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arm's length, gave her several blows—not severe ones, I must acknowledge, indeed, they could not have hurt her.

"There," said my father, "it's well for you, my Lady lady's maid, that I did not fall in with you when I first made up this colt; and it's well for you that I've heard a good character of you from the old chap who has just now left the house, or you'd have smarted for the false trick you played upon me. Howsomever, I've kept my oath, and you may thank your stars that it's not worse."

My mother, who had not uttered a cry during the punishment, but only looked very indignant, now that my father had finished his speech, and was rolling up his colt to put it in his pocket, suddenly threw herself down on the floor, screaming murder with all her might; the noise summoned the neighbours—all Fisher's Alley was in an uproar, and our house was besieged with people, who attempted to force their way in—for my mother continued her screams, and poor little Virginia became so frightened, that she also roared as loud as her mother.

"I've more than two minds," said my father, taking the rope's end out of his pocket again; "but howsomever, since you wish it, all the world shall know it."

My father put his colt into his pocket, and went to unlock the door; my mother, perceiving what he was about, immediately rose and hastened upstairs to her own room. My father then told the neighbours what had occurred, and why my mother had been punished, and the verdict of Fisher's Alley was, "sarved her right." Ben the Whaler, who was outside with the others, espoused my father's cause, and as soon as the people dispersed, my father invited him to join him in his pipe and pot.

Little Virginia, still terrified, had crept up to her mother. I, on the contrary, felt the highest respect for one who could dare to punish my mother, who had so often punished me; and the knowledge that he was my father inspired me with a feeling of tenderness towards him which I could not repress. I was old enough to understand why my mother had received such treatment, and I could not feel angry with my father; I therefore stayed below, and went for the porter as was required.

I believe that at first it had been my father's intentions to

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have administered a much severer castigation to my mother, and then to have left the house, taking me with him, for he had not been apprised of the birth of Virginia ; but whatever were his intentions before he came, or for the morrow, it is certain that he continued to smoke and talk with old Ben the Whaler till a very late hour, while I sat by and listened.

CHAPTER VI

A bright pleasant evening after a squall, in which the art of angling is introduced in a way which would have added to the knowledge of Izaak Walton himself.

I BEG pardon, messmate," said Ben, as he and my father became more sociable ; " but may I make so bold as to ask you how you contrived to get that seam across your figure-head ? You did say something about a Frenchman, if I heard right ; and as the war is now of two years' standing, I suppose you've had a rap or two at Mounseer."

"'Xpect I have," replied my father. " Well, old chap, I'll just wet my whistle, and then I'll tell you all about it, and it won't take long neither. The boats were ordered away——"

"Of what ship, messmate ?"

"Very true, I began in the middle. Well, it was in the ship I now belongs to, the *Oudacious*—we were with the squadron off Ferrol ;—signal made to chase south-east—clapt every stitch on her after two gunboats who were running down in-shore. Light winds—got well in for the land, and then it fell calm. Gunboats four miles off using their sweeps—our boats in chase ; I was coxswain of the first pinnace—a devilish fast boat, messmate, I can tell you, with a smart brass gun—pulled two feet to their one, and came up with them hand-over-hand—both cutters and the other pinnace well up with us—the old launch half a mile astern. Now you see, sir, I've got the picture for you, haven't I ?"

"Just exactly," replied old Ben.

"Well, then, it was a long pull ; and that reminds me that I'll have a long pull now, so hand me the porter, mess-

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mate." My father took a tremendous long pull at the pewter, and then handing it to Ben, he recommenced—

"We were soon within gun-shot, and they turned their heads towards us and blazed away: very pretty shot they fired, for they cut away three of our starboard oars before we were near enough to return the fire with our small gun. However, the second pinnace and cutters came up and shared the shot with us; and at last the old fat launch came grunting along, for all the world like an old boar, pitching into them round and grape. Now the first lieutenant was in the launch, and of course commanded, and he ordered the boats to separate more, which was very right, as it divided the shot; and then he passed the word that when he sounded the bugle we were all to pull to the headmost gunboat and board her. D'ye understand, messmate?"

"Perfectly," replied Ben, taking his pipe out to reply.

"Well, then, just hand me the pot." My father drained it this time, and told me to go for another.

"Then I shall lose the story," replied I.

"No, boy, you won't," replied Ben; "I'll answer for it your father will heave-to till you come back."

"So I will, Jack," replied my father. And having with every expedition executed my task, my father then continued—

"Well, there we all were, waiting for the bugle, each boat creeping on a little every moment, so as to have a fair start, as they do in a race; when at last the signal was given, and away we all went like smoke, with our oars bending double. The first pinnace reached the gunboat first; then the cutters banged alongside of her—all three of us to windward—while the second pinnace and launch took her to leeward. There's not much climbing in getting on board of a gunboat, indeed, we were at it before we were out of the boat, for the Frenchmen had pikes as long as the spanker-boom; but we soon got inside of their points, and came to close work. They stood a good tussle, I will say that, and so they always do; we may laugh at 'em, and call 'em Johnny Crapows, but they are a right brave nation, if they aren't good seamen; but that I reckon's the fault of their lingo, for it's too noisy to carry on duty well with, and so they never will be sailors till they larn English."

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"I never heard them carry on duty in French," said Ben; "it quite beats my comprehension how they can do it at all."

"Well, I have," replied my father; "and every word they use is as long as the maintop bowling, and the mast is over the side before they can get them out. Why, would you believe it? I once asked one of those fellows what he called the foremast in his language, and what d'ye think he said? Why, I'm blowed if he didn't call it a '*Mar-darty-marng*' (and that's the only bit of French I know); but how is it possible to work a ship in such gibberish?"

"Quite impossible," replied Ben.

"Well, as I've yawed a little out of my course, suppose we have another swig before I takes a fresh departure?"

After they had both drank, my father proceeded—

"Well, messmate, I was on the gunnel as soon as the others, and a sword came down upon me like a flash of lightning. I had just time to lift my cutlass and save my head, and then I found that it was the sword of the French lieutenant who commanded the gunboat. He was a tall, clean-built chap, with curls hanging down like a poodle dog's—every curl not thicker than a rope yarn, and mayhap a thousand of them—and he quite foamed at the mouth (that's another fault of these Frenchmen, they don't take things coolly, but puts themselves in a passion about nothing); so thinks I to myself, it won't do for you to go on chopping at that rate, for when I fended off he made my whole hand tingle with the force of his blow; so I darts at him and drives the hilt of my cutlass right into his mouth, and he fell and his own men trod him underfoot, and on we went, hammer and tongs. By this time the boarding of the launch and pinnacle to leeward, for they could not get up as soon as we did, created a divarsion, and bothered the Frenchman, who hardly knew which way to turn; however, as there were more of our men on the other side, they most on 'em faced about; and the French officer was then able to get on his knees again, and while I was busy and did not see him, he just give me this cut across the figure-head, which don't add to my beauty, anyhow. Well, it was cut for cut, messmate; I just took one look at the beggar, and I drove my cutlass into his skull, just as he was rising up, and he never rose again. That's my story."

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"I suppose you took the craft?"

"Yes; and her consort too. But many lost the number of their mess, and I lost all my beauty. Just hand me the 'baccy, messmate; and, Jack, go for the next pot of beer."

I found them both smoking in silence when I returned; but, after a few minutes, my father said, "Messmate, as I have told you how I got this chalk, suppose you tell me in return how you got that nose of yours fixed so hard a star-board? That's fair play."

"Exactly so," replied Ben. "Why, d'ye see? I sarved most of my early life in the whaling line. I was three voyages to the north, but taking the black whale counts for nothing; you must go south arter the sparmacitty if you wish to see sport."

"I never was in that line," replied my father; "but I've heard fellows spin the devil's own yarns about it."

"And so they may, and tell the truth, that's sartain, shipmate. You see, the sparmacitty don't take the harpoon quite so quietly as the black whale does; he fights hard to the last, and sometimes is very free with his jaws. The very large ones are the most easy to kill; so we always look out for them when we can, as they give less trouble, and more oil; the most dangerous are the half-grown, which we call 'forty-barrel bulls,' as that's about what oil we get out of them."

"Well," said my father, "I'm blessed if ever I knew whales were called bulls before this night."

"Yes, that's our term," replied Ben; "and now to my story. We were down off the coast of Japan; when, about one hour after daybreak, the man looking out at the masthead gave the usual word when he sees a whale blowing—'There she spouts.' And this he repeats every time the fish rises. We had a clean hold at the time, for we had but just come to our fishing-ground, and we were mighty eager. The boats were down in a jiffy, and away we pulled. We were within a quarter of a mile of the whale, when, to our disappointment, he peaked his flukes——"

"What's that, messmate?" inquired my father.

"Why, you see, it's the right term after all, for the tail of sparmacitty is like the flukes of an anchor; and, of course, now you understand me."

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"Yes, you mean to say he went down, I suppose."

"Of course; for how could he go down head-foremost, without peaking his tail in the air?"

"One lives and larns as long as one lives," observed my father. "Heave ahead again, old boy."

"Well, as you can't know what you haven't heard anything about, I must now tell you that these animals be as regular as the bells in a man-of-war; and whenever they goes down to feed, they always stays exactly about the time allowed for dinner in a comfortable ship; that is, seventy minutes exactly. An hour, you see, is the regular time allowed, and the other ten minutes are by favour of the officer of the watch, or first lieutenant. We knew that we must wait that time for him, so we tossed up our oars, and laid by."

"I suppose them sparmacitty chaps have a watch in their pockets," said my father, smiling.

"It's a true bill, nevertheless, messmate, and they never alter; how and why they keep to their time, the Lord who gave them the sense to do so only knows. It is one of the wonders of the deep, which they only who go on the great waters can bear witness to."

"It beats my comprehension quite entirely," replied my father; "and yet I have seen animals with a great deal of sense. In one ship, we had a sheep who would chew tobacco and drink grog. Now go ahead again."

"Well, we had waited about half-an-hour, when we saw a whiff at the masthead of the ship; we knew that it was to direct our attention to some other point, so we looked round the horizon, and perceived that there was a 'school' of young bulls, about three miles from us. We were four boats in all; and the first mate desired my boat and another to go in chase of them, while he remained with the other two, for this old whale to come up again. Well, off we went, and soon came up with the school: they are the most awkward part of whale-fishing; for they are savage, and, moreover, easily 'gallied,' that is, frightened. I picked out one, and tried to come up with him; but he was very shy, and at last he raised his head clean out of the water, and set off at the rate of ten miles an hour; this showed that he was aware of danger. I had just thought of giving him up, and trying for another, when he suddenly turned round, and came right

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towards the boats. That we knew meant mischief; but, in coming towards us, he passed close to the other boat, and the steersman gave him the harpoon right well into him. This made him more savage, and he stood right for my boat, ploughing up the sea as he rushed on. I was all ready in the bow with the harpoon, and the men were all ready with their oars to pull back, so as to keep clear of him. On he came, and when his snout was within six feet of us, we pulled sharp across him; and as we went from him, I gave him the harpoon deep into the fin. 'Starn all!' was the cry as usual, that we might be clear of him. He 'sounded' immediately, that is, down he went, head-foremost, which was what we were afraid of, for you see we had only two hundred fathoms of line in each boat; and having both harpoons in him, we could not bend one to the other, in case he 'sounded' deep, for sometimes they will go down right perpendicular, and take four lines, or eight hundred fathoms, with them; so we expected that we should this time lose the whale as well as our lines, for when they were run out, we must either cut or go down with him. Well, the lines ran out so swift that we poured water on them that they might not fire—and we thought that it was all over, for the lines were two-thirds out, and he was going down as fast as ever, when all of a sudden he stopped. We were hauling in the slack lines, when we saw him rise again, about a quarter of a mile off. It was a hurrah, for we now thought that we had him. Off he set with his nose up, right in the wind's eye, towing the two boats at the rate of twelve miles an hour; our stems cleaving through the sea, and throwing off the water like a plume of feathers on each side of the bows, while the sun's rays pierced through the spray and formed bright rainbows. We hoped soon to tire him, and to be able to haul in upon our lines, so as to get near enough to give him our lances; but that was only hope, as you'll hear. Of a sudden, he stopped, turned round, and made right for us, with his jaws open; then, all we had to do was to baulk him, and give him the lance. He did not seem to have made up his mind which boat he would attack—we were pretty near together, and he yawed at one, and then at the other. At last he made right for the other boat, and the boatsetter dodged him very cleverly, while we pulled up to him, and I put the

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lance up to the stock into his side. He made a plunge as if he were going to 'sound' again; and as he did so, with his flukes he threw our boat into the air a matter of twenty feet, cutting it clean in half, and one of the boat's thwarts came right athwart of my nose, and it never has been straight since. So now you have it, messmate; and I shouldn't mind if you passed the beer this way, for this long yarn has made my throat somewhat dry."

"When you've had your swig, old chap, you may as well tell us how the matter ended," observed my father.

"Why, it just ended in our losing the whale in the first place, and the boat with her gear in the second. We were picked up by the other boat, and there was no time to be lost, for the sharks were brought together by the scent of the whale's blood; the whale sounded again, and we were obliged to cut the line, and return on board. But God bless you, messmate, I could tell you many a longer yarn than that, and mayhap I shall some day or another."

"Well, I hope you will," replied my father; "but your fishing story has put me in mind of rather a curious fish, caught by a lad on board of a man-of-war: and suppose I finish what's at the bottom of this here pot; send Jack for another, and when he comes back, I'll tell you all about it."

"There's nothing gives me more satisfaction," replied Ben, "than to pass away the evening in a sober, quiet way, as we are doing now, telling and listening to long yarns. Ain't you sleepy, Jack?"

"Oh! no," replied I, "not a bit. I'll run for the porter; and don't let father begin till I come back, Ben. The house will be shut up soon: shall I get more than a pot?"

"Yes, Jack; but not more beer," replied my father, putting some silver into my hand; "get one pot of beer, and a bottle of rum. We'll have that by way of a nightcap, old boy."

I ran for the beer and liquor, and was soon back. My father and Ben refilled their pipes, and the former commenced as follows:—

"When I was quarter-master on board of the *Melpomene*, we had an old chap for first lieutenant whose name was Fletcher. He was a kind-hearted man enough, as he never

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worried the ship's company when there was no occasion; but, at the same time, he was what you call a great stickler for duty—made no allowances for neglect or disobedience of orders, although he would wink at any little sky-larking, walking aft, shutting his eyes, and pretending not to see or hear it. His usual phrase was, 'My man, you've got your duty to do, and I've got mine.' And this he repeated fifty times a day; so at last he went by the name of 'Old Duty.' I think I see him now, walking up and down with his spy-glass under his left arm, and the hand of the other pushed into his breast, as if he were fumbling for a flea. His hat was always split and worn in the front, from constantly taking it off, instead of touching it, when he came on the quarter-deck; and, as soon as it was too far gone in front to raise the purchase off his head, he used to shift it end for end, bringing the back part in front, and then he would wear it, until, as the Yankees say, it was in 'taterations altogether,' and he was forced to bend a new one.

"Now, we had a boy on board, who entered one day when the captain landed at Torquay to dine with a friend. His name was Jack Jervis: his father and his whole tribe had been fishermen for as long as could be remembered; and Jack himself had been drafted out of his cradle into a coble, and there he had continued day and night, from one year's end to another, helping his father to fish—so, you see, it had become second nature to him; and after he came on board, his liking for his former calling still remained with him, and he never was so happy as when his line was overboard, or when he was snooding a hook in some corner or another. He went by the name of Jack the Fisherman; and a smart, active, willing lad he was, sure enough.

"Now, there was a little difficulty between Old Duty and Jack the Fisherman. Old Duty would not allow the lines to be overboard when the ship was in harbour; as he said it was untidy in appearance, and that there was always plenty of work, and no time for fishing. So Jack hadn't pulled up his line ten or a dozen times before he was pulled up himself. 'Whose line's that?' says Old Duty. 'Mine, sir,' says Jack, touching his hat. 'I don't allow fishing, young man,' said the first lieutenant. 'You understand me?—I don't allow fishing. You've your duty to do, sir, and I've got mine.'

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“Jack, who had only been two or three days on board, and who, I believe, would never have entered had he known that there would have been such a ‘*neto*,’ as the boatswain used to call it, looked quite astonished, and said—

“‘What, mayn’t I fish, sir?’

“‘No, my man, you must not fish without permission; and that I never give in harbour. If I catch you fishing again, you get two dozen at the gun, recollect that. You’ve got your duty to do, and I’ve got mine.’

“Well, Jack could not give up his habit, so he used to fish at night, and all night long, out of the fore-chains; but it so happened that the ship’s corporal caught Jack in the middle watch, and reports him to the first lieutenant.

“‘So, you’ve been fishing again, sir,’ says Old Duty. ‘No, sir,’ replied Jack, ‘not fishing—only laying night lines.’

“‘Oh! that’s it,’ replied the first lieutenant; ‘only laying night lines! Pray, what’s the difference?’ ‘Please, sir,’ said Jack, touching his hat, ‘the difference is—that it’s not the same thing.’

“‘Well, sir, I see but one difference, and I’ll meet it accordingly. You’ve your duty to do, and I’ve got mine.’

“The boys’ heads and ears having been pulled about and examined by the master-at-arms, they were dismissed; and Jack thought that he had got off—but he was mistaken.

“After the hammocks had been piped down, and it was dark, the boys were ordered up by the master-at-arms; Jack was seized to the gun, and had his two dozen. ‘There, sir,’ said Old Duty, as they cast the seizings off, ‘if fishing at night is not fishing, punishment at night is not punishment. Now we’re quits. You’ve your duty to do, and I’ve got mine.’

“I don’t think that Jack perceived any more difference in the two dozen at night-time, than the first lieutenant did between day and night fishing; however, Jack did not fish for some time afterwards. But it so happened that the first lieutenant was asked on shore to dine with the port-admiral; and although he seldom left the ship, he could not refuse such a compliment, and so he went. As soon as it was dark, Jack thought his absence too good an opportunity not to have a fish; so he goes into the mizen-chains, and drops his line. Well, he fished (but I don’t know whether he caught

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any) till the boat was hailed in which the first lieutenant was coming on board, and then Jack thought it time to haul in his line; but just at that moment there was a jerk, and Jack, who knew that fish was at the bait, could not for the life of him pull up his line—for, you see, he was a fisherman heart and soul; so Jack trusted to Providence, and the first lieutenant's going down below as soon as he came on deck.

"Now, you see, the ship was lying at the time 'cross the tide, the wind blowing against the current; the starboard side (being to leeward as to the wind, but to windward as to the tide) had been cleared away, and manned for the boat, and Jack made sure that the first lieutenant would pull to that side; but he was mistaken. Whether it was that the first lieutenant wished to have a look round the ship or not, I do not know, but he pulled across the bows, and went round the stern, passing the larboard side. As he passed, Jack shrunk under the lee of the deadeyes and lanyards, hoping he might not be seen; but the first lieutenant, having the clear horizon on the other side, perceived the line which Jack had half hauled up, and having an eye like a cat, makes out Jack also.

"'I see you, sir—I see you, Mr. Jervis, fishing again, sir. Very well,' cried the first lieutenant from the stern-sheets of the boat, as he passed by. 'You've your duty to do, and I've got mine.' 'That's as good as two dozen to-morrow morning at muster,' thought Jack, who cursed his luck, and in a very melancholy mood began to haul up his line, which, as soon as he had been discovered, he had let go down to the bottom again. Now, it so happened that, as Old Duty went up the other side, his foot slipped; and how it was I can't tell, for they say he wasn't the least groggy, but down he fell, between the boat's gunnel and the ship's side, just like a deep-sea lead, and disappeared. There being so few men on deck, there was not much of a bustle—there was a dive or two for him with the boat-hook, but all in vain—Old Duty was gone.

"In the meantime, Jack on the other side was slowly hauling up his line; but he had not got it half-way up when he felt a heavy strain, and he thought that a large conger eel had followed the bait up, as they do sometimes, and he

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hauled and hauled with all his might. At last, who should he bring to the surface of the water but Old Duty, who had been sucked under the ship's bottom by the tide, and had been hooked by Jack, as he was pulling up. When Jack saw it was the first lieutenant, as he told me, his first idea was to let him down again; but that was only for a moment. The words of the first lieutenant still rang in his ears, 'You've your duty to do, and I've got mine'—so Jack did his duty. He hollows out that he had caught Old Duty, and the boat shifted round and took him on board. The old fellow was quite senseless; but as he had been but a short time in the water, he was put to bed, and resuscitated by the surgeon. The next morning he was all just as if nothing had happened, walking the deck with his right hand in his breast, and his spy-glass under his left arm, as usual.

"Well, we all told Jack that he was safe this time, but Jack seemed to think otherwise. He shook his head; and now you'll learn who was right.

"When the boys were all mustered next morning, towing a line, and holding out their paws, the first lieutenant turns round, and says, 'Jervis, you were fishing last night, against my orders.' 'Yes, sir,' said Jervis, 'and I caught a first lieutenant;' for Jack had a good deal of fun in him. 'Yes, sir, and queer fishes they are sometimes,' replies Old Duty; 'but you forget that you have also caught two dozen. You have your duty to do, and I've got mine.'

"Well, as you may suppose, there were many of us looking abaft, just to see what would take place, and were not a little astonished at the idea of his rewarding Jack with two dozen for saving his life; however, of course, we were mum. Jack was tied up, and the first lieutenant whispered a word into the ear of his master-at-arms, who again whispered to Williams, the boatswain's mate; and the effect of that whisper was, that the cat was laid on so lightly that Jack hardly felt it; so lightly, indeed, that the first lieutenant walked away aft, that he might not appear to be a party in the consarn, and Jack was cast off without having half a tear in either eye, when Old Duty went up to him.

"'You fished last night against orders, and therefore you have received your punishment. You saved my life last night, and therefore it is my duty to reward you. I could

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not let you off this punishment, as it would be making the King pay you for me, instead of my paying you myself. I'm not a rich man, but here's ten guineas for your purse, and here's my gold watch. Spend the first usefully, and keep the other; and observe, Jack Jervis, if ever you are again caught fishing in harbour, you will as surely get two dozen for your pains. *You've your duty to do, and I've got mine.*"

"Well, messmate, that's a queer story altogether, and queerer fellows in it. I wouldn't have minded sailing with that Old Duty. Suppose we drink his health."

"With all my heart; for you're right, old chap: when we knows what we are to expect, we're always ready to meet it; but some officers I've sailed with shift about like a dog-vane, and there's no knowing how to meet them. I recollect—— But I say, Jack, suppose you turn in—your eyes are winking and blinking like an owl's in the sunshine. You're tired, boy, so go to bed. We shan't tell any more yarns to-night."

I was very tired indeed, and could not keep my eyes open any longer; so I went upstairs, and was asleep almost as soon as I laid my head upon the pillow.

CHAPTER VII

In which my mother gives my father a scriptural lesson. My father's grief at parting with an old friend—he expostulates with my mother and quits the house.

I WOKE early the next morning; for the whole night I had been restless, and dreaming of the unusual occurrences of the day before. It was just daylight, and I was recalling what had passed, and wondering what had become of my father, when I heard a noise in my mother's room. I listened—the door opened, and she went downstairs.

This surprised me; and being conscious, even at my age, of the vindictive temper shown by my mother upon every occasion, and anxious to know where my father was, I could not remain in bed; I put on my trousers, and crept softly

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downstairs without my shoes. The door of the front room was ajar, and I looked in. The light was dimly peering through the window which pointed to the alley; the table was covered with the empty pipes, tobacco, and large pools of beer and liquor which had been spilt on it; the sofa was empty, and my father, who evidently had become deeply intoxicated the night before, was lying on the sanded floor with his face downwards; my mother, in her short dressing-gown and flannel petticoat, was standing over him, her teeth set, her fists clenched, and arms raised, with a dire expression of revenge in her countenance. I thought at the time that I never saw her look so ugly—I may say, so horrid; even now her expression at that moment is not effaced from my memory. After a few minutes she knelt down and put her ear close to his head, as if to ascertain whether he was in a sound sleep; she then took a knife from off the table, felt the edge, looked at my prostrate father, and raised it. I would have screamed, but my tongue was glued to my lips with horror. She appeared to reflect, and after a time laid the knife down on the table, put the palm of her hand up to her forehead, and then a smile gleamed over her moody features. “Yes, if he murders me; but they will be better,” muttered she at last. She went to the cupboard, took out a large pair of scissors, and, kneeling down by my father, commenced severing his long pigtail from his head. My father was too sound asleep to be roused: in a minute the tail was off, and my mother rose up, holding it, with an expression of the utmost contempt, between her finger and thumb. She then very softly laid it down by his side, and replaced the scissors in the cupboard; as I expected that she would go upstairs again, I concealed myself in the back kitchen. I was correct in my supposition. A moment afterwards I heard her ascending the stairs, and go into her own room.

I must say that I felt indignant at this conduct of my mother's, as, so far from provocation, she had hardly received the reward of previous treachery. I believe, however, that, like most people, I was actuated by my own feelings towards my mother, who had treated me so unkindly. I thought for a little while—what would my mother do? She would hardly remain in the house, to meet the wrath of my father

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when he made the discovery. She would escape him: this I had no wish that she should do; so I went softly into the front parlour, and pushed my father to awake him. For some time this was useless; he muttered and growled, but it appeared impossible to rouse him. There were the remains of a jug of water on the table; and, as I had seen the same thing done before to a drunken sailor, I took the jug, and poured the water softly on the nape of his neck. In a minute or two this had the effect of waking him; he turned over, opened his eyes, and when I put my finger to my lips to intimate silence, he looked at me with a vacant stare. Time pressed; I heard my mother moving about upstairs, and I was afraid that she would leave the house before my father had recovered his senses. I therefore took his pigtail from the floor, and held it up before him. This appeared to surprise him; he fixed his eyes upon it for a few seconds, and then, as if at last suspecting what had taken place, he put his hand to the back of his head, and found no pigtail there. Suddenly he jumped up; he appeared to be sobered all at once. He caught the tail out of my hand, looked at it, felt convinced of his loss, threw himself down on the sofa, and wept like a child.

"I saw my mother do it, father," said I, whispering in his ear. This appeared to recall him; he raised himself up, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, ground his teeth, and shook his head. He threw his tail on the floor, and, as he eyed it, a deep melancholy spread over his countenance. After a minute or two he folded his arms, and thus lamented over it:—

"Well, I never would have thought it, had they told me that you and I should have parted company. Many, many years has it taken you to grow to your present length; often have you been handled, often have you been combed, and often have you been tied. Many's the eel has been skinned for your sarvice, and many's the yard of ribbon which you have cost me; you have been the envy of my shipmates, the fancy of the women, and the pride of poor Tom Saunders. I thought we should never have parted on 'arth, and, if so be my sins were forgiven me, and I could show a fair log, that I might be permitted to wear you in the world which is to come. But there you are—parted for all the world like a

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limb shot off in action, never to be spliced again. What am I to say when I go on board? I shall have a short tale to tell, instead of a long tail to show. And the wife of my busum to do this! Well, I married too high, and now my pride is laid low. Jack, never marry a lady's ladies' maid; for it appears that the longer the names, the more venomous the cattle be."

Just as he had finished, I heard my mother coming downstairs with Virginia, whom she had taken up and dressed, to take away with her. "Hush!" I heard her softly say to Virginia, "don't speak, dear, or you'll wake your naughty father."

She had hardly said this, when she made her appearance, with Virginia on one arm, and a large bundle on the other. But as soon as she perceived that my father was awake, and cognisant of her revenge, she uttered a loud scream, dropped Virginia and the bundle, and running upstairs to her own room, locked herself in.

Poor little Virginia set up a roar at this very unusual (and I believe felonious) act of child-dropping on the part of my mother. I ran to her, and carried her to the sofa, while my father, with compressed lips, first taking two or three quarter-deck strides up and down the room, locked the street door, put the key in his pocket, and then ascended the stairs to pay a visit to my mother, who, I believe, would very willingly have been "not at home," but some people are importunate, and will take no refusal; and when my father retired three or four steps from the door, and with a sudden run brought the whole weight of his foot to bear upon it, it flew open. At first my mother was not visible, my father thought she had escaped; but at last he spied her legs under the bed. Seizing her by her extremities, he dragged her out, without any regard to propriety, until he had her into the middle of the room with his foot upon her. What a situation for a lady's ladies' maid! I had put Virginia down on the sofa, and crept up the stairs to see what took place. My father and mother were in these relative positions, and he thus addressed her—

"I have heard say that a man mustn't thrash his wife with anything thicker than his own thumb. That's as may be—and I do recollect when the first lieutenant wanted to cut off

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the men's hair, that the purser told him that it was felony, under the Act of cutting and maiming. I don't know whether the first lieutenant would have made a felony or not, but this I'm sartain of—he'd have made a mutiny. You deserve no mercy, and you shall have none. This pigtail of mine shall be what I shall use upon you, and if the colt is heavy, recollect you cut it for yourself; and as you may not be able to hear what I say by the time I have done with you, I'll just tell you now. I'll point the end, and work a mouse on this pigtail of mine, and never part with it. I'll keep it for your own particular use, and for nobody else's; and as sartain as I come back, so sartain every time I come you shall have a taste of pigtail without *chewing*, my lady's ladies' maid."

Having made this uncommon long speech, to which my mother offered no reply, her eyes being fixed in terror upon the brandished tail, which was nearly as thick as her own arm, my father proceeded to put his threats into execution. Blow resounded after blow; my mother's cries became feebler and feebler, until at last she appeared senseless. Then I ran to my father, and clinging to his leg, cried, "O father, she's dead!"

This observation induced him to leave off. He looked at my mother's face; her eyes were closed, and her jaw had fallen. "Well, she had enough of it this time," said my father after a pause; "maybe, too much on it. But when I looks at this tail in my hand, I feel as if I could still give her more. And if she be dead, I think the judge would not hang me, if I showed him what I have lost. I'd rather have parted with an arm or a leg any day of the week. There's been provocation enough, at all events, if she be dead—a saint in heaven couldn't stand it."

During these remarks my mother gave no signs of returning animation, and at last my father became seriously alarmed. "Jack," said he, "I must cut my stick, or they may put me into limbo. As soon as I have cleared out, do you run for a doctor to look at your mother; and mind you don't forget to tell that old chap who was boozing with me last night everything which has happened, and the people will say, come what will on it, that I was aggravated sufficient; and, Jack, if there be a crowner's inquest, mind you tell the truth. You

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know I didn't want to kill the old woman, don't you, my boy ? for didn't I say that I'd keep the tail to give her another dose when I came back again ?—that proves I didn't intend that she should slip her wind, you know, boy. I said I'd give her another dose, you know, Jack—and," continued my father, "so I will, if I find her above ground when I comes back again."

My father then went downstairs. Little Virginia had fallen asleep again on the sofa ; my father kissed her softly, shook hands with me, and put a crown in my hand. He then unlocked the door, and, thrusting the end of his pigtail into his breast, coiled it, as it were, round his body, hastened down the alley, and was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER VIII

In which the doctor pays a visit and receives no fee ; and I am obliged to work very hard to procure myself a livelihood.

I DID not forget my father's injunctions, for I was very much frightened. There was a doctor who lived half-way up Church Street, a short distance from Fisher's Alley. He was a little man with a large head sunk down between two broad shoulders ; his eyes were small and twinkling, his nose snubbed, his pate nearly bald ; but on the sides of his head the hair was long and flowing. But if his shoulders were broad, the rest of his body was not in the same proportion—for he narrowed as he descended, his hips being very small, and his legs as thin as those of a goat. His real name was Todpoole, but the people invariably called him Tadpole, and he certainly in appearance somewhat reminded you of one. He was a facetious little fellow, and, it was said, very clever in his profession.

"Doctor Tadpole," cried I, out of breath with running, "come quick, my mother is very bad indeed."

"What's the matter ?" said he, peering over a mortar in which he was rubbing up something with the pestle. "External or internal ?"

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Although I did not know what he meant, I replied, "Both, doctor, and a great deal more besides."

"That's bad indeed," replied Tadpole, still rubbing away.

"But you must come directly," cried I. "Come along—quick!"

"*Festina lente*, good boy—that's Latin for hat and boots. Tom, are my boots clean?"

"Ye'es, sir," replied a carrot-headed boy, whom I knew well.

The doctor laid down his pestle, and taking his seat on a chair, began very leisurely to pull on his boots, whilst I stamped with impatience.

"Now, do be quick, doctor, my mother will be dead."

"Jack," said the doctor, grinning, as he pulled on his second boot, "people don't die so quick before the doctor comes—it's always afterwards; however, I'm glad to see you are so fond of your mother. Tom, is my hat brushed?"

"Ye'es, sir," replied Tom, bringing the doctor's hat.

"Now then, Jack, I'm all ready. Tom, mind the shop, and don't eat the stick-liquorice—d'ye hear?"

"Ye'es, sir," said Tom, with a grin from ear to ear.

The doctor followed me very quick, for he thought from my impatience that something serious must be the matter. He walked up to my mother's room, and I hastened to open the door; when, to my surprise, I found my mother standing before the glass arranging her hair.

"Well!" exclaimed my mother, "this is very pretty behaviour—forcing your way into a lady's room."

The doctor stared, and so did I. At last I exclaimed, "Well! father thought he'd killed her."

"Yes," cried my mother, "and he's gone away with it on his conscience, that's some comfort. He won't come back in a hurry; he thinks he has committed murder, the unfeeling brute! Well, I've had my revenge."

And as she twisted up her hair, my mother burst out screaming—

"Little Bopeep, she lost her sheep,

And couldn't tell where to find him;

She found him, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,

For he left his tail behind him."

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"Why, then, doctor, it was all sham," exclaimed I.

"Yes; and the doctor's come on a fool's errand—

" 'Goosey, Goosey Gander,
Whither dost thou wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in a lady's chamber.' "

The doctor shrugged up his shoulders so that his head disappeared between them; at last he said, "Your mother don't want me, Jack, that's very clear. Good morning, Mrs. Saunders."

"A very good morning to you, Doctor Tadpole," replied my mother, with a profound courtesy; "you'll oblige me by quitting this room, and shutting the door after you, if you please."

As the doctor and I went down, my mother continued the song—

" 'And then I met a little man,
Couldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg
And sent him downstairs.' "

As soon as we were in the parlour, I acquainted the doctor with what had happened. "I'm sure I thought she was dead," said I, when I had finished the story.

"Jack, when I asked you where your mother was bad, external or internal, you replied both, and a great deal more besides. So she is—internally, externally, and infernally bad," said the doctor, laughing. "And so she amputated your father's pigtail, did she, the Dalilah? Pity one could not amputate her head, it would make a good woman of her. Good-bye, Jack; I must go and look after Tom, he's swallowed a whole yard of stick-liquorice by this time."

Soon afterwards Ben the Whaler came in to inquire after my father, and I told him what had occurred. He was very indignant at my mother's conduct, and, as soon the affair was known, so were all the tenants of Fisher's Alley. When my mother went out, or had words with any of her neighbours,

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the retort was invariably, "Who sent the press-gang after her own husband?" or, "Who cut off the tail from her husband's back? Wasn't that a *genteel* trick?" All this worried my mother, and she became very morose and ill-tempered; I believe she would have left the alley, if she had not taken a long lease of the house. She had now imbibed a decided hatred for me, which she never failed to show upon every occasion, for she knew that it was I who had roused my father, and prevented her escape from his wrath. The consequence was, that I was seldom at home, except to sleep. I sauntered to the beach, ran into the water, sometimes rowed in the wherries, at others hauling them in and holding them steady for the passengers to land. I was beginning to be useful to the watermen, and was very often rewarded with a piece of bread and cheese, or a drink of beer out of their pots. The first year after my father's visit, I was seldom given a meal, and continually beaten—indeed, sometimes cruelly so—but as I grew stronger I rebelled and fought, and with such success that, although I was hated more, I was punished less.

One scene between my mother and me may serve as a specimen for all. I would come home with my trousers tucked up, and my *high-lows* unlaced and full of water, sucking every time that I lifted up my leg, and marking the white sanded floor of the front room, as I proceeded through it to the back kitchen. My mother would come downstairs, and perceiving the marks I had left, would get angry, and as usual commence singing—

" 'A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowly.'

"I see here's that little wretch been here—

" 'Whether his mother would let him or no,
Heigho, says Rowly.'

"I'll rowly him with the rolling-pin when I get hold of him. He's worse than that beastly water-spaniel of Sir Hercules', who used to shake himself over my best cambric

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muslin. Well, we'll see. He'll be wanting his dinner; I only wish he may get it.

“ ‘ Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb and pull'd out a plum,
And cried, What a good boy am I ! ’

“ ‘ Good boy am I ! ’ good-for-nothing brat, just like his father. Oh, dear !—if I could but get rid of him !

“ ‘ There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She'd so many children she didn't know what to do ;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all round, and sent them to bed.’

“ And if I don't whip him, it's my fault, that's all. Virginia, my love, don't spit—that's not genteel. It's only sailors and Yankees who spit. Nasty little brute ! Oh ! here you are, are you ? ” cried my mother, as I entered. “ Do you see what a dirty mess you have made, you little ungrateful animal ! Take that, and that, and that,” continued she, running the wet bristles of the long broom into my face, with sufficient force to make my nose bleed. I stood the first push and the second, but the third roused my indignation—and I caught hold of the end of the broom towards me, and tried to force it out of her hands. It was push against push, for I was very strong ;—she, screaming as loud as she could, as she tried to wrest the broom from my clutches ; I, shoving at her with all my force—like Punch and the devil at the two ends of the stick. At last, after she had held me in a corner for half a minute, I made a rush upon her, drove her right to the opposite corner, so that the end of the handle gave her a severe poke in the body, which made her give up the contest, and exclaim as soon as she recovered her breath, “ Oh ! you nasty, ungrateful, ungentle brute ! You little viper ! Is that the way you treat your mother—and nearly kill her ? Oh, dear me ! ”

“ Why don't you leave me alone, then ? you never beats Jenny.”

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"Who's Jenny, you wicked good-for-nothing boy? you mean your sister Virginia. Well, you'll have no dinner, I can tell you."

I put my hand in my pocket, took out a sixpence which I had received, and held it up between my thumb and finger. "Won't I?"

"You oudacious boy! that's the way you're spoiled by foolish people giving you money."

"Good-bye, mother." So saying, I leaped over the board fixed up at the door, and was again down at the beach. Indeed, I was now what is termed a regular *Mud-larker*, picking up halfpence by running into the water, offering my ragged arm to people getting out of the wherries, always saluting them with, "You haven't got never a halfpenny for poor Jack, your honour?" and sometimes I did get a halfpenny, sometimes a shove, according to the temper of those whom I addressed. When I was not on the beach, I was usually in company with Ben the Whaler, who, after my father's visit, was more kind to me than ever; and there were several other pensioners who were great friends of mine, and I used to listen to their long yarns, which were now becoming a source of great delight to me; at other times I would be with the watermen, assisting them to clean out their wherries, or pay the seams. In fact, I was here, there, and everywhere except at home—always active, always employed, and, I may add, almost always wet. My mother used to scold whenever I came in, but that I did not mind; her greatest punishment was refusing me a clean shirt on a Sunday. At last I picked up halfpence enough to pay, not only for my food, such as it was, but for my own washing, and every day I became more independent and more happy.

There were other ways by which money was to be obtained during the summer season, which were from the company who used to come down to the whitebait parties at the Ship and other taverns. There were many other boys who frequented the beach besides me, and we used to stand under the windows, and attract attention by every means in our power, so as to induce the company to throw us halfpence to scramble for. This they would do to while away their time until their dinner was ready, or to amuse

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themselves and the ladies by seeing us roll and tumble one over the other. Sometimes they would throw a sixpence into the river, where the water was about two feet deep, to make us wet ourselves through in groping for it. Indeed, they were very generous when they wished to be amused; and every kind of offer was made to them which we thought suited to their tastes, or likely to extract money from their pockets.

"Dip my head in the mud for sixpence, sir!" would one of us cry out; and then he would be outbid by another.

"Roll myself all over and over in the mud, face and all, sir—only give me sixpence!"

Sometimes I would perceive a lovely countenance, beaming with pity and compassion at our rags and apparent wretchedness, and then the money thrown to me gave me much more pleasure; but the major portion of those who threw us silver for their own amusement, would not have given us a farthing if we had asked charity for the love of God.

It must not, however, be supposed that I gained the enviable situation of *Poor Jack* until I had been some time on the beach. There are competitors for every place, even the most humble; and there was no want of competitors for this office among the many idle boys who frequented the beach. When I first plied there, I was often pushed away by those who were older and stronger than myself, with a "Go along with you! He's not poor Jack—I'm poor Jack, your honour." This, at first, I submitted to; taking my chance for a stray halfpenny, which was occasionally thrown to me, trusting to my activity in being the first down to the boat, or to my quickness in a scramble. I never quarrelled with the other boys, for I was remarkable for my good temper. The first idea I had of resistance was from oppression. One of the boys, who was older and taller than myself, attempted to take away a sixpence which I had gained in a scramble. Before that I had not resented being pushed away, or even when they threw water or mud at me, but this was an act of violence which I could not put up with; the consequence was a fight, in which, to my surprise (for I was not aware of my strength), as well as to the surprise of the bystanders, I proved victorious, beating my

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opponent until he reeled into the water, following him up until he tumbled, and then holding his head down in the mud until he was almost stifled. I then allowed him to get up, and he went home crying to his mother. For this feat I was rewarded with the plaudits of the old pensioners and others who were looking on, and with a shilling which was thrown to me from the window of the inn. Ben the Whaler, who had witnessed the fray, told me the next day that I handled my fists remarkably well, and that I had but to keep a higher guard and I should fight well. He was an old pugilist himself, and he gave me a few directions which I did not forget. I soon had occasion to put them into practice; for two days afterwards, another boy, bigger than myself, as I was plying as "Poor Jack," pushed me back so hard that I fell off the steps into the deep water, and there was a general laugh against me. I did not care for the ducking, but the laugh I could not bear. As soon as I gained the steps again, I rushed upon him and threw him off, and he fell into the wherry, and, as it afterwards appeared, he strained his back very much; nevertheless he came out to thrash me, and this time it was a regular fight, as the pensioners and watermen interfered, taking us both up on the higher ground, and seeing that it was fair play. Ben the Whaler acted as my second, and we set to. The boy was too powerful for me, had it not been for the hurt he had received, and the instructions I obtained from Ben every time that I sat on his knee between each round. Still it was a very hard fight, and I was terribly beaten; but I could not give up, for so many betted upon my winning, and Ben told me, at the end of every round, that if I only stood up one more I should be certain to beat him, and that then I should be *Poor Jack for ever!* The last inducement stimulated me to immense exertion: we closed and wrestled, and my antagonist was thrown; and in consequence of the strain he had before received, he could not stand up any more. Poor fellow! he was in great pain; he was taken home, and obliged to have a doctor, and an abscess formed in his side. He was a long while getting well, and when he came out of doors again he was so pale. I was very sorry for him, and we were always the best friends afterwards, and I gave him many a halfpenny, until I had an opportunity of serving him.

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I mention these two fights, because they obtained for me a greater reputation than I deserved : this reputation perhaps saved me a great deal more fighting, and obtained me the mastery over the other boys on the beach. Indeed, I became such a favourite with the watermen, that they would send the other boys away ; and thus did I become, at last, the acknowledged, true, lawful, and legitimate " Poor Jack of Greenwich."

CHAPTER IX

In which I take a cruise contrary to the received rules of navigation—On my return from a cold expedition, I meet with a cold reception.

AS soon as I was fairly in possession of my office, I gained sufficient money to render me almost entirely independent of my mother. Occasionally I procured an old jacket or trousers, or a pair of shoes, at the store of an old woman who dealt in everything that could be imagined ; and, if ever I picked up oakum or drifting pieces of wood, I used to sell them to old Nanny—for that was the only name she was known by. My mother, having lost her lodgers by her ill temper and continual quarrelling with her neighbours, had resorted to washing and getting up of fine linen, at which she was very expert, and earned a good deal of money. To do her justice, she was a very industrious woman, and in some things very clever. She was a very good dressmaker, and used to make up the gowns and bonnets for the lower classes of people, to whom she gave great satisfaction. She worked very hard for herself and my sister, about whose dress and appearance she was more particular than ever ; indeed, she showed as much affection for her as she did ill-will towards me. To look at me, with my old trousers tucked up above my knees, my ragged jacket and weatherbeaten cap ; and then to see Virginia, so neatly and even expensively dressed, no one could have believed that we were brother and sister. My mother would always try to prevent Virginia from noticing me, if we ever met when she was walking out with her. But my sister appeared to love me more and more ;

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and in spite of my mother, as soon as she saw me, would run up to me, patting my dirty jacket with her pretty little hand ; and, when she did so, I felt so proud of her. She grew up handsomer every day, and so sweet in disposition, that my mother could not spoil her.

It was in the autumn that I gained undisputed possession of the office of "Poor Jack ;" and that winter I had an adventure which nearly occasioned my making a vacancy for somebody else, and which, the reader will agree with me, was anything but pleasant.

It was in the month of January—the river was filled with floating ice, for it had frozen hard for several days ; and, of course, there were but few people who trusted themselves in wherries—so that I had little employment, and less profit. One morning, as I was standing on the landing-steps, the breath coming out of my mouth like the steam of a tea-kettle—rubbing my nose, which was red from the sharpness of the frost—and looking at the sun, which was just mounting above a bank of clouds, a waterman called to me, and asked me whether I would go down the river with him, as he was engaged to take a mate down to join his ship, which was several miles below Greenwich ; and, if so, he would give me sixpence and a breakfast. I had earned little for many days, and, hating to be obliged to my mother, I consented.

In an hour we started ; there was no wind—the water was smooth, and the sun's rays glittered on the floating patches of ice, which grated against the sides of the wherry as we cut through them with our sharp prow. Although we had the tide with us, it was three hours before we gained the ship. The mate paid the fare, and gave us something to drink ; and we passed an hour or more warming ourselves at the caboose, and talking with the seamen. At last a breeze sprung up, and the captain ordered the men to get the ship under weigh. We shoved off, the tide having flowed some time, expecting to be back to Greenwich before dark.

But it clouded over, and a heavy snowstorm came on, so that we could not see in what direction we were pulling ; the wind blew very fresh, and it was piercing cold ; however, we pulled as hard as we could, not only to get back again, but

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to keep ourselves from freezing. Unfortunately, we had lost too much time on board of the vessel ; and, what with that, and the delay arising from the snowstorm preventing us pulling straight back, the ebb-tide made again before we had gained more than two-thirds of our way. We were now nearly worn out with the severe cold and fatigue, but we pulled hard, keeping as close in-shore as we could. It was necessary, at the end of one reach, to cross over to the other side of the river ; and in so doing we were driven by the tide against a large buoy, when the wherry filled and upset in an instant. We both contrived to cling on to her, as she was turned bottom up ; and away we were swept down among the drifting ice, the snowstorm still continuing to beat down on our heads. I was nearly frozen before I could climb on the bottom of the wherry ; which I at last contrived to do, but the waterman could only hold on. There we both were, shivering and shaking ; the wind piercing through our wet clothes ; the snow beating down on us, and our feet freezing among the drifting ice—borne away with the tide towards the mouth of the river—not able to see two yards before us, or likely to be seen by any one, so as to be assisted. We were too cold to speak, but remained in silence, looking at each other, and with no pleasant forebodings as to our fate. The ice now formed in large masses ; the icicles hung from our clothes, and all sense was lost in our extremities. It was now dark as pitch ; and so feeble were we that it was with difficulty we could keep in our positions. At last the storm abated, the sky cleared up, and the bright full moon shone in the heavens ; but our case appeared hopeless—we felt that before morning we must perish. I tried to say what prayers I had learnt by hearing my sister say them ; but my teeth chattered, and I could only think them. At last I perceived a vessel at anchor : the tide was sweeping us past—we were close to her, and I contrived to cry out ; but there was no reply. Again I screamed, but it was in vain. They were all in their warm beds, while we floated past, freezing to death. My hopes, which had been raised, and which had occasioned my heart to resume its beating, now sank down again, and I gave myself up in despair. I burst into tears ; and, before the tears had rolled half-way down my cheeks, they had frozen hard. “I am indeed, ‘Poor

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Jack ' now," thought I; "I shall never see my father or Virginia any more." As I thought so, I saw another vessel ahead of us. I summoned all my strength, and called out long before we floated past her. The light wind bore my voice down. There was a man on deck, and he heard it; he walked forward, and I perceived him looking over the bows. I hallooed again, to direct his attention to where we were; for our wherry was so encrusted with ice that she might have been taken for a larger piece floating by. I saw him turn away, and heard him thump with a handspike on the deck. How my heart bounded! I almost felt warm. As we were passing the vessel, I cried out again and again, and the man answered me—

"Ay, ay, hold on for a minute or two, and I'll send for you."

"We are saved," I cried to the waterman; but he was quite insensible, apparently frozen stiff where he was clinging. In a few minutes I heard the sound of oars, and then they stopped; the boat came quietly alongside, that they might not by the shock throw us off into the water; they dragged us both in, and took us on board, poured a glass of brandy down our throats, stripped off our frozen clothes, chafed our limbs, and put us between the hot blankets which they had just left. As soon as I was in bed the mate made me drink a tumbler of hot grog, and left me. I soon fell into a deep sleep, long before they had ceased their attempts to restore vitality to my companion, which at last they did. When I awoke the next morning I was quite well, and the waterman was also recovering, although not able to leave his hammock. The mate who had had the watch and had saved us, told me that the wherry was safe on board, and, as the ship was bound up the river, that we had better remain where we were. I narrated our accident; and my clothes having been dried at the caboose, I dressed myself and went on deck. My companion, the waterman, did not escape so well; his foot was frostbitten, and he lost four of his toes before he recovered. It was singular that he, who was a man grown up, should suffer so much more than I did. I cannot account for it, except that my habit of always being in the water had hardened me more to the cold. We remained on board two days, during which we were treated with great kindness.

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It was a fine bright morning when, as the ship was passing the hospital, we shoved the wherry off, and landed at the steps; and when we jumped out we were greeted by all who were standing there. We had very naturally been given up for lost. They supposed that we had perished in the snow-storm. Old Ben was among those who were standing at the steps, and he walked up with me towards my mother's house.

"I did go to the old woman and break the matter to her in a becoming way, Jack," said Ben; "but I can't say that she appeared to take it much to heart, and that's the truth. Had it been little Jenny, she'd have cried her eyes out."

I arrived at Fisher's Alley, and the neighbours looked out; and as I nodded to them, they cried, "Why, here's Jack come back again. Where have you been to, Jack?" This passing from mouth to mouth at last reached my mother's ears; she looked out and saw me and old Ben close to the door.

"Here be your son, misses," said Ben; "so you may thank God for His mercy."

But my mother did not appear to be very thankful. She turned round and went in; I followed her, while Ben was standing at the door in amazement at her not flying to me and kissing me. On the contrary, she must have been angry at my return, for she commenced singing—

"Jack and Gill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after."

And then she broke out: "And where have you been, you good-for-nothing boy, all this time? putting me to all this useless expense that you have; all my money thrown away for nothing." I looked at the table, and perceived that she had been making a black dress and bonnet, to put little Virginia into mourning; for she never let slip an opportunity to dress out my sister.

"Fifteen good shillings thrown away and lost, all by your coming back. Your sister would have looked so beautiful

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and interesting in it. Poor child ! and now she will be disappointed. Never mind, my darling, you may have to wear them soon yet, if he goes on this way."

Virginia did not seem to mind it at all ; she was kissing and patting me, and was delighted to see me again. But my mother took her by the hand, and catching up the half-made dress and bonnet in her other, walked away upstairs to her room, singing—

" There was an old man who lived under a hill,
And if he's not dead, he lives there still."

" So much for motherly love ! Dang it, what's her heart made of ? " said a voice. I turned round ; it was old Ben, who had been an unobserved spectator of the scene.

CHAPTER X

In which I narrate what I consider the most fortunate incident in my life ; and Ben the Whaler confides to me a very strange history.

AMONG the pensioners there was one with whom I must make the reader acquainted, as he will be an important person in this narrative. His name was Peter Anderson, a north countryman, I believe, from Greenock ; he had been gunner's mate in the service for many years, and, having been severely wounded in an action, he had been sent to Greenwich. He was a boatswain in Greenwich Hospital ; that is, he had charge of a ward of twenty-five men, and Ben the Whaler had lately been appointed one of the boatswain's mates under him. He was a very good scholar, and had read a great deal. You could hardly put any question to him, but you would get from him a satisfactory sort of an answer ; and he was generally referred to in all points of dispute, especially in matters connected with the service, which he had at his fingers' ends ; and, moreover, he was a very religious, good man. I never heard him swear, but correct all those who did so in his presence. He had saved

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some money in the service, the interest of which, with his allowances as boatswain, enabled him to obtain many little comforts, and to be generous to others. Before Ben was shifted over to Anderson's ward, which he was when he was appointed boatswain's mate under him, they had not been well acquainted; but since that time they were almost always together, so that now I knew Anderson, which I did not before, except by sight. He was a very venerable-looking old man, with grey locks curling down on his shoulders, but very stout and hearty; and as Ben had told him all about me, he took notice of me, and appeared also to take an interest. When I came back, after the providential escape I have mentioned in the last chapter, Ben had narrated to him the conduct of my mother; and a day or two afterwards, when the frost had broken up, and they were both sitting down, basking in the sun, which was shining bright, I went up to them.

"Well, Jack," said old Ben, "are you ready for another trip down the river?"

"I hope I shall earn my sixpence at an easier rate, if I do go," replied I.

"It was wonderful that you were saved, boy," said Peter Anderson, "and you ought to be very thankful to the Omniscent."

I stared; for I had never heard that term applied to the Deity.

"You mean God, don't you?" said I at last; for I thought he couldn't mean any other.

"Yes, boy; has not your mother taught you that name?"

"She never would teach me anything. All the prayers I know I have stolen from my sister."

"And what do you know, Jack?"

"I know 'Our Father,' and 'Now I lay down to sleep,' and I believe that is all."

"How old are you now, Jack?"

"I am three years older than Virginia; she, I heard my mother say, was six the other day—then I suppose I'm nine."

"Do you know your letters?"

"Yes, some of them; I learnt them on the boats."

"But you cannot read?"

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"No, not a word."

"Has your mother ever told you of the Bible?"

"Not me; but I've heard her tell Virginia about it."

"Don't you ever go to church?"

"No, never. Mother takes little Virginia; but she says I'm too ragged and ungentle."

"Why does your mother neglect you? I suppose you are a bad boy?"

"That he's not," interrupted Ben; "that's not the reason. But we must not talk about that now; only I must take Jack's part. Go on, Peter."

"Would you like to learn to read, Jack?" said Anderson; "and would you like to hear me read the Bible to you, until you can read it yourself?"

"Indeed I would," replied I. "There's many of the boys on the beach, smaller than me, who can both read and write."

Peter Anderson then told me that he would teach me, provided I behaved myself well. He desired I would come to his cabin every afternoon at six o'clock, a time which interfered little with my avocation of "Poor Jack," and that he would give me a lesson. Before he had finished talking, one of the lieutenants of the hospital sent for him; and Ben remained behind, to point out to me how valuable my knowing how to read and write might one day prove to me.

"I've no larning myself, Jack," said he; "and I know the loss of it. Had I known how to read and write, I might have been something better than a poor Greenwich pensioner; but, nevertheless, I'm thankful that I'm no worse. Ever since I've been a man grown I've only regretted it once—and that's been all my life. Why, Jack, I'd give this right arm of mine—to be sure, it's no great things now, but once it could send a harpoon in up to the hilt—but still a right arm is a right arm to the end of your days!—and I'd give it with pleasure, if I only knew how to read and write; nay, I wouldn't care about the writing, but if I could only read print, Jack, I'd give it, for then I could read the Bible, as Peter Anderson does. Why, Jack, when we do go to chapel on Sunday, there's not one in ten of us who can follow the parson with his book; all we can do is to listen, and when

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he has done speaking we are done also, and must wait till he preaches again. Don't I feel ashamed, then, Jack, at not being able to read? and ought not they to feel proud who can;—no, not proud, but thankful?¹ We don't think of the Bible much in our younger days, boy; but when we are tripping our anchor for the other world, we long to read away our doubts and misgivings; and it's the only chart you can navigate by safely. I think a parent has much to answer for, that don't teach its child to read; but I must not blame my father or mother, for I never knew them."

"Never knew them?"

"No, boy, no. My father and mother left me when I was one year old: he was drowned, and my mother—she died too, poor soul!"

"How did your mother die, Ben?"

"It's a sad, sad story, Jack, and I cannot bear to think of it; it was told me long afterwards, by one who little thought to whom he was speaking."

"Do tell me, Ben."

"You're too young, boy, for such a tale; it's too shocking."

"Was it worse than being froze to death, as I nearly was the other day?"

"Yes, my lad, worse than that; although, for one so young as you are, that was quite bad enough."

"Well, Ben, I won't ask you to tell me, if it pains you to tell it. But you did not do wrong?"

"How could a baby of two years old do wrong, and five thousand miles off at the time, you little fool? Well, I don't know if I won't tell you, Jack, after all, because you will then find out that there's a comfort in reading the Bible; but you must promise me never to speak about it. I'm a foolish old fellow to tell it to you, Jack, I do believe, but I'm fond of you, boy, and I don't like to say 'no' to you. Now come to an anchor close to me. The bells are ringing for dinner—I shall lose my meal, but you will not lose your story, and there will be no fear of interruption."

"My father was brought up to the sea, Jack, and was a

¹ Ben's observations were true at the time he spoke; but this is no longer the case. So much more general has education become, that now, in a ship's company, at least five out of seven can read.

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smart young man till he was about thirty, when a fall from the main-yard disabled him from hard duty and going aloft ; but still he had been brought up to sea, and was fit for nothing on shore. So, as he was a clean likely fellow, he obtained the situation of purser's steward in an Indiaman. After that he was captain's steward on board of several ships. He sailed originally from Yarmouth, and going home after a voyage to see his relations, he fell in with my mother, and they were spliced. He was very fond of his wife, and I believe she was a very true and good woman, equally fond of him. He went to sea again, and I was born. He made another voyage to India, and when he came back I was two years old. I do not recollect him or my mother. My father had agreed to sail to the West Indies as captain's steward, and the captain, with whom he had sailed before, consented that he should take his wife with him, to attend upon the lady passengers ; so I was left at Yarmouth, and put out to nurse till they came back. But they never came back, Jack ; and as soon as I can recollect, I found myself in the workhouse, and, when old enough, was sent to sea. I had been told that my father and mother had been lost at sea, but no one could tell me how, and I thought little more about it, for I had never known them, and those we don't know we do not love or care for, be they father or mother.

“Well, I had sailed four or five voyages to the north in the whalers, and was then about twenty-five years old, when I thought I would go back to Yarmouth and show myself, for I was ‘harpooner and steersman’ at that early age, and not a little proud. I thought I would go and look at the old workhouse, for it was the only thing I could recollect, and see if the master and mistress were still alive, for they were kind to me when I was living with them. I went to Yarmouth, as I said. There was the workhouse, and the master and mistress both alive ; and I made myself known to them, and the old people looked at me through their spectacles, and could not believe that I could possibly be the little Ben who used to run to the pump for water. I had money in my pocket, and I liked the old people, who offered me all they could give without hopes of receiving anything in return, and, as I knew nobody else, I used to live much with them, and pay them handsomely ; I gave the old man some curiosi-

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ties and the old woman a teapot, and so on, and I remained with them till it was time for me to sail again. Now, you see, Jack, among the old folk in the workhouse was a man who had been at sea; and I often had long talks with him, and gave him tobacco, which he couldn't afford to buy—for they don't allow it in a workhouse, which is a great hardship, and I have often thought that I should not like to go into a workhouse because I never could have a bit of tobacco. This man's hair was as white as snow, much too white for his age, for he was more decrepit and worn out than, perhaps, he was old. He had come home to his parish, and being unable to gain his living, they had sent him to the workhouse. I can't understand why a place should be called a workhouse where they do nothing at all. Well, Charley, as they called him, got very ill, and they thought he would not last long; and when the old people were busy I used to talk a great deal with him. He was generally very quiet and composed, and said he was comfortable, but that he knew he was going fast.

“‘But,’ says he, ‘here’s my comfort,’ and he pointed to a Bible that he had on his knees. ‘If it had not been for this book,’ said he, ‘I do think, at times, I should have made away with myself.’”

“‘Why,’ says I, ‘what have you done? Have you been very wicked?’”

“‘We are all very wicked,’ said he; ‘but that’s not exactly it. I have been *haunted* for so many years, that I have been almost driven mad.’”

“‘Why,’ said I, ‘what can you have done that you should have been haunted? You haven’t committed murder, have you?’”

“‘Well, I don’t know what to say,’ replied he; ‘if a man looks on and don’t prevent murder, is it not the same? I haven’t long to live, and I feel as if I should be happier if I made a clean breast of it; for I have kept the secret a long while, and I think that you, as a sailor, and knowing what sailors suffer, may have a fellow-feeling; and perhaps you will tell me (for I’m somewhat uneasy about it) whether you think that I am so very much to blame in the business? I’ve suffered enough for it these many years, and I trust that it will not be forgotten that I have so, when I’m called up to

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be judged—as we all shall, if this book is true, as I fully believe it to be.’

“Here he appeared to be a good deal upset; but he took a drink of water, and then he told me as follows:—

“‘About twenty-three years ago I was a seaman on board of the *William and Caroline*, West Indiaman, bound to Jamaica. We had two or three passengers on board, and the steward’s wife attended upon them. She was a handsome, tall young woman; and when she and her husband came on board, they told me they had one child, which they had left at home. Now Yarmouth, you see, is my native place, and although I did not know her husband, I knew her family very well; so we were very intimate, and used to talk about the people we knew, and so on. I mention this in consequence of what occurred afterwards. We arrived very safe at Jamaica, and remained, as usual, some time at the island before the drogers brought round our cargo, and then we again sailed for England.

“‘Well, we got clear of the islands, and were getting well north, when there came on a terrible gale of wind which dismasted us; and for three weeks we were rolling about gunnel under, for we were very heavily laden, and we lost our reckoning. At last we found out that we had been blown down among the reefs to the southward of the Bahama Isles. We had at one time rigged jury-masts, but unfortunately the gale had blown up again, and carried them also over the side; and we had no means of doing anything, for we had no more small spars or sails, and all our hopes were of falling in with some vessel which might assist us.

“‘But we had no such good fortune; and one morning, when a heavy sea was running, we discovered that it was bearing us down upon a reef of rocks, from which there was no chance of escape. We had no resource but to get the boats out, and take our chance in them. The captain was very cool and collected: he ordered everything in which might be requisite; called up the men, and explained to them his intentions. All the water and provisions were put into the launch, for the sea ran so high that the small boats could not carry them; and it was intended that all the boats should keep company till it moderated, and then each boat should have its own supply. When all was ready, we were

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told off to our respective boats. The steward and his wife were to be in the same boat with me, and I had put her carefully in the stern-sheets, for I was her great friend. Now the steward was called out by the captain to go for something which had been forgotten; and while he was away the ship was struck by a heavy sea, which occasioned such a breach over her that all was in confusion, and to prevent the small boats from swamping they were pushed off. The launch still held on for the captain, who hastened in with the mate and the steward, for they were the only three left on board; and away we all went. I mention this as the cause why the steward was separated (only for a time, as we supposed) from his wife. We had not been clear of the ship more than five minutes before we found that we, in our boat, could hardly make head 'gainst the wind and swell, which bore down on the reef close to us; the launch, which was a heavy-pulling boat and deeply laden, could not; and in a quarter of an hour we had the misery to see her in the breakers, swallowed up with all hands, together with all the provisions and water for our sustenance. I will not attempt to describe the agony of the steward's wife, who saw her husband perish before her eyes. She fainted, and it was a long time before she came to again; for no one could leave his oar for a minute to assist her, as we pulled for our lives. At last she did come to. Poor thing! I felt for her. Towards night the wind lulled, and we had every appearance of fine weather coming on; but we had nothing to eat, and only a barrico of water in the boat, and we were quite exhausted with fatigue.

“We knew that we must pull to the northward, and try and fetch the Bahama Isles, or, perhaps, some of the small quays to the southward of them, where we might procure turtle, and perhaps water; and when the sea had gone down, which it did very fast, we put the head of our boat in that direction, pulling all night. At daybreak the other boat was not to be seen; it was a dead calm, but there was still a long heavy swell. We shared out some water and rested till the evening, and then we took to our oars again.

“We rowed hard till the morning, but when the sun rose it scorched us up; it was impossible for us to keep to our oars without drinking, and, there being no one to take the command, our water was all gone, and we had not gained

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fifty miles to the northward. On the third morning we laid down exhausted at the bottom of the boat—we were dying not only with thirst but with hunger. We had agreed that when night came on we would take to the oars again, but some would and some would not; so that, at last, those who had taken to their oars would pull no longer.

“‘The steward’s wife at times sang psalms, and at times wept; she had a very sweet voice, but her lips were soon glued together for want of water, and she could sing no longer.

“‘When the sun rose on the fourth day, there was no vessel to be seen; some were raving for water, and others sat crouched under the boat’s thwarts in silent despair. But, towards evening, the sky clouded over, and there fell a heavy rain, which refreshed us. We took the gown from off the steward’s wife, and spread it, and caught the water; and we all drank until our thirst was quenched—even our wet clothes were a comfort to us; still we were gnawed with hunger. That night we slept; but the next morning every man’s eyes flashed, and we all looked as if we would eat each other; and there were whisperings and noddings going on in the bow of the boat, and a negro who was with us took out his knife, and sharpened it on the boat’s gunnel. No one asked him why. We spoke not, but we all had our own thoughts. It was dreadful to look at our hollow cheeks—our eyes sunken deep, but glaring like red-hot coals—our long beards and haggard faces—every one ready to raise his hand against the other. The poor woman never complained or said a word after she left off singing; her thoughts appeared elsewhere. She sat for hours motionless, with her eyes fixed on the still blue water, as if she would pierce its depth.

“‘At last the negro came aft; and we were each upon our guard as he passed us, for we had seen him sharpen his knife. He went to the stern-sheets, where the poor woman sat, and we all knew what he intended to do, for he only acted our own thoughts. She was still hanging over the gunnel, with her eyes fixed downwards, and she heeded not his approach: he caught her by the hair, and dragged her head towards him. She then held out her arms towards me, faintly calling me by name; but I—shame on me!—

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remained sitting on the after thwart. The negro thrust his knife into her neck, below the ear; and as soon as he had divided the artery, he glued his thick lips to the gash, and sucked her blood.

“‘When the deed was done, others rose up and would have shared; but the negro kept his white eyes directed towards them—one arm thrust out, with his knife pointed at them, as he slaked his thirst, while, with his other round her waist, he supported her dying frame. The attitude was that of fondness, while the deed was—murder. He appeared as if he were caressing her, while her life’s blood poured into his throat. At last we all drew our knives; and the negro knew that he must resign his prey or his life. He dropped the woman, and she fell, with her face forward, at my feet. She was quite dead. And then—our hunger was relieved.

“‘Three days passed away, and again we were mad for want of water—when we saw a vessel. We shouted, and shook hands, and threw out the oars, and pulled as if we had never suffered. It was still calm, and as we approached the vessel we threw what remained of the poor woman into the sea; and the sharks finished what we had left. We agreed to say nothing about her, for we were ashamed of ourselves.

“‘Now, I did *not* murder, but I did *not* prevent it; and I have ever since been haunted by this poor woman. I see her and the negro constantly before me, and then I think of what passed, and I turn sick. I feel that I ought to have saved her—she is always holding out her arms to me, and I hear her faintly call “Charles”—then I read my Bible—and she disappears, and I feel as if I were forgiven. Tell me, what do you think, messmate?’

“‘Why,’ replied I, ‘sarcumstances will make us do what we otherwise would never think possible. I never was in such a predicament, and therefore can’t tell what people may be brought to do. But tell me, messmate, what was the name of the poor woman?’

“‘The husband’s name was Ben Rivers.’

“‘*Rivers*, did you say?’ replied I, struck all of a heap.

“‘Yes,’ replied he; ‘that was her name; she was of this town. But never mind the name—tell me what you think, messmate?’

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“‘Well,’ says I (for I was quite bewildered), ‘I’ll tell you what, old fellow—as far as I’m consarned, you have my forgiveness, and now I must wish you good-bye—and I pray to God that we may never meet again.’

“‘Stop a little,’ said he; ‘don’t leave me this way. Ah! I see how it is—you think I’m a murderer.’

“‘No, I don’t,’ replied I; ‘not exactly—still, there’ll be no harm in your reading your Bible.’

“And so I got up, and walked out of the room—for you see, Jack, although he mayn’t have been so much to blame, still I didn’t like to be in company with a man who had eaten up *my own mother!*”

Here Ben paused, and sighed deeply. I was so much shocked with the narrative that I could not say a word. At last Ben continued—

“I couldn’t stay in the room—I couldn’t stay in the work-house. I couldn’t even stay in the town. Before the day closed I was out of it, and I have never been there since. Now, Jack, I must go in—remember what I have said to you, and larn to read your Bible.”

I promised that I would, and that very evening I had my first lesson from Peter Anderson, and I continued to receive them until I could read well. He then taught me to write and cipher; but before I could do the latter, many events occurred, which must be made known to the reader.

CHAPTER XI

In which the doctor lets out some very novel modes of medical treatment, which are attended with the greatest success.

SUCH a change has taken place since I can first recollect Greenwich, that it will be somewhat difficult for me to make the reader aware of my localities. Narrow streets have been pulled down, handsome buildings erected—new hotels in lieu of small inns—gay shops have now usurped those which were furnished only with articles necessary for the outfit of the seamen. Formerly, long stages, with a basket to hold six behind, and dillies which plied at the Elephant and Castle,

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were the usual land conveyances—now they have made place for railroads and omnibuses. Formerly, the wherry conveyed the mariner and his wife, with his sea-chest, down to the landing-place—now steamboats pour out their hundreds at a trip. Even the view from Greenwich is much changed, here and there broken in upon by the high towers for shot and other manufactories, or some large building which rises boldly in the distance; while the *Dreadnought's* splendid frame fills up half the river, and she that was used to deal out death and destruction with her terrible rows of teeth, is now dedicated by humanity to succour and relieve.

I mention this, because the house in which Dr. Tadpole formerly lived no longer exists; and I wish particularly to describe it to the reader.

When I left Greenwich in 1817 or 1818, it was still standing, although certainly in a very dilapidated state. I will, however, give a slight sketch of it, as it is deeply impressed on my memory.

It was a tall narrow building of dark red brick, much ornamented, and probably built in the time of Queen Elizabeth. It had two benches on each side the door; for, previous to Tadpole's taking possession of it, it had been an alehouse, and much frequented by seamen. The doctor had not removed these benches, as they were convenient, when the weather was fine, for those who waited for medicine or advice; and moreover, being a jocular sociable man, he liked people to sit down there, and would often converse with them. Indeed, this assisted much to bring him into notice, and made him so well known among the humbler classes, that none of them, if they required medicine or advice, ever thought of going to any one but Dr. Tadpole. He was very liberal and kind, and I believe there was hardly a poor person in the town who was not in his debt, for he never troubled them much about payment. He had some little property of his own, or he never could have carried on such a losing concern as his business really must have been to him. In early life he had been a surgeon in the navy, and was said, and I believe with justice, to be very clever in his profession. In defending himself against some act of oppression on the part of his captain—for in those times the service was very different to what it is now—he had incurred the displeasure

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of the Navy Board, and had left the service. His enemies (for even the doctor had his enemies) asserted that he was turned out of the service; his friends, that he left the service in disgust; after all, a matter of little consequence. The doctor is now gone, and has left behind him in the town of Greenwich a character for charity and generosity of which no one can deprive him. He was buried in Greenwich churchyard; and never was there, perhaps, such a numerous procession as voluntarily followed his remains to the grave. The poor fully paid him the debt of gratitude, if they did not pay him their other debts; and when his will was opened, it was found that he had released them all from the latter. Peace be to him, and honour to his worth!

The shop of Dr. Tadpole was fitted up in a very curious manner, and excited a great deal of admiration. During his service afloat he had collected various objects of natural history, which he had set up or prepared himself; the lower rows of bottles in the windows were full of snakes, lizards, and other reptiles; the second tier of bottles in the window were the same as are now generally seen—large globes containing blue and yellow mixtures, with gold hieroglyphics outside of them; but between each of these bottles was a stuffed animal of some kind, generally a small monkey, or of that description. The third row of bottles was the most incomprehensible: no one could tell what was in them, and the doctor, when asked, would laugh and shake his head; this made the women very curious. I believe they were chiefly preparations of the stomach, and other portions of the interior of the animal frame; but the doctor always said that it was his row of “secrets,” and used to amuse himself with evading the questions of the other sex. There were some larger specimens of natural history suspended from the ceiling, chiefly skulls and bones of animals; and on the shelves inside a great variety of stones and pebbles and fragments of marble figures, which the doctor had picked up, I believe, in the Mediterranean—altogether the shop was a strange medley, and made people stare very much when they came into it. The doctor kept an old woman to cook and clean the house, and his boy Tom, whom I have already mentioned. Tom was a good-natured lad, and, as his master said, very fond of liquorice; but the doctor used to laugh at

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that (when Tom was not by), saying, "It's very true that Tom cribs my *liquorice*; but I will say this for him, he is very honest about *jalap* and *rhubarb*, and I have never missed a grain."

Next door to the doctor lived another person, who kept a small tobacconist's shop, which was a favourite resort of the pensioners and other poor people. She was an Irishwoman, with a strong accent of her country—a widow by her own account. Who her husband had been was not satisfactorily known; if the question was put, she always evaded it as much as possible. All she said was, that his name was St. Felix, and that he had been of no profession. She was about twenty-two or twenty-three, very handsome, and very pleasing in her manners, which was perhaps one cause of the surmises and scandal which were continually afloat. Some said that her husband was still alive; others, that he had been transported for seven years; and many (and among them my mother) declared that she could not produce her "marriage lines." Indeed, there was no end to ill-natured reports, as always will be the case when men are so unfortunate as to have a reputation, or women so unfortunate as to be pretty. But the widow appeared to be indifferent to what people said: she was always lively and cheerful, and a great favourite with the men, whatever she may have been with the women. Dr. Tadpole had courted her ever since she had settled at Greenwich: they were the best of friends, but the doctor's suit did not appear to advance. Nevertheless, the doctor seldom passed a day without paying her a visit, and she was very gracious to him. Although she sold every variety of tobacco, she would not permit people to smoke, and had no seats either in the shop or at the door—but to this rule an exception was made in favour of the doctor. He seldom failed to be there every evening; and although she would not allow him a chair, she permitted him to remain standing at the counter and smoke his cigar while they conversed. It was this indulgence which occasioned people to think that she would marry the doctor; but at last they got tired of waiting, and it became a sort of proverb in Fisher's Alley and its precincts, when things were put off to an indefinite period, to say, "Yes, that will be done when the widow marries the doctor."

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One evening, Ben had sent me to fill his tobacco-box at Mrs. St. Felix's, and when I went in, I found the doctor in her shop.

"Well, Master Tom Saunders or Mr. Poor Jack," said the widow, "what may your pleasure be?"

"Pigtail," said I, putting down the penny.

"Is it for your father, Jack, for report tells me that he's in want of it?"

"No," replied I, "it's for old Ben—father's a long way from this, I expect."

"And do you intend to follow him, Jack? It's my opinion you'll be the very reverse of a good sailor if you cruise bottom up as you did on your first voyage."

"It's not the pleasantest way of sailing, is it, Jack?" observed the doctor.

"Not in winter-time," replied I.

The widow measured the length of the pigtail, as milliners do tape, from the tip of the finger to the knuckle, and cut it off.

"And now will you oblige me with a cigar?" said the doctor. "I think this is the sixth, is it not, Mrs. St. Felix? so here's my shilling."

"Really, doctor, if it were not that the wry faces I make at physic would spoil my beauty, I'm almost in honour bound to send for something to take out of your shop, just by the way of return for your patronage."

"I trust you will never require it, Mrs. St. Felix. I've no objection to your sending for anything you please, but don't take physic."

"Well, my girl Jane shall have a dose, I declare, she is getting so fat and lumpy. Only don't let it be laudanum, doctor, she's so sleepy-headed already. I told her this morning that she was looking pale, just by way of preparing her."

"Mrs. St. Felix, you must excuse me, but you've no right to interfere with my practice. I prescribe physic when I think it necessary, and Jane is perfectly well at present, and shall not have any."

"And you've no right to interfere with my household, doctor. If I choose, I'll physic Jane, and the dog, and the cat, and the kitten, which I reckon to be the whole of my

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establishment, all four of them on the same day. Tell me, doctor, how much ipecacuanha will make a kitten sick?"

"Mrs. St. Felix, I am not a veterinary surgeon, and therefore cannot answer."

"Veterinary! Well, I thought they only doctored horses."

"I beg your pardon, their practice extends further, as I can prove to you. I was once at the establishment of one in London, and I observed in a large room about a dozen little lap-dogs all tied up with strings. The poor little unwieldy waddling things were sent to him because they were asthmatic, and I don't know what all; and how do you think he cured them?"

"It's for me to ask that question, doctor."

"Well, then, he told me his secret. He tied them all up, and gave them nothing to eat, only water to drink; and in three weeks they were returned in as beautiful condition, and as frisky as young kids. Nothing but diet, Mrs. St. Felix."

"I should rather think it was *no* diet, doctor. Well, I do declare I'll tie up Jane for three weeks, and see if nothing but water will cure her complaints. Well, Mr. Jack, why don't you take the tobacco to Ben?"

"Oh! he's in at supper now; there's no hurry," replied I; "and I like to hear you talk."

"Well, there'll be less scandal in your remaining to hear us than there would be if we sent you away, anyhow. How's little Miss Virginia, sister to Poor Jack?"

"She's quite well, and wants to come and see you, only mother won't let her."

"Many thanks to your sister for her compliment; and not forgetting your mother for hers, also. So your mother has given up 'making *tay* on reasonable terms'?"

"'Cause people wouldn't come."

"And that is a sufficient reason, even if she had not another; which is, that she's never out of hot water without boiling more. Doctor, you're as mute as a fish. You told me how to cure Jane and the dogs, now tell me what's the dose for a cat and a kitten?"

"A ha'p'orth of liver, cut into small pieces."

"There'll be no difficulty in getting that down their throats, anyhow."

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"Talking about liver, Mrs. St. Felix, I once knew a friend of mine who cured some geese of a liver complaint."

"Had they been long in the East Indies, poor creatures?"

"No, but they had been in a very hot climate. You see, he was over in France during the last peace, and he went to the baths at Montpellier for the benefit of his health. He lodged with an old Frenchman. Now, you see, Mrs. St. Felix, in the south of France they have a custom of making certain pies, which are much esteemed, and are called *pâtés de foie gras*—that means livers of geese, in French."

"It don't sound much like livers in English, doctor; but never mind that, go on with your story."

"Here's a customer, Mrs. St. Felix; serve him first, and then I will go on with my story."

An old pensioner came in, and laying the coppers on the counter, asked for a ha'p'orth of returns and a farthing of snuff.

"That's a large ready money order, doctor," said the widow, as the man left the shop. "Ain't I making my fortune? Now go on; I'm as eager about the liver as my own cat."

"Well, the great object is to increase the size of the geese's livers, that is, to bring on a regular liver complaint; and to effect this, they put the poor animals in a hot closet next the kitchen fire, cram the food into their mouths through a funnel, and give them plenty of water to drink. This produces the disease; and the livers of the geese, when they are killed, very often weigh three or four pounds, while the animals themselves are mere skeletons."

"And the French eat those liver complaints?" interrupted the widow, making a face.

"Yes, they do, and are as fond of it as my boy Tom is of liquorice. Well, this doctor, who is a friend of mine, quarrelled with his host, who boasted of his geese having the largest livers in Montpellier, and was very proud of it. My friend knew that he could not annoy him more than by preventing his success; so, having a large quantity of Cheltenham salts with him, he used every morning to put a quantity of them in the water which the geese were given to drink. This had the same effect upon them as it has upon men and women; and instead of becoming more diseased every day, the geese

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recovered their health and spirits. The Frenchman crammed and crammed, made his closet still hotter, and *sacre bleu'd*, and actually tore his hair because his geese would be well and hearty; but, the more he tried to make them ill, the more salts were given to them by the doctor, who gained his point and his revenge."

"Well, that's a funny story, doctor; and since you know how to cure it, the first time I meet with a sick goose I'll send him to you."

"Many thanks; but, as it is, there's plenty of geese to send for the doctor."

"That's true enough. And now, Master Jack, you've had quite enough for your penny, and I won't allow Ben to be kept waiting any longer."

"You are not going to tell any more stories, doctor?" said I.

"Why, you mud-larking vagabond, you don't mean to say that I've told stories? Be off with you! And, I say, as you pass round the corner, just tell Tom that I'm coming home directly."

"Won't that be a story, doctor?" said I, as I went out of the door. I heard them both laugh, but I did not hear what they said.

CHAPTER XII

I prefer a suit to old Nanny, and procure a new suit of clothes—The advantage of being well dressed: you may walk out with the ladies

THE reader must not give me too much credit when I tell him that, ever since I had been under the tuition of Peter Anderson, I had quite a craving to go to church. Although what I had gained from his precepts and explanations had increased my desire, still I must acknowledge that the strongest reason for my being so anxious was that my mother would not take me, and did take Virginia. Further, my curiosity was excited by my absolute ignorance of what he church service consisted; I had heard the bells toll, and as

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I sauntered by would stop and listen to the organ and the singing. I would sometimes wait, and see the people coming out; and then I could not help comparing my ragged dress with their clean and gay attire.

This wish continually worried me; but the more I reflected, the more impossible it appeared to be that I should be able to gratify it. How could I possibly go to church in my tattered and dirty clothes—and what chance had I of getting others? I certainly gained, at an average, eighteen-pence per week, but I saved nothing. Would my mother give me clothes? No, that I was sure she would not, for she grudged me even the little victuals which I did apply for. I thought this matter over and over as I lay in bed. Ben had no money. Anderson I could not ask for it. I thought that I would apply to Dr. Tadpole, but I was afraid. At last it came into my head that I had better first ascertain how much money I should require before I took further measures. The next morning I went to a fitting-out shop, and asked the lad who attended how much money I should have to pay for a pair of blue trousers, waistcoat, and jacket. The lad told me that I might have a very nice suit for twenty-two shillings. Twenty-two shillings! What an enormous sum it appeared to me then; and then there was a straw hat to buy, and a pair of shoes and stockings. I inquired the price of these last articles, and found that my dress could not be made complete under thirty-three shillings. I was quite in despair, for the sum appeared to be a fortune. I sat down to calculate how long it would take me to save up so much money, at sixpence a week, which was all that I could afford; but at that time, never having learnt anything of figures, all I could make of it was that it was so long a time as to be beyond my calculation.

It was Saturday evening; I sat down on the steps of the landing-place, very melancholy, thinking that to-morrow was Sunday, and abandoning all hopes of ever going to church, when a Thames fisherman, of the name of Freeman, who lived at Greenwich, and with whom I was acquainted—for I used to assist him on the Saturday night to moor his coble off the landing-place, and hang up his nets to dry—called out to me to come and help him. I did so; we furled the sails, hauled on board his little boat for keeping the fish alive,

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hoisted the nets up to the mast, and made all secure ; and I was thinking to myself that he would go to church to-morrow, and I could not, when he asked me why I was so sad. I told him.

"Why, Jack," said he, "I can't help you, for it is bad times with me just now ; indeed, I could help you but little if times were ever so good—I've too many children of my own ; but look ye, here's a good long piece of four-inch, which I picked up, and it's well worth a shilling. I'll give it you (for I do owe you something), and do you take it to old Nanny. She's a queer body ; but suppose you try whether she'll let you have the money. She can if she chooses, and, as you have dealt with her so long, perhaps she will, if you promise to lay some by every week, and repay her."

This idea had never occurred to me, for I knew old Nanny was very close, and drove very hard bargains with me ; however, I thanked Freeman for his piece of rope and piece of advice, and when we landed I determined, at all events, I would try.

I have before mentioned old Nanny, who kept a marine store, and to whom I used to sell whatever I picked up on the beach. She was a strange old woman, and appeared to know everything that was going on. How she gained her information I cannot tell. She was very miserly in general ; but it was said she had done kind things in one or two instances. Nobody knew her history : all that anybody knew was that she was Old Nanny. She had no kith or kin that she ever mentioned ; some people said she was rich, if the truth were known, but how are we to get at the truth in this world ?

I was soon at old Nanny's store, with the piece of rope coiled over my arm.

"Well, Jack, what have you got here ? a piece of good junk ? no, it is not, for it is quite rotten. Why do you bring me such things ? What can I do with them ?"

"Why, mother," says I, "it's new rope ; not been used hardly ; it's the very best of junk."

"Boy, boy ! do you pretend to teach me ? Well, what do you want for it ?"

"I want a shilling," replied I.

"A shilling !" cried she ; "where am I to find a shilling ?

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And if I could find one, why should I throw it away upon a thing not worth twopence, and which will only lumber my store till I die? The boy's demented!"

"Mother," says I, "it's worth a shilling, and you know it; so give it to me, or I go elsewhere."

"And where will you go to, good-for-nothing that you are? where will you go to?"

"Oh! the fishermen will give me more."

"The fishermen will give you a couple of stale flat-fish, to take home to your mother."

"Well, I'll try that," said I, going.

"Not so fast, Jack, not so fast; if I make a penny by you one day, I suppose, to keep your custom, I must lose something by you the next. Now, I'll give you sixpence; and how I'm to get my money back I don't know."

"No, Nanny," said I, "I must have a shilling."

"A shilling, you little cheat! I can't give it; but what do you want? don't you want a key to your chest, or something of that sort?"

"I've no chest, mother, and therefore don't want a key."

"But you want something out of all the pretty things in my shop; boys always fancy something."

I laughed at the idea of "pretty things" in her shop, for it contained nothing but old iron, empty bottles, dirty rags, and phials; so I told her there was nothing that I wanted.

"Well," says she, "sit down a little, and look about you; there's no hurry. So Mrs. East has got another boy, worse luck for the parish, with six children already!—Look about you, and take your time.—Did you hear of Peter James giving his wife a black eye last night because she wanted to get him out of the alehouse?—I wonder who that letter was from that Susan Davis had from the post-office. I think I could guess; poor girl! she has looked rather peaking for some weeks.—Don't be in a hurry, Jack; look about, there's plenty of pretty things in my shop.—So Davis the butcher has been pulled up for bad meat; I thought it would come to that, and I'm glad of it.—There's a capital lock and key, Jack, to put to your chest, when you get one; suppose you take that.—What's the doctor about? They say he is always sitting with the widow.—Does your mother make plenty of money by clear-starching? I know your sister had a spotted

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muslin frock on last Sunday, and that must have cost something.—There's a spade, Jack; very useful to dig on the beach; you may find something—money, perhaps—who knows? Take the spade, Jack, and then you'll owe me sixpence.—So Bill Freeman pawned his wife's best gown last Saturday night. I thought it would be so. He may say it's because he's caught no fish this bad weather. But I know more than people think.—Here's a nice glass bottle, Jack, wouldn't you like to give it to your mother to put pickles in? it's white glass, you see. Look about, Jack; there's plenty of pretty things, you see.—So the Governor's daughter's going to be married; at least, I suppose so, for I met her riding with a young gentleman, and nowadays the quality always make love on horseback.—Well, Jack, have you found anything?"

"No, mother, I haven't; and I must have my shilling or go. Unless, indeed, you're inclined to help me to what I want, and then I'll give you the rope for nothing."

"Give me the rope for nothing!" replied old Nanny. "Sit down, Jack, and let me know what it is you want."

I thought it was of little use to make the application, but I determined to try; so I explained my wishes.

"Humph!" said she, after a minute's thought, "so you want thirty-three shillings to buy clothes—to go to church in. Your mother dresses your sister in spotted muslin, and leaves you in rags; suppose you wait till your father comes home again?"

"That may not be for years."

"Why, Jack, I don't go to church—I am too old—too poor to dress myself to go to church, even if I could go so far—why should you go?"

"Well, mother," said I, rising up, "if you will not do it, I'm very sorry; I would have paid you honestly, and have given you good bargains, so good-bye."

"Not so fast, Jack—sit down, sit down, boy, look about the shop and see if you can find something that will suit you." Here Nanny communed with herself aloud:—"Thirty-three shillings! that's a great deal of money,—pay me honestly—and good bargains! His mother called me an old cat the other day;—I think they could be got cheaper, they always cheat boys;—she'd be vexed to see him dressed

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clean at church;—honest boy, I do believe;—a boy that wants to go to church must be a good boy. Oh, dear me, it is so much money!”

“I’ll work day and night to pay you, Nanny.”

“And mind, Jack, I’m to have good bargains, and this piece of rope for nothing; something paid every week.”

“If I can earn it, mother, as sure as I sit here.”

“Well, the old cat will do more for you, Jack, than your mother would. You shall have the money; but, Jack, I must bargain for the things.”

“Thank you, Nanny, thank you!” replied I, jumping off my seat with delight.

“Well, we can do nothing to-night, Jack. Come to me on Monday, and if I don’t change my mind——”

“Change your mind!” said I sorrowfully. “I thought you had promised!”

“Well, so I did—and—and I’ll keep my promise, Jack. Come on Monday, and as you can’t go to church to-morrow, see if you can’t pick up a little money.”

I did not neglect her injunctions, and was fortunate enough to be able to bring her sixpence on the Monday morning. Nanny went with me to the clothing-shop, haggled and fought until she reduced the articles to twenty-eight shillings, and then they were ordered to be made and sent to her house. I earned but little money that week, and more than once Nanny appeared to be very unhappy, and repent of her kind offices; but when Sunday came she was very cheerful; she washed me herself very carefully, and then put on my clothes. I cannot express the delight I felt at that moment; when Nanny said to me, as she placed the hat on my head—

“Well, Jack, I wouldn’t have thought that you were such a handsome boy as you are. Why, you may walk with your sister Virginia, and she will have nothing to be ashamed of, pretty as she is. There, go and show yourself; and, Jack, don’t forget your promise to pay me back soon, and give me good bargains!”

I repeated my promise, and hastened to the hospital to find Peter Anderson. He did not know me when I came up to him. I told him how and why I had got the clothes; he patted my head, said I was a good lad, and that he would take me to the chapel at the hospital, where I could sit with

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the school-children ; he could manage that. Then I met Ben and others, and they were all so surprised. I went to the chapel, and although I could not hear well what was said, for I was a long way off from the parson, and the old pensioners coughed so much, I was very much pleased, although a little tired before it was over. When the service was finished, I was proceeding to my mother's, when I met her and little Virginia coming home from the town church.

"There's a nice little boy, Virginia," said my mother ; "wouldn't you like to walk with him?"

My mother did not know me, but Virginia did immediately ; she burst away from her mother and ran into my arms, laughing and crying as she clung to me, and then she cried out, "Mother, yes, mother, I will walk with him !" and she hastened me away with her, much to my mother's annoyance, who would have run after us to stop her, but she didn't think it genteel to go so fast ; so Virginia and I went off together, leaving my mother very angry indeed. We walked along towards the hospital, Virginia crying out to every one she knew, her large hazel eyes beaming with delight, "Look, this is brother Jack !" and I went with her to Peter Anderson and old Ben. I was so proud to have my sister with me ; and Peter Anderson said—

"This is as it should have been a long while ago." And then he continued, "Jack, you may happen not to earn any money in the week, and if so, come to me, for old Nanny must not be disappointed ; but, recollect, you must pay for your own clothes out of your own earnings."

When it was dinner-time Virginia and I went home together. As we came to Fisher's Alley I said to her, "Mother will be angry with you."

"I can't help it, Jack," replied she ; "you are my own brother, and we are not doing wrong."

When we went in my mother looked hard at me, but, to my surprise, said nothing ; she was sulky, but whether it was with Virginia or with me, or with my new clothes, or whether her conscience smote her for her neglect of me, I do not know. She put the dinner on the table in silence, and after it was over she went upstairs. Virginia and I did not neglect this opportunity ; she put on her bonnet, we slipped out, and

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walked about together till tea-time. When we came back my mother seized my sister by the arm and carried her up to bed. Little Virginia made no resistance, but turned her head and smiled at me as she was led away. I never felt so happy in my life as I did when I went to bed, and thought over the events of the day.

CHAPTER XIII

I am so unfashionable as to pay my debts—Ben's opinion as to my father's return—The chances exemplified in the list of killed and wounded—The L'Orient blowing up, and the Royal George going down

TIME passed, and three years of it certainly were not unprofitably spent. Anderson had instructed me well. I could read, write, and cipher, and, what the reader will consider of more consequence, I was well acquainted with the Bible, and duly admonished by my preceptor of my duty towards God and man. Nor was my sister Virginia neglected. My mother, as soon as she was seven years old, sent her as a day scholar to a young ladies' seminary, where she was well taught, although the style of the school was much above my sister's situation in life; but my mother would not allow her to go anywhere else, although there were several schools more appropriate: she declared that Virginia should not mix with the vulgar ungenteel girls of the place, and that, if *she* had demeaned herself by marrying below her rank, at all events *her* daughter should be brought up as she ought to be. The neighbours laughed at her, but my mother did not care; she worked hard, and always was ready to pay the quarter's bill for schooling whenever it was due.

To me Sunday was a day of rejoicing, I was so glad to throw off my ragged apparel of "Poor Jack," and put on my best clothes, that I might walk with my sister, for my mother gradually softened down her asperity (perhaps out of prudence), as she could raise no objection to Virginia walking with her brother when he was clean and well dressed, and

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Virginia was very firm in supporting me when I requested permission. Indeed, latterly my requests were more like demanding a right than a favour, and my mother appeared to wish to avoid a contest with me. She knew that I was a good scholar, very independent of her, and very much liked: the favourable opinion of others induced her to treat me with more consideration; but we had no regard for each other, only preserving a sort of armed neutrality.

There are grades in all classes of life; and the young ladies' seminary, to which Virginia went as a day scholar, had its distinctions of rank. The first in consequence among the young ladies were the two daughters of Mr. Tippet, the haberdasher; then came the latter's daughter, Miss Beaver. The grades appeared to be as follows: manufactures held the first rank; then dry goods, as the tea-dealers, grocers, &c.; the third class consisted of the daughters of the substantial butchers and pastrycooks. The squabbles between the young ladies about rank and precedence were continual; what then must have been the position of poor little Virginia, whose mother was a clear-starcher and getter-up of fine linen? At first they called her the washerwoman's daughter, and would not associate with her, which made her very uncomfortable; and she used to tell me on the Sundays, when we walked out, how she had been treated during the week. But it was all for her advantage, and tended to correct the false pride and upstart ideas which in time must have been engendered by my mother's folly. Neither, after a few weeks, was my sister unhappy; she was too meek in disposition to reply, so that she disarmed those who would assail her; and being, as she was, of the lowest rank in the school, there could be no contest with the others as to precedence. Her mildness, humility, and sweetness of temper soon won upon both the school-mistress and the scholars; eventually the Miss Tippets took Virginia under their protection, and this magnanimity on their part silenced all opposition. My mother had desired my sister to take lessons in dancing. At first the girls would not stand up with her; but when the elder Miss Tippet took her as a partner, my sister became quite the fashion, and, what was better, a great favourite and

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pet with everybody; and they all patronised her as "little Virginia."

I very soon paid off my debt to old Nanny, without having to apply to Peter Anderson. I had assistance (but without asking for it) as follows:—The second Sunday after I had obtained my clothes, I called, with Virginia, upon the widow of St. Felix. She was in the back parlour, and the doctor, as usual, sitting with her. She received us very kindly, spoke a deal to Virginia, and told me that I looked very handsome for "Poor Jack."

"You'll be quite the fashion," continued she; "and, I presume, like most fashionable gentlemen, your clothes are not paid for."

I replied, laughing, that they were not; but that they should be, if I lived and could work.

"I've heard the whole story from old Ben," replied she. "Come in to-morrow, Jack; I want to speak with you."

I did so in the forenoon, when she put a five-shilling piece in my hand, and said, "That's from me, to help you to pay your debt to old Nanny. But that's not all, Jack; I've coaxed the doctor (not that he required much coaxing, to do him justice), and here's two half-crowns from him, which, I believe, will go about as far as my five shillings. Now, Jack, you look very happy; so, just out of gratitude, run as fast as you can, and make poor old Nanny happy, for she moans over her generous fit, and wonders all day long whether you will ever pay her again."

I had listened all this while to Mrs. St. Felix, but I was so moved by her kindness and generosity that I could not speak. I had received money for services performed, and I had obtained it from Nanny as a loan, to be repaid with interest; but so much money, as a gift, had never entered into my imagination. I could not restrain my feelings; I dropped my face on the counter, to conceal the tears which escaped.

"I can't say 'thank you' as I wish, indeed I can't," said I, as I looked up at her.

"Why, you foolish boy, you have said thank you," replied the widow; "and now run away, for I must leave the shop a minute."

This assistance made me redouble my exertions, and in

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three months I had repaid the whole: the last portion which was due I received from Virginia. She knew how much I paid off every week; and when on Sunday I told her that I had only one and sixpence owing, she ran upstairs, and when she came down again, put the sum into my hand. She had been saving up all she could coax out of my mother ever since I had first obtained the clothes, and great indeed was her delight when she gave me the money—she kissed me, and began to dance, although it was Sunday, and then she proposed that we should walk together to old Nanny's, and close the account. We found the old woman sitting on her steps; the door was open, but the shop shutters were up. On the Saturday night I had paid her two shillings, so that she did not expect to see me. Virginia put the one and sixpence in her hand, saying, "Now brother has paid you all."

"Yes, darling, he has," replied old Nanny; "but then he promised——"

"I know I did," interrupted I; "and I will keep my promise. I promised you good bargains."

"You're an honest boy, Jack, and what's more strange, your sister isn't a spoiled girl; but that's not her mother's fault. My dear, if it was not Sunday you would be able to see all the pretty things in my shop, and perhaps you might like something. You must come another day."

I thanked old Nanny once more for having trusted me, and then we left her. I did keep my word with her, and gave her good bargains for a long while afterwards.

I often thought of my father, who had been absent now for nearly four years, and, as the time advanced, I became more anxious to hear of him. I seldom met old Ben the Whaler without talking about my father, and asking Ben what chance he thought there was of his return.

"Why, you see, Jack," said Ben, "in these times it's hard to say whether a man be alive or not. Every day we hear of some naval action or another, and therefore every day some must lose the number of their mess; and then you see, Jack, a man may be supposed to be dead for years, and after all turn up in some French prison or another; and then ships change their stations, and ships' companies their ships; and then ships are sometimes wrecked, with all hands,

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or take fire, and are blown up. Many a good seaman loses his life by falling overboard in a gale—and who knows or cares? Whether your father be alive or be dead, Jack, it is impossible for me to say; but, howsomever, I hope he be.”

This was not a satisfactory, although a cautious reply, and I never could get Ben to give any other. I began to think that one of the mischances enumerated in Ben’s catalogue might have occurred, and that I never should see my father again, when one morning, as I was standing at the landing-place, Ben came up to me and said, “Now, Jack, perhaps we may hear something of your father. Here’s been a famous action fought, and a matter of a thousand men killed and wounded. I’ve only just heard about it. Nelson has licked the French on the coast of Egypt” (Ben here referred to the battle of the Nile), “and the *Oudacious*, the ship on board of which your father was boatswain’s mate, was in the action. Now, you see, the names of the killed will be sent into the office here, that their relations may receive the pay and prize-money due to them; so now, Jack, perhaps you’ll hear something about your father.”

“But I shall only hear of his being killed, by your account. I don’t want to hear that.”

“No, boy, of course you don’t; but if you do, you’ll hear the worst of it, and that’s some comfort, and if he aren’t killed, why, perhaps he’s wounded, and perhaps he aren’t; all perhapes in this world. Howsomever, come with me. I saw Anderson, with a paper in his hand, walking up to his retreat, as he calls it; so let’s make all sail after him, and we shall overhaul him before he begins to read it.”

There is a small hill just inside of the Greenwich Park gates, commanding a beautiful view of the river and the hospital. Here Anderson was accustomed to repair when the weather was fine, that, as he told me, he might commune with himself. In this instance he had retired there to avoid the excitement and confusion which prevailed; he had, however, been accompanied by three other pensioners, whom we found on the hill when we arrived, and before we had been there a minute, the pensioners had followed up so fast that there was quite a crowd. We were just in time to hear him commence reading the newspaper account. The wind

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was very high; old Anderson had taken off his hat (out of respect, I presume, for the service), and his long grey locks were swept by the wind, which indeed carried away his voice, so that it was with difficulty that I could hear what he said. "*Second Edition.* Glorious news! We have the felicity to inform our readers that, by despatches received at the Admiralty this day, a splendid naval victory has been gained over the French fleet lying in Aboukir Bay, by Rear-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, and the gallant seamen under his command. We refer our readers to the despatch of Sir Horatio Nelson for the details; we have only to say, in few words, that the French fleet of thirteen sail of the line and four frigates were, on the 1st of August last, when lying at anchor in Aboukir Bay, attacked by the English fleet of twelve sail of the line and one fifty-gun ship, and after a severe action, eleven sail of the line and two frigates belonging to the French were taken or burnt. The loss on our side amounts to two hundred and eighteen killed, and six hundred and seventy-seven wounded."

"Hurrah! three cheers, my lads!" cried Anderson, dropping the hand which held the newspaper, and raising the other with his hat in it above his head. The three hearty cheers were given by the crowd which had now assembled; and then Ben said to me—

"You see, Jack, there's a lot of killed and wounded; so now, perhaps, you will hear something about your father."

By this time I had been pushed back, first by one, and then by another, until I was a long way off from where Anderson stood.

"I can't hear a word that Peter says," replied I to Ben.

"No, because the wind's so high, and I myself am a little hard of hearing out of doors; suppose we go now, and by-and-by you shall get the paper from Anderson, and read it all over to me."

"Come away, Ben," replied I impatiently, "I've got a shilling, and I'll buy one."

We left the hill and went down into the town, directing our course to where we heard the horns blowing. I had not, however, to go to such an extraordinary expense, as "a full and particular account" had been struck off for twopence; one of these I purchased, and then Ben and I sat down on

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the bench outside of a public-house, and I commenced reading.

"How good that porter looks!" observed Ben, after a pause, as he eyed a man near to him who was blowing off the froth from the top of the pot he held in his hand.

"Well, Ben, as I have bought the account of the battle for twopence, suppose I spend the rest of the money I intended to pay for it in a pot of porter, to drink the health of Nelson?"

"Ay, my boy, and of those who fought with him," replied Ben; "your own father, Jack, whether he be dead or alive."

I sighed at the idea of my father being dead, for I had a great regard for him, although I had not seen much of him. The porter was brought, and after we had both drunk I recommenced reading. Having concluded Admiral Nelson's despatch and the list of the ships taken, we then came to the loss in killed and wounded on board of the respective English ships.

"*Vanguard*—thirty killed, seventy-five wounded; total, a hundred and five."

"Yes, Jack, that was Nelson's own ship; and he is always to be found where the shot fly thickest."

"*Bellerophon*—forty-nine killed, a hundred and forty-eight wounded; total, a hundred and ninety-seven."

"Well, she was in the thick of it, anyhow!" observed Ben.

"*Majestic*—fifty killed, a hundred and forty-three wounded; total, a hundred and ninety-three."

"Why, she and the *Bellerophon* seem to have pretty well shared and shared alike. You see, Jack, they led into the action, and had all the cream of the fire."

I went on reading and Ben remarking, until I came to the *Audacious*.

"*Audacious*—one killed, and thirty-five wounded; total, thirty-six."

"Well now, Jack, that's all in favour of your father being alive; 'cause why should he be the one killed, more than any one else? I'd bet two pots of beer that he's among the wounded—but it's impossible to say; for you see, Jack, although they give us the names of the officers killed and wounded, they always lump the petty officers and common

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seamen. Well, here's to your father's health, Jack, anyhow ; we shall soon hear something about him."

"I hope so," replied I, folding up the paper.

"And now, Jack," continued Ben, handing me the pot, "don't you feel how proud a thing it is to know how to read? Here I am, you see, old enough almost to be your grandfather, and don't I look like a helpless babby beside you? you can inform me of what is going on, but I cannot help myself. Don't I feel, as I sit here, as if you were the man, and I were the boy? indeed I do, Jack, and no mistake; but, arter all, there was no one to blame in my case; that's some comfort."

I certainly did acknowledge to myself how much I had gained by the tuition of Peter Anderson, and what advantage it was to me that I had been instructed; and I could not help for a moment feeling that I had the advantage over my good friend Ben.

According to the usual custom on the occasion of a great victory, the pensioners had, on the following day, what was called a holiday, that is, a day of rejoicing, on which they were supplied with an extra quantity of beer to make merry with. On these occasions the rules of the hospital, with respect to sobriety, are, of course, not strictly observed. Most of those who prefer smoking collect in what is called the smoking-room, where they sit and enjoy themselves; but very often, as there is so much noise on these occasions, those who belong to the same ward collect together, club for some spirits to add to their extra allowance, and sit by the fire, which is in the corridor of the ward. The fireplace is generally a very large one, and surrounded by benches with high backs, to serve as screens against the cold and wind; and, as there are tables inside, you are very snug and comfortable. On this occasion many of the Warriors' Ward, of which Anderson was boatswain, and Ben one of the boatswain's mates, had repaired to their own fire, for it was now October, and very chilly after the sun went down.

Ben, I suppose, in return for the pot of porter which I had given him, invited me to be of the party; they drank the health of Nelson, and talked about the different ships which were in the action. Some drank very fast, and then

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reeled off to their beds, which were close at hand; others were taken to bed by Peter Anderson and Ben; and at last there were but four or five left. One of these was the other boatswain's mate of the ward: I knew very little of him at that time, except that his name was James Turner. He was a very quiet, well-behaved man, and seemed to be more fond of sitting or walking alone than of being in company; never was known to drink too much; and, indeed, as boatswain's mate, was more relied upon by Anderson than even Ben was—although, perhaps, Ben was his more constant companion. The conversation relative to the particulars of the battle of the Nile was resumed, and Anderson observed—

“What an awful sight it must have been to behold the blowing up of the *L'Orient* French three-decker, with upwards of a thousand men on board! Merciful Heaven! so many poor fellows launched into eternity in one moment! They say there were but seventy-three saved.”

“There were nearly as many souls lost when the *Royal George* went down at Spithead, with all the fleet at anchor round about her,” replied Ben; “were there not, Turner, for you were on board of her?”

“Yes, I should think there were,” replied Turner; “but it is impossible to say how many people were on board at the time.”

“Messmate,” said Anderson, “as all the noisy ones are gone, and we shall be able to hear you, suppose that you let us know all about it? I have heard a good deal, but, I suspect, not the rights of it.”

“With all my heart,” replied Turner. “It was a sad affair, and was all owing to the pride of an officer, who was not much of a sailor, at all events.”

I drew nearer, that I might not lose a word of what Turner said; and then he narrated, in the following words,

“THE LOSS OF THE ‘ROYAL GEORGE.’”

“Well, messmates, the *Royal George* was a hundred-gun ship; and what we don't often see now, when I first belonged to her, her guns were all brass. We had brass twenty-four

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pounders on our quarter-deck, forecastle, poop, and main deck, brass thirty-twos on our middle deck, and brass forty-two pounders on our lower deck. In the spring of '82, when we were at Plymouth (about six months before she sunk), it was considered that the brass forty-twos on the lower deck were too heavy for her, so they were put on shore, and we had iron thirty-twos instead. I don't think, myself, it made much difference in the weight of metal, and we were sorry to part with them. We were a flag-ship, you know—old Kempenfelt carrying his blue at the mizzen—and our poop lanterns were so large that the men used to get inside them to clean them. She was rather a top-heavy sort of ship, in my opinion, her upper works were so high—why, we measured sixty-six feet from the keelson up to the taffrail; but still, with proper attention, there was nothing to fear on that score.

“Well, it was on the twenty-ninth of August, '82—that's just fourteen years and about six weeks ago—that we were lying at Spithead, in company with Lord Howe's fleet of between twenty and thirty sail of the line: there was the *Victory*, *Barfleur*, *Ocean*, and *Union*, all three-deckers, I recollect, close to us. We were in good repair, not at all leaky, and were to have sailed in two days to join the fleet in the Mediterranean. We had been paid, in consequence of our being about to sail foreign; and we had been paid in golden guineas. I think that, could all the money be collected together from the pockets of the seamen, the women, and the Jews, who went down in the ship, it would be a very pretty fortune even for a duke's daughter.”

Here Ben shoved the ale to Turner, who drank a little and proceeded, while Ben took a swig and passed it round.

“Well, you see, messmates, the first lieutenant had been washing the decks on the morning before, and the carpenter had been ordered to let the water in, when it was found that the water-cock, which was about three feet below the water-line, was out of order, and it was necessary that it should be repaired. The foreman came off from the dock-yard, and stated that it was necessary that the ship should be careened over to port sufficiently to raise the mouth of the pipe—which went through the ship's timbers below—

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clean out of the water, that they might work at it ; so, between seven and eight o'clock on that morning, the whole of the larboard guns were run out as far as they could be, and of course the larboard lower deck ports were open ; the starboard guns were also run in amidships, and secured by the tackles. The shifting over of this great weight of metal brought the larboard lower deck port-cills just level with the water ; the men were then able to get at the mouth of the pipe to the water-cock on the starboard side, as it was clean out of water, and for about an hour they were working away hard at it.

"It was about nine o'clock, we had just finished our breakfasts, and the hands had been turned up, when the last lighter, with the rum on board, came alongside. She was a sloop of fifty tons, called the *Lark*, and belonged to three brothers, whose names I forget. She was secured to the larboard side of the ship ; and the hands were piped 'clear lighter.' Some of our men were in the lighter sling-ing the casks, others at the yard tackle and stay-falls hoisting in, some in the spirit-room stowing away. I was in the waist, bearing the casks over, down the hatchway ; none of us thinking that we should never mix our grog out of that liquor."

"No, I suppose not," observed Anderson ; "but we little know what the day may bring forth."

"That's true as Gospel," said Ben.

"That's a very old saying, that every little helps. I did not think of it at the time ; but, you see, as we were clearing the lighter, almost all the men were on the larboard side, and that must have brought the ship down still more to port. Then, again, the water was not so smooth as it was when we first careened her, and it began to wash into the lower deck ports, and of course had no escape, so that there was very soon a good weight of water in the lower deck. There were mice in the ship, and they were disturbed by the water entering into their quarters, and the men were catching them, and laughing as they swam about, little thinking that it was to be a general swim so shortly afterwards. But the carpenter was the first that perceived that there was danger, for again, you see, the casks of rum, hoisted in, and lying on the decks on the larboard side,

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before it could be lowered into the hold, made also a difference ; and so the carpenter went on the deck to the lieutenant, who was officer of the watch, requesting that he would be pleased to order the ship to be righted somewhat, as she could not bear it ; but the lieutenant gave a very short answer to the carpenter, who then went down below."

"Who was the lieutenant on deck ?" inquired Anderson.

"I don't recollect his right name—he was, I think, the third lieutenant—he went by the name of 'Jib and Foresail Jack,' for whenever he had the watch, he did nothing but up jib, and down jib, up foresail, down foresail, every five minutes, always worrying the men for nothing. He was not considered as a good officer, but a very troublesome one. He had a knack of twisting and moving his fingers about as he walked the deck, and the men were wont to say that 'he must have been a forty piany teacher.'"

"And where were the captain and first lieutenant ?" said Anderson.

"The first lieutenant was at the time busy in the wings, I believe ; and as for the captain, I don't know where he was—but, you know, a captain seldom interferes in harbour."

"Where was the admiral ?" inquired Ben.

"The admiral was in his cabin. I saw the barber, who had been in to shave him, come out just before she went down."

"What sort of man was the admiral ?" said Anderson.

"He was a thin tall man, upwards of seventy years of age, and he stooped a good deal in his walk."

"Whet your whistle, Jim," said Ben, "for this is a long yarn."

"Well," continued Turner, as soon as he had put down his pot, "the carpenter came up a second time on the quarter-deck to the lieutenant, and said to him—

"'If you please, sir, to right the ship ; it's my duty to tell you she will not bear it any longer.' He spoke in a very positive way, as was his duty ; but the lieutenant answered, with an oath—

"'If you think, sir, that you can manage the ship better than I can, you had better take the command.' I was in the waist at the time, with a good many more men, and we heard

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what the carpenter said, and what answer the lieutenant gave. Indeed, we were all aware of the danger, and felt very uncomfortable; there were plenty of good seamen on board, who knew what they were about almost as well as the officers, and certainly better than the one who had the watch.

“A few minutes afterwards (whether it was that he had remained that time doing nothing, merely because he would not be dictated to by the carpenter, I know not) the lieutenant ordered the drummer to be called to beat to quarters, that the guns might be run into their places and the ship righted. The drummer’s name was passed along quick enough, for we were all alarmed at our situation, for the ship just then heeled over still more. I jumped down off the gangway as soon as the drummer was called, and hastened down to my quarters. The drum was not beat, for the man had not time to get his drum. All hands were now tumbling down the hatchways as fast as they could to their quarters, that they might run their guns into their places, and so right the ship. The gun I was stationed at was the third gun from forward on the starboard side of the lower gun-deck. I said to Carroll, the second captain of the gun, ‘I say, let us try to get our gun out without waiting for the drum, as the sooner we right the better.’ We boused out our gun, which had been run in amidships; but the ship heeled over so much that, do all we could, it ran in again upon us, and at the same time the water made a heavy rush into the larboard lower deck ports. ‘The ship is sinking, Carroll!’ cried I. ‘Lay hold of the ring-bolt and jump out; we shall all be drowned!’ He made for the ring-bolt, caught it, climbed out of the port, and jumped into the sea. I presume he was drowned, for I never saw him afterwards. I followed him as fast as I could out of the same port, which was the one belonging to our gun (the third from forward on the starboard side), and when I was outside I perceived that all the other port-holes were crowded as full as they could be with the heads of the men, all trying to escape, and jamming one another so that they could scarcely move either one way or the other. I caught hold of the sheet anchor, which was just above me; to prevent falling back inboard; and perceiving a woman struggling at the port, I caught hold of

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her, dragged her out, and threw her from me. The ship was now lying down so completely on her larboard broadside, that the heads of the men in the ports disappeared all at once; they all dropped back into the ship, for the port-holes were now upright, and it was just as if men were trying to get out of the tops of so many chimneys, with nothing for their feet to purchase upon. Just after the men fell inboard there came a rush of air through the ports, so violent as to blow my hat off. It was the air from the hold and lower deck, which, having no other vent, escaped as the water which poured in took up its space. The ship then sunk in a moment, righting as she went down. I was a good swimmer and diver, and when she was sinking I attempted to keep above water, but it was impossible; I was drawn down with the ship until she reached the bottom. As soon as she grounded, the water boiled and bubbled a great deal, and then I found that I could swim, and began to rise to the surface. A man tried to grapple me as I went up; his forefinger caught in my shoe, between the shoe and my foot. I succeeded in kicking off my shoe, and thus got rid of him, and then I rose to the surface of the water."

"Take breath after that, Jim," said Ben, handing him the ale.

"I can tell you that I could hardly take breath when I came to the surface, for my head came up through a quantity of tar, which floated like fat on a boiler, and it nearly smothered me; for, you see, there had been one or two casks of tar on the decks, which had stove when the ship was going down, and the tar got up to the top of the water before I did. It prevented me from seeing at first, but I heard the guns firing as signals of distress." Here Turner drank some ale.

"Well," said he, after a short pause, "I may as well finish my story. As soon as I could clear the tar from my eyes, I saw the main topsail halyard-block about level with the water's edge, about eight or ten yards from me; so I swam to it and rode on it, holding on by the halyards, and then I looked about me. The fore, main, and mizzen-tops were all above water, as was a part of the bowsprit, and also part of the ensign-staff, with the flag hoisted—for, you see, mess-

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mates, we went down in only thirteen and a half fathom water, that is, about eighty feet; and, as I said before, she measured sixty-six feet from the keelson up to the taffrail; and she grounded as nearly upright as a vessel could, for the lighter, which was fast to leeward when she went down, caught the main yard, which helped to right her as she sank—but the lighter went down with her. Well, as I looked round, I saw the admiral's baker in the mizzen shrouds, and there was the body of the woman I had dragged out of the port rolling about close to him. The baker was an Irishman, of the name of Claridge; and I called out to him, 'Bob, reach out your hand and catch hold of that woman, I daresay she is not dead.'

"He said, 'She's dead enough; it's no use to lay hold of her.'

"I answered, 'She is not dead.' He caught hold of the woman and hung her head over one of the rattlings of the mizzen shrouds, and there she swung by her chin till a wash came and lifted her off, and then she rolled about again. Just then one of the captains of the frigates came up in his boat. I waved my hand towards the woman—he stopped pulling, the men dragged her into the boat, and laid her in the stern-sheets.

"'My man,' said the captain, 'I must pick up those who are in more danger than you.'

"'All right, sir,' said I; 'I'm safe moored here.'

"There was one of our men hanging on the main-stay, and roaring like a bull, as he tried to climb by it out of the water. Had he only remained quiet, he would have done well enough. The boat took him off first, and the others of the people who were clinging about the masts and rigging, including the baker and myself. It then pulled on board the *Victory* with us; and I once more found a good dry plank between me and the salt water."

"Was the captain and admiral saved?"

"Captain Waghorn was; he could not swim, but one of the seamen held him up. The admiral was drowned in his cabin. Captain Waghorn tried to acquaint him that the ship was sinking; but the heeling over of the ship had so jammed the doors of the cabin that they could not be opened."

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“What became of the lieutenant of the watch and the carpenter?”

“The lieutenant of the watch was drowned—and so indeed was the carpenter: his body was taken up, I believe, by the same boat which picked up Lieutenant Durham.’ When I went on board of the *Victory*, I saw the carpenter’s body before the galley fire; some women were attempting to recover him, but he was quite dead. There was a strong westerly breeze, although the day was fine; and the wind made the water so rough that there was a great danger of the boats getting entangled in the rigging and spars, when they came to take the men off, or more would have been saved.”

“How many do you think were lost altogether?” inquired Anderson.

“We had our whole complement on board, eight hundred and sixty-five men; and there were more than three hundred women on board, besides a great many Jews with slops and watches, as there always are, you know, when a ship is paid, and the men have any money to be swindled out of. I don’t exactly know how many men were saved, but there was only one woman, which was the one I dragged out of the port. There was a great fat old bumboat woman, whom the sailors used to call the ‘Royal George’—she was picked up floating, for she was too fat to sink; but she had been floating the wrong way uppermost, and she was dead. There was a poor little child saved rather strangely. He was picked up by a gentleman who was in a wherry, holding on to the wool of a sheep which had escaped and was swimming. His father and mother were drowned, and the boy did not know their names; all that he knew was that his own name was Jack, so they christened him John *Lamb*, and the gentleman took care of him.”

“Have you no idea how many men were saved, Turner?”

“I only know this—that the Admiralty ordered five pounds a man to be given to the seamen who were saved, as a recompense for the loss of their clothes, and I heard that only seventy-five claimed it; but how many marines were saved, or other people who were on board, I do not

¹ Afterwards Admiral Sir Philip Durham.

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know, but perhaps, altogether, there might be two hundred or more—for you see the seamen had the worst chance of being saved, as they were almost all down in the hold, or on the lower and main decks at their guns. A few days after the ship went down the bodies would come up, eight or ten almost the same time—rising to the top of the water so suddenly as to frighten people who were passing near. The watermen made a good thing of it; for, as the bodies rose, they took from them their shoe-buckles, money, and watches, and then towed them on shore to be buried.”

“That lieutenant had much to answer for,” observed Ben; “his false pride was the cause of it all.”

“It would seem so—but God only knows,” replied Anderson. “Come, my lads, the beer is out, and it’s two bells in the middle watch. I think we had better turn in. Jack, what’s to become of you?”

“Oh, I’ll find a plank,” said I.

“So you shall, boy, and a bed upon it,” replied Ben; “come and turn in with me, and don’t you dream that the larboard lower deck ports are open.”

CHAPTER XIV

My father makes his appearance, having left his leg, but not his tail, behind him—My father is pensioned off by my mother as well as by his country

ABOUT six weeks after the intelligence of the battle of the Nile, as I was sweeping away from the steps the mud which had been left by the tide, a King’s tender, that I had been watching as she came up the river, dropped her anchor in the stream, abreast of the hospital.

Shortly afterwards the lieutenant who commanded her pulled on shore in his boat, and landing at the steps, proceeded to the governor’s house. The men having orders not to leave the boat, requested me to procure them some porter, which I did; and on my return with it, they informed me that they had come round from Portsmouth

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with sixty-three men, who had lost their limbs, or had been otherwise so severely wounded in the late action as to have been recommended for Greenwich.

I felt very anxious for the men to land, as it was possible that my father might be one of them. The lieutenant soon returned, jumped into the boat, and shoved off. I perceived that the disabled men were getting ready to land, hauling their chests and kits on deck. In about half-an-hour a boat full of them came to the steps. I ran down to assist; and as I held on to the gunnel of the boat, while they threw out their gang-board, the first person who stumped out was my father, minus his left leg.

"Father!" cried I, half sorry and half pleased.

"Who calls me father?" replied he, looking at me.

"Why, you don't mean to say that you're my boy Tom?"

"Yes, indeed!" said I.

"Ah! yes—I recollect your smile now. Why, what a big fellow you've grown!"

"It's four years since you left, father."

"Well! I suppose it is, since you say so," replied he, taking me by the arm, and stumping a little of one side, when he said in a low tone, "I say, Jack, what became of the old woman? Did I settle her?"

"Oh no," replied I, laughing, "she was only shamming."

"Shamming, was she? Well! it's all the better—for she has been a little on my conscience, that's truth. Shamming? Heh! She won't sham next time, if I fall foul of her. How does she get on?"

"Oh, very well indeed."

"And how's your little sister? What's her name—Jenny lengthened at both ends? I never could recollect it, though I've often thought of her sweet little face."

"She's quite well, and as pretty and as good as ever."

"Well, Tom, my boy, you stood by your father when he was in trouble, and now he'll stand by you. How does your mother treat you?"

"We get on pretty well—not over-fond of each other."

"Well, Tom, I've only one pin left; but I say," continued my father, with a wink of his eye, "I haven't left my tail behind me, 'cause it may be useful, you know. Now we must all go up to the governor of the hospital for inspection,

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and I suppose we shall be kept for some time; so you may run home and tell your mother that I've come back in a perfect good humour, and that it will be her fault if she puts me out—that's all."

"I will, father; and then I'll come to you at the hospital."

I ran home to communicate the important intelligence to my mother and to Virginia, who had as usual come from school for her dinner.

"Mother," says I, out of breath, "who do you think has come back?"

"Come back?" said she. "*Back?* Not your father?"

"Yes," says I, "my father. I just left him."

My mother turned deadly pale, and dropped the hot iron from her hand, so as to spoil a frilled nightcap belonging to one of her lady customers. She staggered to a chair, and trembled all over. I really believe that had she been aware of his being about to return, she would have quitted Greenwich before his arrival; but now it was too late. Virginia had run for the salts as soon as she perceived that her mother was unwell, and as she smelt them she gradually recovered. At last she inquired how my father looked, and what he said.

I told her that he had lost his leg, and had been sent as a pensioner to the hospital; that he had looked very well, and that he had told me to say that "he was in a perfect good humour, and it would be her fault if she put him out of it; and that if she did——"

"Well, what then?" inquired my mother.

"Oh, the *tail*—that's all."

At the mention of the tail my mother very nearly went off in a swoon—her head fell back, and I heard her mutter, "So vulgar! so ungentle!" However, she recovered herself, and appeared to be for some time in deep thought. At last she rose up, ordered me to fetch something extra for supper, and recommenced her ironing.

As soon as I had executed her commission I went to the hospital, where I found my father, who with the other men had just been dismissed. He accompanied me to my mother, shook hands with her very good-humouredly, kissed Virginia, whom he took on his knee, praised the supper, drank only one pot of porter, and then returned to the hospital, to sleep

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in the cabin which had been allotted to him in the Warriors' Ward, of which Anderson was the boatswain. My mother, although not very gracious, was much subdued, and for a few days everything went on very comfortably; but my mother's temper could not be long restrained. Displeased at something which she considered as very vulgar, she ventured to assail my father as before, concluding her tirade as usual with, "There—now you're vexed!"

My father looked at her very sternly: at last he said, "You're just right—I am vexed; and whenever you tell me so in future, I'll prove that it's no lie." He then rose, stumped upstairs to my room, in which he had deposited his sea-chest, and soon made his appearance with the formidable and never-to-be-forgotten tail in his hand. "Mistress," said he, as my mother retreated, "you said, 'Now you're vexed' to me just now. I ask you again, am I vexed, or am I not?" and my father flourished the tail over his head.

My mother looked at the strange weapon: the remembrance of the past was too painful; she was conquered by her fear.

"Oh no," cried she, falling on her knees. "You're not vexed—indeed you are not."

"You're quite sure of that?" responded my father authoritatively, as he advanced towards her.

"Oh! yes, yes," cried my mother, trembling; "indeed you're not."

"Ain't I in a very good humour?" continued my father.

"Yes, you are in the best of humours, and always are so, unless—I aggravate you," replied my mother, whimpering.

"Well," replied my father, lowering his tail, "I expect we've come to a right understanding at last. So now get up and wipe your eyes; but recollect, that whenever you dare to tell me that I'm vexed, I won't be so ungentle as to contradict you."

Thus was the mastery gained by my father, and never lost. It is true that sometimes my mother would forget herself, and would get on as far as "There now, you're——" but she would stop there, and correct herself, saying, "No, you're not," and allow her temper to evaporate by singing one of her usual ditties, as "Hush-a-by, baby, on the tree-top;" but my father never took notice of her singing; and

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being really a very good-tempered man, my mother's temper gradually became improved.

The return of my father made some alteration in our mode of life. He might, if he had pleased, have lived as an out-pensioner with my mother; but this he would not do. He used to come in almost every evening to see her, and she used to provide for him a pot of porter, which he seldom exceeded; if he had friends with him, they paid for what they drank. This pot of porter *per diem* was the only demand made upon my mother for permission to remain separate, and she did not grumble at it. His tobacco he found himself out of the tobacco money allowed at the hospital. He had received some pay, which, contrary to his former custom, he had laid by in the charge of one of the lieutenants of the hospital, for at that time there were no savings banks.

As a married man my father had the liberty to introduce his wife and children into the hospital at meal-times, to share his allowance with them; this my mother would not listen to, as regarded herself and my sister, but my father messed in what is called the married men's room, on my account, and instead of buying my own dinner, or applying to my mother for it, I now always took it with my father in the hospital. In consequence of my father's admittance as a pensioner, both I and my sister might have been instructed at the hospital school; but my mother would not permit Virginia to go there, and I found it much more convenient to go to Peter Anderson in the evening, when I had nothing to do. On the whole, we all went on much more comfortably than we did before my father's return.

One evening I was, as usual, with Anderson in his cabin; my father having been drafted into his ward, I could not help asking Anderson how he liked him. His reply was, "I like your father, Jack, for he is a straightforward, honest, good-tempered man, and, moreover, has a good natural judgment. I think it a great pity that such a man as he is should be so early in life lost, as it were, to the country. He is a first-rate seaman; and although there are many like him, still there are none to spare. However, if his country loses, he may himself gain, by being so soon called away from a service of great temptation. The sailor who has

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fought for his country, Jack, has much to be thankful for when he takes in moorings at Greenwich Hospital. He is well fed, well clothed, tended in sickness, and buried with respect; but all these are nothing compared with the greatest boon. When I reflect what lives sailors live, how reckless they are, how often they have been on the brink of eternity, and wonderfully preserved, without even a feeling of gratitude to Him who has watched over them, or taking their escapes as warnings; when I consider how they pass their whole lives in excess, intemperance, and, too often, blasphemy, it is indeed a mercy that they are allowed to repose here after such a venturous and careless career; that they have time to reflect upon what has passed, to listen to the words of the Gospel, to hate their former life, and trusting in God's mercy to secure their salvation. This is the greatest charity of this institution, and long may it flourish, a blessing to the country which has endowed it, and to the seamen who are not only provided for in this world, but are prepared in it for the next."

Such were continually the style of admonitions given me by this good old man, and I need not point out to the reader how fortunate it was for me that I had secured such a preceptor.

CHAPTER XV

In which is proved the truth of the proverb "when your own house is made of glass, you never should be the first to throw stones"

ONE evening when I went to the shop of the widow St. Felix to purchase some tobacco for my father, she said, "Why don't your father come himself, Jack? I want to make his acquaintance, and see how he looks without his pigtail."

"Why, you never saw him when he had it on," replied I.

"No, that's the truth; but still I wish to have a sight of him: the fact is, I want to laugh at him."

"Very well, I'll bring him here; but recollect it's a very

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sore subject with him," replied I, "and that you may have a sharp answer."

"That I'll take my chance of, Jack," replied the widow, laughing.

In consequence of this intimation, one evening when my father was walking in the hospital, I persuaded him to call at the shop.

"This is my father, Mrs. St. Felix," said I.

"Most happy to see him. What shall I have the pleasure of assisting you to, Mr. Saunders?" said the widow.

"My sarvice to you, marm—if you please, to two penn'orth of pigtail and a paper of shorts."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Saunders," replied she. "Sure we're much indebted to Admiral Lord Nelson for sending us such fine-looking pensioners. I shouldn't wonder if I were to choose a husband out of the hospital yet."

"I'm afeard we're all too mauled, marm, to suit a pretty young woman like you," replied my father, very gallantly.

"Thank you for that, Mr. Saunders; but you're mistaken entirely. I don't consider the loss of a leg, for instance, as anything; I never look at men's legs, and therefore care little whether they are made of wood or not, provided they don't tread on my corns."

"Well, marm, I'm glad that you don't consider a timber toe as any obstacle to matrimony; but, I fear, having a wife already may be considered by you a sort of objection."

"Why, sure, I must have the whole of my husband; I couldn't afford to share him, especially when one limb is gone already. That puts me in mind of my want of manners. I hope Mrs. Saunders is quite well. I hear from Jack that you have a separate maintenance—that's very genteel."

"Why, yes, marm," replied my father; "the King maintains me, and my wife maintains herself; so, as you say, we have a separate maintenance."

"Well, that's the best way when married people don't agree. What are you laughing at, Mr. Jack? did I hint that your father and mother ever had any little matrimonial differences? I certainly did hear that there was a trifling dispute when they last parted; but when they bring me

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such tales I always *cut them short*. Here's your *pigtail*, Mr. Saunders," continued the widow, laughing, as she put the tobacco on the counter.

I looked at my father, who did not seem to relish the hint, but he answered very frankly, "If you cut them as short as my wife cut mine, why, then you won't be troubled with them any more. I see, marm, you know all about it, and you may have your laugh if it pleases you; but I can tell you that my tail has done me better sarvice since it was off than when it hung down my back."

"Become useful, instead of ornamental, I presume, Mr. Saunders."

"Just made this difference—when it was on it made my wife's tongue to go; now it is off, it has stopped it."

"An extraordinary powerful instrument to stop a woman's tongue!"

"Well, you've only to ax Mistress Saunders, she'll tell you all its virtues."

"Well, Mr. Saunders, I don't know whether you have any idea of taking another wife some future day. If so, say nothing about it, or you'll never get one."

"Well, marm—I don't know whether you ever think of taking another husband; but if so, I think it would be kind on my part to lend it to him. Can you tell me why widows' tongues run so much faster than other women's?"

"Mercy! what put that idea in your head, Mr. Saunders?"

"You, and half-a-dozen more that I happen to know. May I make so bold as to ask you, marm, how long you may have been a widow?" continued my father.

"Bless me! so long that I quite forget all about it," replied Mrs. St. Felix, turning away from the counter to the jars behind.

I gave my father a wink to let him know that it was his turn now: he understood me, hitched up his waistband, and nodded.

"How did you lose your first husband, marm? What did he die of?"

The widow coloured, and my father perceiving it, followed up his question.

"Did he die of a fever, marm?"

"I'm not exactly sure," replied she hurriedly.

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"May I ask how long it is since he died?" continued my father.

"Oh! Mr. Saunders," replied the widow confusedly, "I really don't recollect just now. It's very painful to answer such questions."

"Not if you've been a widow so long that you forget all about it; that's all sham and nonsense. So you ain't sure *what* he died of, nor *when* it was that he died? Are you quite sure, marm, that your husband *is* dead?"

Mrs. St. Felix started, turned very red, and then very pale.

"My sarvice to you for the present, marm," said my father, after a pause, taking off his hat. "I suspect that I've found a way to stop your tongue as well as my wife's. Broadside for broadside, that's fair play."

So saying, my father stumped away out of the shop door. Mrs. St. Felix put her apron up to her eyes, with her elbows resting on the counter. I waited a little, and then I said, "What is the matter, Mrs. St. Felix?"

She started at my voice.

"You here, Jack? I thought you had gone out with your father. Well," continued she, wiping her eyes, "it serves me right. I forgot that in amusing myself I annoyed him. Jack, don't you mention anything about this. Do you think your father will?"

"I don't think he will, for he cannot do so without talking about having his pigtail cut off, and I know he cannot bear to think of it."

"Well, then, pray don't you, that's a good boy."

"I never will, I promise you."

"Then good night, Jack; you must leave me now, I don't feel quite well."

I wished the widow good night, and went back to my mother's house. My father was there, but he never hinted at the conversation which had taken place, neither at that time nor afterwards.

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CHAPTER XVI

Showing how old Nanny fell sick and got well again

BEFORE I fell asleep that night I thought a great deal of what had passed between the widow St. Felix and my father. Why should she have shown such emotion, and why should she request of me not to mention what had passed? I had heard reports about her, as I have before mentioned; I had heard them from old Nanny, but I did not put any confidence in what she said. Thinking of old Nanny reminded me that I had not called upon her for some time, and I resolved that I would visit her the next day.

It was not until late in the evening that I could spare time to call upon her, and, what was not usual, I went empty-handed. I found to my surprise that the door was shut to, and the shutters of the shop not taken down. I tried the latch, the door opened, and I went in.

"Who's there?" screamed old Nanny from the inner room. "What do you want?"

"It's only Poor Jack, mother," replied I, "come to see how you are."

"Come in," replied she; "I'm very bad. Oh! oh! I thought it was some thief or another come to steal all the things in my shop."

I entered the room and found old Nanny in bed; she looked very ill and miserable, and everything was very dirty.

"Are you not well, mother?" said I.

"Well, boy? No, very ill, very ill indeed; haven't left my bed these three days. Reach me a little water, Jack, there's a good boy. I've been dying for water."

I handed her a broken jug which had some water in it. She drank greedily, so as to spill nearly half of it on the coverlid.

"Oh, how good it is!" exclaimed the old woman, as soon as she recovered her breath. "I'm better now. I could

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not reach it myself. I've the rheumatiz so bad! I've been in such a fright because I could not lock the door; it kept me awake all night long. Oh, my poor back!"

"But why did you not send for the doctor, mother?"

"Doctor! Eh? who's to pay him? I've got no money, Jack."

"Well, but Dr. Tadpole's very kind."

"Yes, yes, kind to the widow; but not to old women like me, without any money."

"But why not have some one to sit up with you, and help you?"

"Sit up with me! Who'd sit up with me? Yes, if I paid them. But I've no money, Jack; and then I don't know them. They might rob me—there's a great many pretty things in my shop."

"But you might die, mother, lying here without any one to help you."

"Die! Well, and who would care if a poor old woman like me died, Jack?"

"I should care, for one, mother; and so would my sister Virginia, and many others besides."

"You might care, Jack, for you're a good boy; and so might your little sister, for she has a kind heart, but nobody else, Jack—no, not one!"

I could not reply to this remark, as I really did not know anybody who would have cared; so I said, "You must see the doctor, mother. I will go for him."

"No, Jack, I can't afford it, it's no use; besides, I'm better now."

"Well, if you can't afford it, you shall not pay him; and if he will not come for nothing, I'll pay him myself."

"Will you pay him, Jack? that's a good boy. You promised me bargains, you know; that shall be one of them."

"Well, mother, I'll make the bargain that I'll pay him, if you'll see him,—so good-bye now. Do you want anything before I go?"

"No, Jack, no; I don't want anything, only just lock the door and take the key with you when you go out, and then no one can rob me, Jack, whilst you're gone."

I complied with her request, and ran for Dr. Tadpole, whom I found smoking his cigar in the widow's shop.

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"Doctor," said I, "old Nanny has been ill in bed these three days, and I want you to go and see her."

"Does she send you to me, or do you ask it yourself?" said the doctor, "for I think she would die rather than pay the doctor."

"As for that, Mr. Tadpole," said the widow, "there are many of your patients who send for the doctor without ever intending to pay him. Perhaps old Nanny may go on the same plan."

"Certainly; that alters the case. Well, Jack, what's the matter with her?"

"Rheumatism, and, I believe, fever; for her hand is hot, and her tongue very white. She was lying in bed with no one to help her, and had not strength to reach a drop of water, until I gave it to her."

"Poor old soul!" said the widow. "And yet they say that she has money?"

"I don't think that she has much," replied I; "for when she lent me the twenty-eight shillings, she had not ten shillings more in the bag. But, doctor, I'll pay you; I will, indeed. How much will it be?"

"Now, doctor, just put on your hat, and set off as soon as you please; for if Poor Jack says he'll pay you, you know that your money is as safe as mine was in the bank—before it failed."

"Well, I'll just finish my cigar."

"Of course you will—as you walk along, Mr. Tadpole," replied the widow; "it's very pleasant to smoke in the air, and just as unpleasant to others your smoking in the house. So, doctor, just be off and see the poor old wretch directly, or—I'll be affronted."

Hereupon the doctor took up his hat, and without reply walked off with me. When we arrived, I unlocked the door and we went in.

"Well, old Nanny, what's the matter now?" said Dr. Tadpole.

"Nothing, doctor, nothing; you've come on a useless message; I didn't send for you, recollect that; it was Jack who would go; I did not send, recollect that, doctor; I can't afford it; I've no money."

"Very well, I shan't look to you for money. Put out your tongue," replied the doctor, as he felt her pulse.

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"Recollect, doctor, I did not send for you. Jack, you are witness—I've no money," repeated old Nanny.

"Put out your tongue," repeated the doctor.

"No, I won't till it's all clearly settled."

"It is, you old fool," said the doctor impatiently; "put out your tongue."

"Jack, you're witness it's all by force," said Nanny, who at last put out her tongue; "and now, doctor, I'll tell you." Whereupon Nanny commenced with a narrative of her ills; and by her own account there was not a portion of her body from top to toe which had not some ailment.

"You've a very bad complaint," said the doctor: "what d'ye think it is? It's old age. I hardly know whether I can cure it."

"Can you draw the pain out of my old bones?" said Nanny, groaning.

"Why, I'll try, at all events. I must send you something to take inwardly."

"Who's to pay for it?" said old Nanny.

"I will, mother," said I.

"You're witness, doctor—Jack says he'll pay for it. You're a good boy, Jack."

"Well, that's settled—but now, we must have some one to sit up with you."

"Sit up with me? nobody will sit up with an old thing like me."

"Yes, I will, mother," said I, "and I'll look in upon you in the daytime, and see if you want to drink."

"No, no, Jack! then you'll make no money."

"Yes, I will—never mind that."

"Well, at all events," replied the doctor, "Jack will sit up with you this night; and we'll see how you are to-morrow. Now, Jack, come back with me, and I'll give you something for her. Good night, Nanny," said the doctor, leaving the room.

"Good night," grumbled old Nanny; and as we were going through the shop I heard her continue: "It's very easy saying 'good night,' but how can a poor wretch like me, with every bone aching as if it would split, expect to have a 'good night'?"

As the doctor walked home, he appeared not to be in his

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usual talkative mood. He went to the shop, made up the medicines, and gave me the directions.

"Here, Jack, take these; and it will be a kindness to sit up with her to-night. I will see her to-morrow; and as I can't allow you to be the only good Samaritan in the place, understand, Jack, that I attend the poor old woman and find medicine for nothing."

I thanked him, and hastened back. Old Nanny took her draught, and then turned round on her side. I suppose there was opium in it, for she soon fell fast asleep, not, however, until she had said, "Jack, have you locked the door?"

"Yes, mother, I have."

"Well, now don't you think you could watch without burning a candle? You ain't afraid?"

"No, mother, I'm not afraid; but if I do, I shall fall asleep; and, besides, if you wake and want anything, I shall not be able to find it. I should break the jug and other things, and they would cost more than a candle."

"Very true, Jack. I feel sleepy already"—and old Nanny was soon in a loud snore.

I had stopped at my mother's to say that I intended to stay with old Nanny, so that they might not sit up for me; and now all that I had to do was to keep myself awake. I had forgotten to bring a book with me, so I looked about the room for something to read; but I could find nothing. At last I ventured to open a drawer—it creaked, and old Nanny was roused. "Who's that?" cried she, but she did not wake up, the opiate was too powerful. I went to her; she was in a perspiration, which I knew was what the doctor wished. I put the clothes close up to her head, and left her. I then took the candle and looked into the drawer, and found a book lying in a corner with one side of the cover off. It was very dirty and stained. I took it out, and went again to my chair, and opened it. It was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and full of plates. I had never heard of the book, and did not know what the title meant. I first looked at all the plates, and then I turned to the opening of the book. On the blank leaf at the commencement, in very neat and lawyer-like handwriting, was "Anna James, on her marriage, from her dear friend Mary Farquhar,

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Tynemouth, June the 19th, 1738." By this I discovered, as I thought, the married but not the maiden name of old Nanny; and very probably also that Tynemouth was her native place. She was married, too, in 1738, that was more than sixty years back—and her age was, therefore, in all likelihood, nearly eighty years. I pondered over this for some time, and then I commenced reading; and so interested was I with the contents, that I did not raise my head until the candle had burnt to the socket; as I was about to light another, I perceived daylight through the chinks of the window shutter. So I laid down the book, and walking softly out of the room, unlocked the shop door to get a little fresh air; for the room that old Nanny was sleeping in was, from dirt and neglect, very close. I could not, however, unlock the door without waking up Nanny, who screamed out "Thieves!—murder! thieves!" until she was wide awake.

"Oh! it is you, Jack?" said she at last. "I dreamt there were thieves breaking in."

"Nothing but day breaking in, mother," said I. "How do you feel this morning?"

"Better, Jack, better; I've not so much pain, but I'm very thirsty; give me some water."

"No, mother; the doctor said you must not drink cold water. If you'll wait a little, I'll run and fetch you something warm. I won't be gone long, so try to go to sleep again."

Old Nanny made no reply, but turned her face away from the light, as if in obedience to my orders. I locked the outer door and hastened home.

I found my mother and Virginia sitting in the nice clean room, the fire blazing cheerfully and the breakfast on the table, and I could not help making the contrast in my own mind between it and the dirty abode I had just left. I ran into the back kitchen to wash my face and hands, and then returned, kissed Virginia, and wished my mother "good morning." Why, I do not know, but she was in one of her worst of humours.

"Don't come near me, or near your sister Virginia," said she sharply; "who knows what vermin you may have brought from where you have been staying all night?"

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I did feel that what she said might be true.

"Well, mother," said I, "I won't come near you if you don't like, but I want some tea for poor old Nanny."

"I can't find tea for old Nannies," replied she.

"I'll give her mine, Jack," cried Virginia.

"Indeed, miss, you'll do no such thing," said my mother; "and sit up properly to table, instead of hanging your head down in that way; and don't pour your tea in your saucer—that's vulgar!"

"The tea's so hot, mamma!" said Virginia.

"Then wait till it's cool, miss. Leave the teapot alone, sir!"

"I'll thank you for some tea, mother," replied I. "I shall give my breakfast to old Nanny."

"You'll take no breakfast out of this house," was the reply.

"Why, mother?—for a poor sick old woman."

"Let her go to the parish."

I now became angry myself. I took up the teapot and walked away into the back kitchen: my mother rose and followed me, insisting upon my putting the teapot down; but I would not, and I poured out the tea into a little milk-can. I did not answer her, but I felt that I was right and would not give in, and she was afraid to attempt force. My mother then ran back to the table, caught up the sugar-basin and carried it upstairs, singing as she went, at the highest pitch of her voice:

"What are little girls made of, made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what girls are made of!"

While my mother was away, little Virginia poured her cup of tea, which was already sweetened, into the can. I seized some bread and butter, and before my mother came down I was clear of the house. Old Nanny made a good breakfast; the doctor came, and said that she was much better and would soon be well. The doctor had not left long before Peter Anderson came and told me to go and mind my business, and that he would sit by old Nanny. Old Ben, who had heard of it, also called in, and he sat up with her the next night.

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"Did I not tell you that there were others who cared for you, Nanny?" said I, a few days afterwards.

"Yes, you did, Jack, but I did not believe you; the world is better than I thought it was. But how will you pay the doctor, Jack?"

"The doctor 'tended you for nothing; he told me so the first night."

"Well, and that widow, too; it's kind of her to send me tea and sugar, and such nice things to eat."

"Yes, mother, it is."

"And your father, to bring your little dear sister, so nice and clean, to come and see an old wretch like me in such a dirty hole. Ah, Jack! now I'm getting well again I like the world better than I did."

In a few days old Nanny had again opened her shop, sitting at the door as usual, and as the spring was now well advanced, she gradually recovered her strength. When I gave up my office of nurse she did not, however, forget to tell me to bring her good bargains, as I had promised that I would.

CHAPTER XVII

A morning concert, in which the opposition is as great as black to white

AMONG my father's associates there was a man of about forty years of age, Dick Harness by name. He had received a wound in the hip from a grape-shot, and his leg having in consequence contracted, it occasioned him to limp very much; but he was as strong and hearty in all other respects as a man could be. He was a very merry fellow, full of jokes, and if any one told a story which was at all verging on the marvellous, he was sure to tell another which would be still more incredible. He played the fiddle and sang to his own accompaniments, which were very droll, as he extracted very strange noises from his instrument; sometimes his bow would be on the wrong side of the bridge, sometimes down at the keys; besides which, he produced sounds

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by thumping the fiddle as well as by touching its strings as a guitar; indeed, he could imitate in a certain way almost every instrument, and most of the noises made by animals. He had one fault, for which he used to be occasionally punished, which was, he was too fond of the bottle; but he was a great favourite, and therefore screened by the men, and as much as possible overlooked by the officers. The punishment for a pensioner getting drunk was, at that time, being made to wear a yellow instead of a blue coat, which made a man look very conspicuous.

I recollect one day he had the yellow coat on, when a party of ladies and gentlemen came to see the hospital. Perceiving that he was dressed so differently from the other pensioners, one of the ladies' curiosity was excited, and at last she called him to her and said, "Pray, my good man, why do you wear a yellow coat when the other pensioners have blue ones?"

"Bless your handsome face, ma'am!" replied Dick, "don't you really know?"

"No, indeed," replied she.

"Well, then, ma'am, perhaps you may have heard of the glorious battle of the Nile, in which Nelson gave the French such a drubbing?"

"Oh yes," cried all the ladies and gentlemen, who had now crowded about him. "Well, ladies and gentlemen, I had the good fortune to be in that great victory, and all we *Nilers*, as we are called, are permitted to wear a yellow coat as a mark of distinction, while the common pensioners wear nothing but blue."

"Dear me!" said the lady, "and do I really speak to one of those brave fellows who fought at the battle of the Nile?" and she put her hand into her pocket and pulled out five shillings. "There," said she, "I hope you'll not be affronted, but accept this from me."

"Not at all, ma'am," replied Dick, pocketing the money.

Then the whole party made a subscription for him, and Dick went off with a handful of silver.

There was, however, another man who contributed much to the fun created by Dick Harness. He was an American black, who had served as cook in the *Majestic*, and had been wounded in the battle of the Nile; he had received a

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bullet in the knee, which had occasioned a stiff joint; and as his leg was bent, he wore a short wooden stump. He also could play his fiddle and sing his songs, but in neither case so well as Dick Harness, although he thought otherwise himself. We used to call him Opposition Bill, but his name was Bill White, at least that was the purser's name that he went by when on board of a man-of-war. His pleasure was to follow Dick Harness everywhere; and if Dick sung he would sing, if Dick played he would play also—not at the same time, but if Dick stopped Bill would strike up. Dick used to call him his black shadow; and sometimes he would execute a flourish on his fiddle, which would be quite a puzzler to Opposition Bill, who would attempt something of the kind, which invariably set every one laughing. At last Dick Harness's performances were not considered to be complete if Opposition Bill was not in his company; and as they were both very good-tempered funny fellows, they were a great amusement, especially in the fine weather, when they would sit on the benches upon the terrace about six or eight yards apart, for they seldom came nearer, and play and sing alternately. The songs sung by Dick Harness were chiefly o'd sea songs; those of Opposition Bill were picked up from every part of the world, principally, however, those sung by the negroes who worked on the plantations in Virginia and Carolina.

Peter Anderson, my father, Ben, and many others, were sitting on the benches, basking in the morning's sun, when Dick Harness made his appearance, limping along with his fiddle under his arm.

"Come along, Dick," said Ben the Whaler, "we'll stow close, and make room for you here."

"You must make elbow-room too, my hearty, or I shan't be able to fiddle. Come, what will you have this fine morning?" said Harness, tuning his instrument. As soon as it was in tune he flourished a prelude from the top of the scale to the bottom, ending with an "Eh-haw! eh-haw!" in imitation of the braying of a donkey.

"Give us the 'Spanish Ladies,' Dick," said my father. As this song was very popular at that time among the seamen, and is now almost forgotten, I shall by inserting it here for a short time rescue it from oblivion:—

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“ Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies,
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain ;
For we have received orders
For to sail to old England,
But we hope in a short time to see you again.”

“ Stop a moment, lads. I must screw him up a little more.”
Dick regulated his first string, and then continued :—

“ We'll rant and we'll roar, like true British sailors,
We'll rant and we'll roar across the salt seas ;
Until we strike soundings
In the Channel of old England
(From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues).

Then we hove our ship to, with the wind at sou'west, my boys,
Then we hove our ship to, for to strike soundings clear ;
Then we filled the main topsail
And bore right away, my boys,
And straight up the Channel of old England did steer.

So the first land we made, it is called the Deadman,
Next Ram Head, off Plymouth, Start, Portland, and the Wight ;
We sailed by Beachy,
By Fairly and Dungeness,
And then bore away for the South Foreland light.

Now the signal it was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
All in the Downs that night for to meet ;
Then stand by your stoppers,
See clear your shank painters,
Haul all your clew garnets, stick out tacks and sheets.”

Here Dick was interrupted by another fiddle, which went
“ tum, tum—scrape—tum, tum.”

“ There's Opposition Bill, Dick,” said my father ; “ I
thought you would bring him out.”

“ All's right,” replied Dick ; “ hope he aren't affronted ;
but he looks very black this morning.”

“ Now let every man take off his full bumper,
Let every man take off his full bowl ;
For we will be jolly
And drown melancholy,
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.”

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"Now, then, Billy, fire away."

"You tink I 'bey your order, you Dick? No, sar, suppose I fire away, I go off. I not go off, I stay here."

"Well, but if you play, you'll get in trouble, Billy."

"How I get in trouble?"

"Why, you'll get in a scrape, won't you?"

"He! you just got out of one, anyhow."

Dick Harness then said to those who sat by him, "I'll make him sing the 'Negro General.'"

"Well, if you will howl, Mr. Billy," cried out Harness, "at all events don't give us that abominable 'Nigger General;' it always gives me the toothache."

"Now I tink dat very fine song; so you may have whole jaw-ache for all I care. I sing dat, Mr. Dick; you jealous of dat song, I know."

Opposition Billy flourished a little, and then commenced—

"Listen, my boys, and I will tell you—

Tell you a leetle 'bout Gin'ral Gabriel.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

Dey advertise de Nigger Gin'ral,

A dousand pounds dey advertise him.

Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

And who betrayed de Nigger Gin'ral?

A leetle boy betrayed de Gin'ral.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

A leetle boy by de name of Daniel,

Betrayed him down at Norfolk Landing.

Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

He says, How do, my uncle Gabriel?

But dis is not your uncle Gabriel.

Oh-e-oh! Oh-e-oh!

Yes, it is my uncle Gabriel;

For I do know you, uncle Gabriel.

Oh, my boys, I'm most done!

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De man belonged to Major Prosser,
So cum and hang de Nigger Gin'ral.
Oh-e-oh ! Oh-e-oh !

For he's ruined old Virginny !
Hard times in old Virginny.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done !

Dey wrote a letter to de tailor,
To cut out de Gin'ral's ruffles.
Oh-e-oh ! Oh-e-oh !

Dey cut de ruffles out o' *iron* !
So dey handcuff and chained him.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done !

Dey went and called a troop of light horse
To come and guard de Nigger Gin'ral !
Oh-e-oh ! Oh-e-oh !

To guard him all to de city of Richmond,
To guard him up unto de justice.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done !

De justice *tuk* him to de gobnor—
(Monroe he set up for gobnor).
Oh-e-oh ! Oh-e-oh !

Command him to de Penetenshy ;
On Thursday week come on his trial.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done !

Dey went and called all de country
For to come and see de Nigger Gin'ral.
Oh-e-oh ! Oh-e-oh !

Some dey call him Archy Mullen—
'My right name is John Decullen.'
Oh, my boys, I'm most done !

'I'm here to-day and gone to-morrow ;
I did not come for to stay for eber.'
Oh-e-oh ! Oh-e-oh !

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So den dey tuk him to de gallows,
Drive him down dere in a waggon.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done !

Dey drive him down unto de gallows,
Dey drive him down with four grey horses.
Oh-e-oh ! Oh-e-oh !

(Price's Ben, he drive de waggon)
Very sad loss to Major Prosser.
Oh, my boys, I'm most done !

Dey drove him right beneath de gallows,
And den dey hang him and dey swing him.
Oh-e-oh ! Oh-e-oh !

And dat de fate of de Nigger Gin'ral,
Who almost ruined old Virginny !
Now, my boys, I'm quite done !”

“You’ve quite done, have you, Billy ?” said Harness ;
“take my advice and never begin again.”

“Eh, Mister Dick, you no ab song like dat in your budget,
and I neber give you de tune.”

“I hope you won’t ; but now I’ll play you a tune which
will beat you hollow.” Hereupon Dick Harness imitated the
squeaking of pigs and caterwauling of cats upon his fiddle,
so as to set everybody laughing, except Opposition Bill, who
pretended to be very sulky.

“Come, Dick, it’s your turn now. Give us a regular
forecastle song,” said Ben the Whaler.

“Well, then, here’s one that’s been sung ever since the
days of old Queen Anne—

“It was one November—the second day—
The admiral he bore away,
Intending for his native shore.
The wind at sou’sou’west did roar ;
There was likewise a terrible sky,
Which made the sea to run mountains high.

The tide of ebb it was not done,
But fiercely to the west did run ;

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Which put us all in terrible fear,
Because there was not room for to veer.
The wind and weather increased sore,
And drove ten sail of us on shore.

Ashore went the *Northumberland*,
The *Harwich*, and the *Cumberland*,
The *Lion* and the *Warwick* too ;
But the *Elizabeth* had the most to rue—
She came stem on—her fore-foot broke,
And she sunk the *Gloucester* at one stroke.

But now remains what is worse to tell,
The greatest ships had the greatest knell ;
The brave *Cronation* and all her men
Was lost and drowned every one,
Except the mate and eighteen more
What in the long-boat com'd ashore.

And thus they lost their precious lives ;
But the greatest loss was to their wives,
Who, with their children left on shore,
Their husbands' watery death deplore,
And wept their loss with many tears—
(But grief endureth not for years).

Now you who've a mind to go to sea,
Pray take a useful hint from me,
And live at home, and be content
With what kind Providence has sent ;
For they were punish'd for their misdeeds,
In grumbling when they had no needs.

Now God preserve our noble Queen,
Likewise her Ministers serene ;
And may they ever steer a course
To make things better 'stead of worse,
And England's flag triumphant fly,
The dread of hevery he-ne-my."

"You call dat singing! Stop now! I sing a song you nebber hear in all your life," cried Opposition Bill, tuning his fiddle.

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"And never wish to hear again, most likely," replied Dick. "Out with it, Bill; your face shines beautifully this morning."

"I take de shine out of you, Massa Dick; now you listen:—

" ' Now your fader is asleep, maid, listen unto me ;
Will you follow in my trail to Ken-tuck-y ?
For cross de Alleghany to-morrow I must go,
To chase de bounding deer on de O-hi-o. '

' And will you lub me truly, and kind to me will be,
If I quit my fader's roof for Ken-tuck-y ?
And will you nebber leave me, if I consent to go
To your shanty by de stream of de O-hi-o ? '

Her fader's not asleep, and he will not agree,
Dat you take away his dater to Ken-tuck-y.
So alone by yourself, good hunter, you must go,
Where the Ingin's rifle cracks on de O-hi-o.

Your moder, too, is near, aldough you did not see,
And wid her leave you nebber go to Ken-tuck-y.
He hab a wife already, as I do surely know,
Who weeps for his return to de O-hi-o.

' Man, I have dis purse of gold, half of it for ye ;
Woman I hab ne'er a wife in Ken-tuck-y ;
Your dater is my only lub, so pridee let us go
To where my corn is ripening on de O-hi-o. '

De fader weighed de purse, he took his half wid glee,
De moder said her child might go to Ken-tuck-y.
So de hunter and de maid, arm in arm dey go
Across de Alleghany to de O-hi-o."

"Bravo, Billy, that's not so bad," said some of the pensioners.

"I tell you, Dick, I take de shine out of you. You nebber believe till I make you fall in my wake, and den you soon be where de little boat was—long way astarn."

"I'll tell you what, Billy," said Dick Harness, "you do improve, and we'll allow you to sing that song once more before you die, just by way of encouragement."

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Dick then played several flourishes on his fiddle. Opposition Bill tried to imitate him, but made sad work of it. It was near dinner-time, and the pensioners rose and proceeded to the Painted Hall, for at that time they dined there, and not below in the crypts as they do now.

CHAPTER XVIII

I get into very doubtful company—I am tempted, and, like a true son of Adam, I fall

THE reader must have observed that, under the tuition of Anderson, I promised to follow the right path, and, provided his good offices were not interfered with, there appeared little doubt but that such would be the case. But I was little aware, nor was he, that the humble profession which I had chosen for myself was beset with danger, and that the majority of those with whom I was associating were the most likely of all others to lead me into evil. Why I had not hitherto been tempted can only be ascribed to my tender years. In fact, I had not been considered strong enough, or of an age to be useful to them, but now that I was more than thirteen years old—being, moreover, very tall and strong for my age—the hour of temptation arrived; and fortunate was it for me that, previous to this epoch, I had been taken under the protection of Peter Anderson.

I have said in a former chapter that I was a regular *mudlarker*. So I was, as far as the ostensible occupation of those who are so denominated went; to wit, “picking up pieces of old rope, wood, &c.” But the mudlarkers, properly speaking, at that time composed a very extensive body on the river, and were a more humble portion of the numerous river depredators, of which I may hereafter speak. A mudlarker was a man who had an old boat, generally sold by some merchant vessel, furnished with an iron bar full of hooks, which was lowered down by a rope to catch pieces of cordage, oakum, canvas, or other articles, which

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might fall overboard from the numerous vessels in the river; these were sold to the marine stores, such as were kept by old Nanny. But, as I observed, this was the *ostensible* mode of livelihood; they had other resources, to which I shall presently refer. An old man of the name of Jones, who resided at Greenwich, was one of these mudlarkers by profession. He was a surly old fellow, his sharp nose and chin nearly meeting, and he usually went by the name of Old Grumble. I had occasionally assisted him with his boat, but without receiving money, or indeed thanks, for my pains, but for this I cared little. He was a very old man, and when he came on shore and went up to old Nanny with the few things he had collected during the day, I almost wondered how he could manage to subsist, and thought myself infinitely better off than he was.

One evening he said to me, "Jack, I'm going up the river; I wish you'd come in the boat and help me, and if I make anything I will give you something for your trouble, but if I don't you can't expect it."

As he was very infirm I went with him, more out of charity than with any hopes of profit. We pulled with the tide till we arrived a little above Deptford, where several ships were lying, and he went close to one and lowered down his grapnels. He dragged for a short time.

"Just you make a little farther off, old fellow," cried the mate of the vessel.

"Won't allow a poor old man to earn a few pence, I suppose," replied Old Grumble, hauling up his grapnel and directing me to pull under the bows, where he dropped it down again. I now perceived, as I thought, some signs passing between him and one of the men in the head; but if so, they were soon over, and Old Grumble continued his avocation till the sun set.

"How long do you intend to remain here?" inquired I.

"Oh, not much longer, but I must wait a bit."

At last it was quite dark, and then Grumble pulled up his grapnel and dropped down nearer to the cutwater of the vessel. I soon distinguished a tinkling, as it were, of metal; and Old Grumble, holding up his hands, received some sheets

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of copper, which were lowered down by a rope-yarn. As soon as they were quietly landed in the stern of the boat, down came a bag, which he cast off and laid beside the copper. I was all astonishment, but still more so when a large bag of something weighing very heavy was lowered down by a rope after the small bag. A low whistle was then given, and the words "Monday night" pronounced in a whisper. Grumble whistled in return, and then, hauling up the grapnel, he told me to put out the oars and pull, while he took his grapnel on board. We then pulled down the river again, for the tide had turned, and as soon as we were clear of the shipping I began to interrogate him.

"Who gave you all these things?"

"Who? Why, that man."

"But what did he give them you for?"

"Why, out of charity, to be sure! But I can't talk now, I've no breath to spare. Let's pull ashore, and then I'll talk to you."

As we pulled down I observed that a lighter had broken adrift from her moorings, and was sweeping down the river with the ebb tide.

"There's a lighter adrift," said I.

"Yes," replied Grumble. "I'm too old for that work now; time was. There'll be pretty pickings as soon as she gets down a little lower. The Light Horsemen have cut her adrift."

"Light Horsemen! Who are they?"

"Bah! you know nothing. I tell ye again, I haven't no breath to spare; I can't pull and talk too."

I was convinced in my own mind that Old Grumble had not obtained the articles in the boat by fair means, and, annoyed that I should have been made a participator in any dishonest dealings, I was resolved to question him closely as soon as we landed. There was no one at the steps, and when we beached the boat I asked him whether he was going to take the things up to old Nanny's.

"Old Nanny! no. She's no fence now; she used to be a good one, but she was overhauled once or twice, and nearly sent on the other side of the water, and, since that, she's satisfied with little articles, sure profit and no risk."

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"What do you mean by a fence?" inquired I.

"Why, don't you know that yet, boy? Well, a *fence* is one who receives things that are brought for sale, and never asks no questions."

"Well, but if these things were given you out of charity, as you say, why should you want to take them up to a fence, as you call it?"

"I tell you what, Jack, I can't be answering all these questions here, where there may be twenty pair of ears a-listening."

"Well, and if they do listen, what is the harm, if we are doing what is right?"

"It won't do to argufy here, I tell you. In my opinion, a poor man who works hard to get some victuals to keep body and soul together is doing what is right."

"Yes, if he works at an honest livelihood."

"Don't talk so loud about *honesty*; the very word is enough to make people suspect something not right. I'll tell you all when you come up to my house; for you see, Jack, you must help me to carry these things up. D'ye think you can manage this bag of *pease*? Let's try." Between us we contrived to get the bag, which weighed about half a hundredweight, on my back, and I walked off with it, Grumble following me with the copper and the other small bag, which I afterwards found contained copper nails. When we arrived at his dwelling, which was as dilapidated and miserable as old Nanny's, he took out his key and fumbled a long while at the lock; at last he opened it. "You had better stay till I get a light," said he. In a minute he came with one to the door, and told me to follow him. I went in, put down the bag, and, some grains falling out, I took them up.

"Why, this is coffee, Grumble!"

"Well, *pease* is our name for coffee, *sand* for sugar, and *vinegar* for rum, when we get any."

"Well, but, Grumble, I wish to know how you came by these things."

"I'll tell you, Jack, if you ask everybody how they come by things, you will have enough to do; but the fact is, the man wants me to sell them for him."

"Why, you said he gave them to you out of charity!"

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"Oh, that was only because I couldn't spare breath to tell you all about it."

"But why should he lower them down in the dark if they are his own property?"

"Jack, I don't ask whose property it is; all I know is that I come by it honestly. I don't steal it, and I can't prove that the man does. Why, Jack, if one is to be so nice as that, you can't go into a grocer's shop to buy sugar, or coffee, or pepper, or indeed into almost any shop, if you first want to know whether the people have come by the goods honestly before you buy of them."

"Still, it is so plain that the man must have stolen them."

"Suppose it is; how are so many poor people to find their livelihood and support their families, if they refuse to get a shilling or two when it is offered? If we were only to live upon what we get honestly, why, we should starve; the rich take good care of that by grinding us down so close. Why, Jack, how many thousands get their living on this river! and do you think they could all get their living honestly, as you call it? No; we all plunder one another in this world.¹ You asked me who were Light Horsemen?—that's a name for one set of people who live by plunder:—that lighter will have a good slice of her cargo out to-night; for those who cut her adrift know what's on board of her. Then we have the Heavy Horsemen—they do their work in the daytime, when they go on board as lumpers to clear the ships. And then we've the Coopers and Bumboat men, and the Ratcatchers and the Scuffle Hunters, and the River Pirates; and, last of all, we have the Mudlarkers: all different professions, Jack; never interfering with each other, and all living by their wits. I'm too old now; I was

¹ These remarks of Grumble were, at the time, perfectly correct; it was before the Wet Docks or the River Police were established. Previously to the West India, London, St. Katharine's, and other docks having been made, all ships unloaded in the river, and the depredations were so enormous that Mr. Colquhoun, in his work, has estimated them at half a million sterling *annually*. At present the river may be said to be comparatively honest; the police are strict, and the temptations are removed.

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a flash pirate once, but I'm now nearly eighty, and am only fit for a mudlarker."

"But," exclaimed I, with astonishment, "are they not discovered and punished?"

"That's very seldom, Jack; for you see we have receivers all down the river; some of them great men, and dining with the mayor and common council; others in a small way—all sorts, Jack; and then we have what we call Jew Carts, always ready to take goods inland, where they will not be looked after. Old Nanny was a receiver and fence in a large way once."

"Then the only honest people on the river are the watermen."

Here Old Grumble chuckled. "Why, Jack, they be the worst of all, for they be both receivers and thieves. Do you think the watermen live by their fares? If you do, just wait on the steps one night, and you'll find that their night work is worth more than the day work is. We all must live, Jack; and now I've shown you a way by which you can earn more money in a night than you can in a fortnight by asking for halfpence. Here's five shillings for you, my boy; and when I want you again I'll let you know."

Alas! the five shillings, so easily and so unexpectedly earned, did, for the time, satisfy all my scruples, so easily are we bribed into what is wrong. I wished Old Grumble a good night and left him. As I returned home, I thought of what he had said about night work, and instead of making my way to Fisher's Alley, I returned to the landing-steps, resolving to watch for a time and see what occurred.

I thought of what had passed. I was not satisfied with myself. I thought of what Anderson would say, and I felt that I had done wrong. And then I attempted to exculpate myself: I could not prove that the things were stolen. I did not go with any intent to help in such a business. Old Grumble had only paid me for my work; but then, why did he pay me so much money? My conscience told me that it was because the dealings were unfair. I could not persuade myself that I was right. I looked up at the heavens—for it was a clear night, and there was a very bright star just above me; and as I looked at it it appeared as if it were an eye beaming down upon me, and piercing

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into my breast. I turned away from it, and then looked at it again—still it had the same appearance: I thought it was the eye of God—I trembled, and I resolved to reveal the whole to Anderson the next day, when I heard the sound of oars. I looked in the direction, and perceived a wherry with two men pulling in; I was down on the steps, under the shadow of the wall, and they did not see me. They landed, and handed out of the wherry three large and full canvas bags. "It's more than we can carry," said the voice of a waterman I well knew; "we must leave one in the boat; and be quick, for they are on our scent. Hollo! who's that? what are you doing here? Poor Jack, I declare."

"Well, mayn't I have a little night work as well as you?"

"Oh! you've come to that, have you?" replied he. "Well, as you're waiting for something else, I suppose you could not help us with one of these bags?"

"Yes, I can," replied I, forgetting all my resolutions; "put it on my back, if it's not too heavy."

"No, no; you're stout enough to carry it. I say, Jack, can you tell us, does old Nanny fence again, or has she given it up?"

"I believe she does not," replied I.

"Well," said he, "just put the question to her to-morrow morning, for she used to be a good 'un; now follow us."

I walked after them with my load until we came to a by-street; at the shutters of a shop they rapped three times on the iron bar outside which fixed them up; the door was opened, and we put the bags down in the passage, walked out again without a word, and the door was immediately closed.

"Well, Jack," said the waterman, "I suppose we must tip handsome for the first time: here's ten shillings for you, and we'll let you know when we want you to be on the look-out for us."

Ten shillings! and five before—fifteen shillings! I felt as I were a rich man; all scruples of conscience were, for the time, driven away. I hurried home rattling the silver in my pocket, and opening the door softly, I crept to bed. Did I say my prayers that night? No!

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CHAPTER XIX

I am tempted again—My pride is roused, and my course of life is changed in consequence

I PASSED a dreaming restless night, and woke early. I recalled all that had passed, and I felt very much dissatisfied with myself; the fifteen shillings, with the added prospect of receiving more, did not yield me the satisfaction I had anticipated. From what the men had said about old Nanny I thought that I would go and see her; and why? because I wished support against my own convictions. If I had not been actuated by such a feeling I should, as usual, have gone to old Anderson. When I went down to breakfast I felt confused, and I hardly dared to meet the clear bright eye of my little sister, and I wished the fifteen shillings out of my pocket. That I might appear to her and my mother as if I were not guilty, I swaggered; my sister was surprised, and my mother justifiably angry. As soon as breakfast was over, I hastened to old Nanny's.

"Well, Jack," said she, "what brings you here so early?"

"Why, mother, I was desired to ask you a question last night—between ourselves."

"Well, why don't you ask it, since it's between ourselves?" replied she, with surprise.

"Some of the people want to know if you *fence* now?"

"Jack," said old Nanny harshly, "who asked you that question, and how did you fall into their company? Tell me directly; I will know."

"Why, mother, is there any harm in it?" replied I, confused and holding down my head.

"Harm in it! Ask your own conscience, Jack, whether there's harm in it. Why do you not look me in the face like an honest boy? Would they have dared to put that question to you, if you had not been a party to their evil deeds, Jack?" continued she, shaking her head. "I thought better of you; now you have filled me full of sorrow."

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I was smitten to the heart at this rebuke from a quarter whence I did not expect it ; but my heart was still rebellious, and I would not acknowledge what I felt. I thought to turn the tables, and replied, "Why, mother, at all events they say that *once* you were a real good one."

"Is it indeed gone so far?" replied she. "Poor boy ! poor boy ! Yes, Jack, to my shame be it spoken, I once did receive things and buy them when they were not honestly come by, and now I'm rebuked by a child. But, Jack, I was almost mad then ; I had that which would have turned any one's brain—I was reckless, wretched ; but I don't do so any more. Even now I am a poor sinful wretch—I know it ; but I'm not so crazy as I was then. I have done so, Jack, more's the shame for me, and I wish I could recall it ; but, Jack, we can't recall the past. Oh that we could !"

Here old Nanny pressed her hands to her temples, and for some time was silent. At last she continued, "Why did I love you, Jack ?—Because you were honest. Why did I lend you money—I, an old miserly wretch, who have been made to dote on money ; I, who have never spent a shilling for my own comfort for these ten years ?—But because you were honest. Why have I longed the whole day to see you, and have cared only for you ?—Because I thought you honest, Jack. I don't care how soon I die now. I thought the world too bad to live in ; you made me think better of it. O Jack, Jack ! how has this come to pass ? How long have you known these bad people ?"

"Why, mother," replied I, much affected, "only last night."

"Only last night ? Tell me all about it ; tell the truth, dear boy, do."

I could hold out no longer, and I told her everything that had passed.

"Jack," said she, "I'm not fit to talk to you ; I'm a bad old woman, and you may say I don't practise what I preach ; but, Jack, if you love me, go to Peter Anderson and tell him everything. Don't be afraid ; only be afraid of doing what is wrong. Now, Jack, you must go."

"I will, I will," replied I, bursting into tears.

"Do, do, dear Jack ! God bless your heart, I wish I could cry that way."

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I walked away quite humiliated; at last I ran, I was so eager to go to Anderson and confess everything. I found him in his cabin—I attempted to speak, but I could not—I pulled out the money, put it on the table, and then I knelt down and sobbed on his knee.

"What is all this, Jack?" said Anderson calmly; but I did not reply. "I think I know, Jack," said he, after a pause. "You have been doing wrong."

"Yes, yes," replied I, sobbing.

"Well, my dear boy, wait till you can speak, and then tell me all about it."

As soon as I could, I did. Anderson heard me without interruption.

"Jack," said he, when I had done speaking, "the temptation" (pointing to the money) "has been very great; you did not resist at the moment, but you have fortunately seen your error in good time, for the money is still here. I have little to say to you, for your own feelings convince me that it is needless. Do you think that you can read a little? Then read this." Anderson turned to the parable of the Prodigal Son, which I read to him. "And now," said he, turning over the leaves, "here is one verse more." I read it: "There is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine that need no repentance." "Be careful, therefore, my dear boy, let this be a warning to you; think well of it, for you have escaped a great danger: the money shall be returned. Go now, my child, to your employment; and if you do receive only halfpence, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that they are honestly obtained."

I can assure the reader that this was a lesson which I never forgot; it was, however, succeeded by another variety of temptation, which might have proved more dangerous to a young and ardent spirit, had it not ended as it did, in changing the course of my destiny and throwing me into a new path of action: to this I shall now refer.

Hardly a month passed but we received additional pensioners into the hospital. Among others, a man was sent to the hospital who went by the name of Sam Spicer. I say went by the name, as it was not the custom for the seamen to give their real names when they were entered

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or pressed into the service, and of course they were discharged into the hospital by the same name which they bore on the ship's books. Spicer was upwards of six feet in height, very large-boned, and must, when he was in his prime, have been a man of prodigious strength. When he was admitted to the hospital he was nearly sixty years of age; his hair was black and grey mixed, his complexion very dark, and his countenance fierce and unprepossessing. He went by the name of Black Sam, on account of his appearance. He had lost his right hand in a frigate action, and to the stump he had fixed a sort of socket, into which he screwed his knife and the various articles which he wished to make use of—sometimes a file, sometimes a saw—having had every article made to fit into the socket, for he had been an armourer on board ship, and was very handy at such work. He was, generally speaking, very morose and savage to everybody, seldom entered into conversation, but sat apart, as if thinking, with a frown upon his countenance, and his eyes, surmounted with bushy eyebrows, fixed upon the ground. The pensioners who belonged to the same ward said that he talked in his sleep, and from what they could collect at those times he must have been a pirate; but no one dared to speak to him on the subject, for more than once he had been punished for striking those who had offended him; indeed, he nearly killed one old man who was jesting with him when he was at work, having made a stab at him with his knife screwed in his socket, but his foot slipped, and the blow missed. Spicer was brought up before the council for this offence, and would have been discharged had he not declared that he had done it only by way of a joke to frighten the man; and, as no one else was present, it could not be proved to the contrary. For some reason or another, which I could not comprehend, Spicer appeared to have taken a liking to me; he would call me to him, and tell me stories about the West Indies and the Spanish Main, which I listened to very eagerly, for they were to me very interesting. But he seldom, if ever, spoke to me inside of the hospital; it was always when I was at the steps minding my vocation, where he would come down and lean over the rail at the top of the wharf. He made and gave me a boat-hook, which I found very

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convenient. He had a great deal of information, and as the ships came up the river he would point out the flags of the different nations, tell me where they traded from, and what their cargoes probably consisted of. If they had no ensign he would tell by their build and the cut of their sails what nation they belonged to, pointing out to me the differences, which I soon began to perceive. He had been in every part of the world, and scarcely a day passed in which I did not gain from him some amusing or useful information. Indeed, I became so fond of his company, that Peter Anderson spoke to me on the subject, and asked me what Spicer talked about. I told him, and he replied—

“Well, Jack, I dare say that he is a very pleasant companion to one who, like you, is so anxious for information, and I have nothing to say against him, for we have no right to listen to foolish reports which may probably have been raised from his savage appearance. Still, I confess I do not like the man, as he is decidedly of a violent temper. As long as he talks to you about what you say he does, there is no harm done; but when once he says anything which you think is wrong, promise me to let me know: and even now, if you will take my advice, you will not be so intimate with him.”

A little while afterwards, my father and Ben the Whaler both spoke to me on the same subject, but with much less reservation.

My father said, “Jack, I don’t like to see you always in company with that old pirate, no good can come of it; so haul off a little farther for the future.”

And Ben told me, “That a man who couldn’t sleep o’ nights without talking of killing people must have a bad conscience, and something lying heavy on his soul. There’s an old saying, Jack, ‘Tell me whose company you keeps, and I’ll tell you what sort of a chap you be.’ You’ve the character of a good honest boy; steer clear of Sam Spicer, or you’ll lose it.”

Admonitions from all those whom I loved were not without their effect, and I made a resolution to be less intimate with Spicer. But it was difficult to do so, as I was obliged to be at the landing-steps, and could not prevent his coming there.

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I acknowledge that it was a severe privation to me to follow the injunctions given to me, for I would listen for hours to the thrilling narratives, the strange and almost incredible accounts of battles, incidents, and wild adventures, which this man Spicer would relate to me; and when I thought over them I felt that the desire to rove was becoming more strong within me every day. One morning I said to him that "I had a great mind to go on board of a man-of-war."

"On board of a man-of-war?" replied Spicer; "you'd soon be sick enough of that. Why, who would be at the beck and nod of others, ordered here, called there, by boy midshipmen; bullied by lieutenants, flogged by captains; have all the work and little of the pay, all the fighting and less of the prize-money; and after having worn out your life in hard service, be sent here as a great favour, to wear a cocked hat and get a shilling a week for your 'baccy? Pshaw, boy! that's not life."

"Then what is life?" inquired I.

"What is life? Why, to sail in a clipper with a jolly crew and a roving commission; take your prizes, share and share alike, of gold-dust and doubloons."

"But what sort of vessel must that be, Spicer?"

"What sort? why—a letter of marque—a privateer—a cruise on the Spanish Main—that's life. Many's the jolly day I've seen in those latitudes, where men-of-war do not bring vessels to and press the best men out of them. There the sun's warm, and the sky and the sea are deep blue, and the corals grow like forests underneath, and there are sandy coves and cool caves for retreat—and where you may hide your gold till you want it—ay, and your sweethearts too, if you have any."

"I thought privateers always sent their prizes into port, to be condemned?"

"Yes, in the Channel and these seas they do, but not down there—it's too far off. We condemn the vessels ourselves, and share the money on the capstan-head."

"But is that lawful?"

"Lawful! to be sure it is. Could we spare men to send prizes home to England, and put them into the hands of a rascally agent, who would rob us of three-fourths, at least?"

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No, no; that would never do. If I could have escaped from the man-of-war which picked up me and four others who were adrift in an open boat, I would now have been on the Coast. But when I lost my fin, I knew that all was over with me, so I came to the hospital; but I often think of old times, and the life of a rover. Now, if you have any thoughts of going to sea, look out for some vessel bound to the Gold Coast, and then you'll soon get in the right way."

"The Gold Coast! Is not that to where the slavers go?"

"Yes, slavers and other vessels besides. Some traffic for ivory and gold-dust; however, that's as may happen. You'd soon find yourself in good company, and wouldn't that be better than begging here for halfpence? I would be above *that*, at all events."

This remark, the first of the kind ever made to me, stung me to the quick. Strange, I had never before considered myself in the light of a beggar; and yet, was I not so, just as much as a sweeper of a crossing?

"A beggar!" replied I.

"Yes, a beggar. Don't you beg for halfpence, and say, 'Thank your honour; a copper for poor Jack, your honour?'" rejoined Spicer, mimicking me. "When I see that pretty sister of yours, that looks so like a real lady, I often thinks to myself, 'Fine and smart as you are, miss, your brother's only a beggar.' Now, would you not like to return from a cruise with a bag of doubloons to throw into her lap, proving that you were a gentleman, and above coppers thrown to you out of charity? Well, old as I am, and maimed, I'd sooner starve where I now stand—— But I must be off, so good-bye, Jack; look sharp after the halfpence."

As Spicer walked away my young blood boiled. A beggar! It was but too true; and yet I had never thought it a disgrace before. I sat down on the steps, and was soon in deep thought. Boat after boat came to the stairs, and yet I stirred not. Not one halfpenny did I take during the remainder of that day, for I could not, would not ask for one. My pride, hitherto latent, was roused, and before I rose from where I had been seated, I made a resolution that I would earn my livelihood in some other way. What hurt me most was his observations about Virginia

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and her beggar brother. I was so proud of Virginia, I felt that her brother ought not to be a beggar. Such was the effect produced in so short a time by the insidious discourse of this man. Had he still remained at the steps, I do believe that I should have asked, probably have followed, his advice. Fortunately he had left, and after a little reflection, I had the wisdom to go and seek Peter Anderson, and consult him as to what I could do, for to change my mode of obtaining my livelihood I was determined upon.

I found Anderson, as usual, seated under the colonnade, reading, and I went up to him.

"Well, Jack, my boy, you are home early," said he.

"Yes," replied I gravely, and then I was silent.

After a pause of about a minute, Peter Anderson said, "Jack, I see there's something the matter. Now, tell me what it is. Can I help you?"

"I did wish to speak to you," replied I. "I've been thinking—about going to sea."

"And how long have you thought of that, Jack?"

"I've thought more of it lately," replied I.

"Yes, since Spicer has been talking to you. Now, is that not the case?"

"Yes, it is."

"I knew that, Jack. I'm at your service for as long as you please; now sit down and tell me all he has said to you that you can remember. I shan't interrupt you."

I did so; and before I had half finished, Anderson replied, "That is quite enough, Jack. One thing is evident to me—that Spicer has led a bad and lawless life, and would even now continue it, old as he is, only that he is prevented by being crippled. Jack, he has talked to you about privateers! God forgive me if I wrong him; but, I think, had he said pirates, he would have told the truth. But say nothing about that observation of mine; I wish from my heart that you had never known him. But here comes your father. He has a right to know what we are talking about, for you owe duty to him as his son, and nothing can be done without his permission."

When my father came up to us, Anderson begged him to sit down, and he told him what we had been discoursing

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about. I had already stated my objections to enter on board of a man-of-war.

"Well," said my father, "I may come athwart hawse of that old piccaroon yet, if he don't look out. Not that I mind your going to sea, Jack, as your father did before you; but what he says about the sarvice is a confounded lie. Let a man do his duty, and the sarvice is a good one; and a man who is provided for as he is, ought to be ashamed of himself to speak as he has done, the old rascal. Still, I do not care for your entering the sarvice so young. It would be better that you were first apprentice and larnt your duty; and as soon as your time is out, you will be pressed, of course, and then you would sarve the King. I see no objection to all that."

"But why do you want so particularly to go to sea, Jack?" observed Anderson.

"I don't like being a beggar—begging for halfpence!" replied I.

"And Spicer told you that you were a beggar?" said Peter.

"He did."

"Jack, if that is the case, we are all beggars; for we all work, and receive what money we can get for our work. There is no shame in that."

"I can't bear to think of it," replied I, as the tears came into my eyes.

"Well, well! I see how it is," replied Anderson; "it's a pity you ever fell in with that man."

"That's true as gospel," observed my father; "but still, if he had said nothing worse than that, I should not have minded. I do think that Jack is now old enough to do something better; and I must say, I do not dislike his wishing so to do—for it is begging for halfpence, arter all."

"Well, boy," said Peter Anderson, "suppose you leave your father and me to talk over the matter; and to-morrow, by this time, we will tell you what we think will be best."

"Anything—anything," replied I, "but being a beggar."

"Go along, you are a foolish boy," said Anderson.

"I like his spirit, though," said my father, as I walked away.

On the next day the important question was to be decided.

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I did not go to the stairs to follow up my vocation. I had talked the matter over with Virginia, who, although she did not like that I should go away, had agreed with me that she objected to my begging for money. I waited very impatiently for the time that Anderson had appointed, and at last he and my father came together, when the former said—

“Well, Jack, it appears that you do not like to be a waterman, and that you have no great fancy for a man-of-war, although you have a hankering for the sea. Now, as you cannot cruise with your friend Spicer on the Spanish Main, nor yet be safe from impressment in a privateer or merchantman, we have been thinking that, perhaps, you would have no objection to be a channel and river pilot; and if so, I have an old friend in that service, who, I think, may help you. What do you say?”

“I should like it very much.”

“Yes, it is a good service, and a man is usefully employed. You may be the means, as soon as you are out of your time, and have passed your examination, of saving many a vessel and more lives. You have had a pretty fair education, indeed quite sufficient; and as you will often be coming up the river, you will have opportunities of seeing your father and your friends. If you decide, I will write at once.”

“It is the very thing that I should like,” replied I; “and many thanks to you, Anderson.”

“And it’s exactly what I should wish also,” replied my father. “So that job’s jobbed, as the saying is.”

After this arrangement, I walked away as proud as if I had been an emancipated slave; that very evening I announced my intention of resigning my office of “Poor Jack,” and named as my successor the boy with whom I had fought so desperately to obtain it, when the prospect was held out to me by old Ben, of my becoming Poor Jack—for ever.

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CHAPTER XX

Much ado about nothing ; or, a specimen of modern patronage

I COMMUNICATED to my mother and Virginia my father's intentions relative to my future employ, and was not surprised to find my mother very much pleased with the intelligence, for she had always considered my situation of "Poor Jack" as disgracing her family—declaring it the "most ungenteelest" of all occupations. Perhaps she was not only glad of my giving up the situation, but also of my quitting her house. My father desired me to wear my Sunday clothes during the week, and ordered me a new suit for my best, which he paid for out of the money which he had placed in the hands of the Lieutenant of the Hospital; and I was very much surprised to perceive my mother cutting out half-a-dozen new shirts for me, which she and Virginia were employed making up during the evenings. Not that my mother told me who the shirts were for—she said nothing; but Virginia whispered it to me; my mother could not be even gracious to me: nevertheless, the shirts and several other necessities, such as stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs, were placed for my use on my father's sea-chest, in my room, without any comment on her part, although she had paid for them out of her own purse. During the time that elapsed from my giving up the situation of "Poor Jack," to my quitting Greenwich, I remained very quietly in my mother's house, doing everything that I could for her, and employing myself chiefly in reading books, which I borrowed anywhere that I could. I was very anxious to get rid of my sobriquet of "Poor Jack," and when so called would tell everybody that my name was now "Thomas Saunders."

One Sunday, about three weeks after I had given up my berth, I was walking with my father and Virginia on the terrace of the hospital, when we perceived a large party of ladies and gentlemen coming towards us. My father was very proud of us; I had this very day put on the new suit

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of clothes which he had ordered for me, and which had been cut out in the true man-of-war fashion; and Virginia was, as usual, very nicely dressed. We were walking towards the party who were advancing, when all of a sudden my father started, and exclaimed—

“Well, shiver my timbers! if it ain’t *she*—and *he*—by all that’s blue!”

Who *she* or *he* might be, neither Virginia nor I could imagine; but I looked at the party, who were now close to us, and perceived, in advance of the rest, an enormous lady dressed in a puce-coloured pelisse and a white satin bonnet. Her features were good, and had they been on a smaller scale, would have been considered handsome. She towered above the rest of the company, and there was but one man who could at all compete with her in height and size, and he was by her side.

My father stopped, took off his cocked hat, and scraped the gravel with his timber toe, as he bowed a little forward.

“Sarvant, your honour’s ladyship. Sarvant, your honour, Sir Hercules.”

“Ah! who have we here?” replied Sir Hercules, putting his hand up as a screen above his eyes. “Who are you, my man?” continued he.

“Tom Saunders, your honour’s coxswain, as was in the *Druid*,” replied my father, with another scrape at the gravel, “taken in moorings at last, your honour. Hope to see your honour and your honourable ladyship quite well.”

“I recollect you now, my man,” replied Sir Hercules, very stiffly. “And where did you lose your leg?”

“Battle o’ the Nile, your honour; Majesty’s ship *Oudacious*.”

“How interesting!” observed one of the ladies; “one of Sir Hercules’ old men.”

“Yes, madam, and one of my best men. Lady Hercules, you must recollect him,” said Sir Hercules.

“I should think so, Sir Hercules,” replied the lady; “did I not give him my own lady’s maid in marriage?”

“Dear me, how *excessively* interesting!” said another of the party.

Now, this was a little event in which Sir Hercules and

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Lady Hercules stood prominent; it added to their importance for the moment, and therefore they were both pleased. Lady Hercules then said, "And pray, my good man, how is your wife?"

"Quite well and hearty, at your ladyship's sarvice," replied my father; "and, please your ladyship, these two be our children."

"Bless me, how interesting!" exclaimed another lady.

"And remarkably well bred 'uns," remarked a short gentleman in a fox-hunting coat, examining Virginia through his eyeglass; "coxswain, filly—dam, lady's maid."

"What is your name, child?" said Lady Hercules to Virginia.

"Virginia, ma'am," replied my sister, with a courtesy.

"You must say 'Lady Hercules,' my dear," said my father, stooping down.

"My name is Virginia, Lady Hercules," replied my sister, courtesying again.

"Indeed; then I suppose you are named after me?"

"Yes, your ladyship; hope no offence—but we did take the liberty," replied my father.

"And what is yours, boy?"

"Thomas, Lady Hercules," replied I, with a bow and scrape, after my father's receipt for politeness.

"And where is your mother?" said Sir Hercules.

"Mother's at home, Lady Hercules," replied I, with another scrape.

"How *very* interesting!" exclaimed one of the party.

"Quite an event!" said another. "A delightful *rencontre*!"

cried a third. "How kind of you, Lady Hercules, to give up your own maid! and such handsome children," &c. &c.

"It's really quite charming."

Lady Hercules was evidently much pleased, and she assumed the patroness.

"Well, little girl, since you have been named after me, out of gratitude I must see what can be done for you. Tell your mother to come up to me to-morrow at three o'clock, and bring you with her."

"Yes, Lady Hercules," replied Virginia, with a courtesy.

"And, Saunders, you may as well come up at the same time, and bring your lad with you," added Sir Hercules.

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"Yes, your honour," replied my father, both he and I simultaneously scraping the gravel.

"Wish your honour, Sir Hercules, and your honourable lady, and all the honourable company, a very good morning," continued my father, taking Virginia and me by the hand to lead us away.

Sir Hercules touched his hat in return, and walked away as stiff as usual; the pensioners who had witnessed the interview between him and my father, concluding that Sir Hercules was a naval officer, now rose and touched their hats to him as he walked with her ladyship in advance of the party. We joined Anderson, who was sitting down at the other end of the walk, when my father communicated to him what had passed.

As my father conducted Virginia home, she said to him, "Why do you call him *sir*, and her *lady*?"

"Because they are quality people, child. He is a barrow-night, and she is Lady Hercules."

"Are all barrownights and ladies so much bigger than other people are in general?"

"No, child, they don't go by size. I've seen many a lord who was a very little man."

My mother was very much pleased when we narrated what had happened, as she considered that Lady Hercules might prove a valuable patron to Virginia, whom she did not fail to have ready at the time appointed; and, dressed in our very best, we all walked together to the Sun, at which Sir Hercules and his lady had taken up their quarters. Let it not be supposed that my mother had forgotten the uncereemonious manner in which she had been dismissed from the service of Lady Hercules,—it was still fresh in the memory of a person so revengeful in her disposition; but she considered that as Lady Hercules had forgotten it, it was her interest to do the same; so, when we were ushered into the room where sat Sir Hercules and her ladyship, my mother was all smiles and courtesies, and gratitude for past favours.

There was an old gentleman, with a bald powdered head, dressed in black, standing with his back to the fire when we entered; he was the only other person in the room beside Sir Hercules and his lady. Lady Hercules first obtained from my mother a short history of what had happened since

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they had parted; and really, to hear my mother's explanation, it would have been supposed that she and my father had always been the most loving couple in the world.

"Well," said Sir Hercules, "and what do you intend to do with your boy, Saunders?"

"May it please your honour, I've been thinking of bringing him up as a channel pilot," replied my father.

"Very good," replied Sir Hercules; "I can see to that; and with my interest at the Trinity Board, the *thing is done*, sir;" and Sir Hercules walked pompously about the room. "Saunders," said Sir Hercules, stopping, after he had taken three or four turns up and down, and joining his fingers behind his back, "I thought I perceived some difference in you when you first addressed me. What has become of your tail, sir?"

"My tail, your honour?" replied my father, looking as much a delinquent as if he was still on board a man-of-war, and had been guilty of some misdemeanour, "why, please your honour, Sir Hercules——"

"I cut it off for him with my scissors," interrupted my mother, with a courtesy. "Saunders was very savage when he came for to know it; but he had a stupefaction of the brain, and was quite insensible at the time; and so, Sir Hercules and my lady" (here a courtesy), "I thought it was better——"

"Ah! I see,—a brain fever," observed Sir Hercules. "Well, under these circumstances you may have saved his life; but 'twas a pity, was it not, my lady?—quite altered the man. You recollect his tail, my lady?"

"What a question, Sir Hercules!" replied her ladyship with great dignity, turning round towards my mother.

My father appeared to be quite relieved from his dilemma by his wife's presence of mind, and really thankful to her for coming to his assistance; she had saved him from the mortification of telling the truth. How true it is that married people, however much they may quarrel, like to conceal their squabbles from the world!

"And what are you thinking of doing with your little girl?" said Lady Hercules—"bringing her up to service, I presume. Leave that to me: as soon as she is old enough, the *thing is done*, you need say no more about it." Here her

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ladyship fell back in the large easy chair on which she was seated, with a self-satisfied air of patronage, and looking even more dignified than her husband.

But my mother had no such intentions, and having first thanked her ladyship for her great kindness, stated very humbly that she did not much like the idea of her daughter going out to service, that she was far from strong, and that her health would not allow her to undertake hard work.

"Well, but I presume she may do the work of a lady's maid?" replied her ladyship haughtily; "and it was that service which I intended for her."

"Indeed, Lady Hercules, you are very kind; but there is an objection," replied my mother, to gain time.

"Please your ladyship," said my father, who, to my great surprise, came to my mother's support, "I do not wish that my little girl should be a lady's maid."

"And why not, pray?" said her ladyship, rather angrily.

"Why, you see, your ladyship, my daughter is, after all, only the daughter of a poor Greenwich pensioner; and, although she has been so far pretty well educated, yet I wishes her not to forget her low situation in life, and ladies' maids do get so confounded proud ('specially those who have the fortune to be ladies' ladies' maids), that I don't wish that she should take a situation which would make her forget herself, and her poor old pensioner of a father; and, begging your honour's pardon, that is the real state of the case, my lady."

What my mother felt at this slap at her I do not know, but certain it is that she was satisfied with my father taking the responsibility of refusal on his own shoulders, and she therefore continued—"I often have told Mr. Saunders how happy I was when under your ladyship's protection, and what a fortunate person I considered myself; but my husband has always had such an objection to my girl being brought up to it, that I have (of course, my lady, as it is my duty to him to do so) given up my own wishes from the first; indeed, my lady, had I not known that my little girl was not to go to service, I never should have ventured to have called her Virginia, my lady."

"What, then, do you intend her for?" said Sir Hercules

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to my father. "You don't mean to bring her up as a lady, do you?"

"No, your honour, she's but a pensioner's daughter, and I wishes her to be humble, as she ought to be; so I've been thinking that something in the millinery line, or perhaps——"

"As a governess, my lady," interrupted my mother, with a courtesy.

"That will make her humble enough, at all events," observed the bald gentleman in black, with a smile.

"I admit," replied Lady Hercules, "that your having given my name to your little girl is a strong reason for her not going into service; but there are many expenses attending the education necessary for a young person as governess."

Here my mother entered into an explanation of how Virginia had been educated—an education which she should not have dreamt of giving, only that her child bore her ladyship's name, &c. My mother employed her usual flattery and humility, so as to reconcile her ladyship to the idea; who was the more inclined when she discovered that she was not likely to be put to any expense in her patronage of my sister. It was finally agreed that Virginia should be educated for the office of governess, and that when she was old enough Lady Hercules would take her under her august protection; but her ladyship did do her some service. Finding that Virginia was at a respectable school, she called there with a party of ladies, and informed the schoolmistress that the little girl was under her protection, and that she trusted that justice would be done to her education. In a school where the Miss Tippetts were considered the aristocracy, the appearance of so great a woman as Lady Hercules was an event, and I do not know whether my little sister did not after that take precedence in the school; at all events, she was much more carefully instructed and looked after than she been before. Sir Hercules was also pleased to find, upon inquiry, that there was every prospect of my entering the pilot service, without any trouble on his part. Both Sir Hercules and his lady informed their friends of what their intentions were to their young protégés, and were inundated with praises and commendations for their kindness,

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the full extent of which the reader will appreciate. But, as my mother pointed out as we walked home, if we did not require their assistance at present, there was no saying but that we eventually might; and if so, that Sir Hercules and Lady Hawkingtrefylyan could not well refuse to perform their promises. I must say that this was the first instance in my recollection in which my parents appeared to draw amicably together; and I believe that nothing except regard for their children could have produced the effect.

CHAPTER XXI

A most important present is made to me; and, as it will eventually appear, the generosity of the giver is rewarded

SIR HERCULES and Lady Hawkingtrefylyan quitted Greenwich the day after the interview narrated in the preceding chapter, and by that day's post Anderson received a letter in reply to the one he had written from his friend Philip Bramble, channel and river pilot, who had, as he said in his letter, put on shore at Deal, where he resided but the day before, after knocking about in the channel for three weeks. Bramble stated his willingness to receive and take charge of me, desiring that I would hold myself in readiness to be picked up at a minute's warning, and he would call for me the first time that he took a vessel up the river. A letter communicating this intelligence was forthwith despatched by my mother to Sir Hercules, who sent a short reply, stating that if I conducted myself properly he would not lose sight of me. This letter, however, very much increased the family consequence in Fisher's Alley, for my mother did not fail to show it to everybody, and everybody was anxious to see the handwriting of a real baronet.

About a week afterwards I went to the shop of the widow St. Felix to purchase some tobacco for my father, when she said to me, "So, Jack—or Tom—as I hear you request to be called now—you are going to leave us?"

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"Yes," replied I, "and I shall be sorry to leave you, you have been so kind to me."

"A little kindness goes a great way with some people, Tom, and that's the case with you, for you've a grateful heart. You're to be a pilot, I hear; well, Tom, I've a present to make you, which you will find very useful in your profession, and which will make you think of me sometimes. Stop a moment till I come down again."

The widow went upstairs, and when she came down held in her hand a telescope, or spy-glass, as sailors generally call them. It was about two feet long, covered with white leather, and apparently had been well preserved.

"Now, Tom, this is what a pilot ought not to be without, and if what was said by the person to whom it belonged is true, it is an excellent spy-glass; so now accept it from your loving friend, and long may you live to peep through it."

"Thank you, thank you," replied I, delighted, as Mrs. St. Felix put it into my hands. I surveyed it all over, pulled out the tube, and then said to her, "Who did it belong to?"

"Tom," replied the widow, "that's a sad trick you have of asking questions; it's quite sufficient that it is mine, and that I give it to you—is it not?"

"Yes," replied I, "but you're the only person who says that I ask too many questions. Why, here's a name, F. I."

The widow stretched herself over the counter with a sudden spring, and snatched the telescope out of my hand. When I looked at her she stood pale and trembling.

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired I.

She put her hand to her side, as if in great pain, and for some seconds could not speak.

"Tom, I never knew that there was a name on the telescope; the name must not be known, that's the truth; you shall have it this evening, but you must go away now—do, that's a dear, good boy."

The widow turned to walk into the back parlour, with the telescope in her hand, and I obeyed her injunctions in silence and wondering. That there was a mystery about her was certain, and I felt very sorrowful, not that I did not know the secret, but that I could not be of service to

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her. That evening the telescope was brought to my mother's house by fat Jane. I perceived that the portion of the brass rim upon which the name had been cut with a knife, for it had not been engraved, as I thought, had been carefully filed down, so that not a vestige of the letters appeared.

The next morning I was down at the steps long before breakfast, that I might try my new present. Bill Freeman was there, and he showed me how to adjust the focus. I amused myself looking at the vessels which were working up and down the Reach, and so much was I delighted that I quite forgot how time passed, and lost my breakfast. Every one asked to have a peep through the telescope, and every one declared that it was an excellent glass; at last Spicer came up to where I stood.

"Well, Jack," said he, "what have you there—a spy-glass? Let's have a look; I'm a good judge of one, I can tell you."

I handed the telescope over to him; he looked through it for some time.

"A first-rate glass, Jack" (I was oftener called Jack than Tom at that time); "I never knew but one equal to it. Where did you get it?"

I don't exactly know why, but perhaps the mystery evident in the widow, and the cautions I had received against Spicer, combined together, induced me not to answer the question.

"It's odd," observed Spicer, who was now examining the outside of the telescope; "I could almost swear to it." He then looked at the small brass rim where the name had been, and perceived that it had been erased. "Now I'm positive! Jack, where did you get this glass?"

"It was made a present to me," replied I.

"Come here," said Spicer, leading me apart from the others standing by. "Now tell me directly," and Spicer spoke in an authoritative tone, "who gave you this glass?"

I really was somewhat afraid of Spicer, who had gained much power over me. I dared not say that I would not tell him, and I did not like to tell a lie. I thought that if I told the truth I might somehow or another injure Mrs.

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St. Felix, and I therefore answered evasively, "It was sent to me as a present by a lady."

"Oh!" replied Spicer, who had heard of Sir Hercules and his lady, "so the *lady* sent it to you? It's very odd," continued he; "I could take my oath that I've had that glass in my hand a hundred times."

"Indeed!" replied I. "Where?"

But Spicer did not answer me; he had fallen into one of his dark moods, and appeared as if recalling former events to his mind. He still kept possession of the glass, and I was afraid that he would not return it, for I tried to take it softly out of his hand and he would not let go. He remained in this way about a minute, when I perceived my father and Ben the Whaler coming up, at which I was delighted.

"Father," said I, as they came near, "come and try my new spy-glass."

Spicer started, and released the telescope, when I laid hold of it and put it into my father's hands. As neither my father nor Ben would ever speak to him, Spicer, with a lowering brow, walked away. After my father had examined the glass and praised it, he very naturally asked me where I obtained it. After what had passed with Spicer I was so fearful of his discovering, by other people, by whom the glass had been given to me, that I replied again, in the hearing of everybody, "A lady, father; you may easily guess who."

"Well," replied my father, "I never thought that her ladyship could have been so generous. I take it very kindly of her."

I was delighted at my father falling so easily into the mistake. As for my mother and Virginia, they were neither of them present when Jane brought the telescope to me, or I certainly should have stated, without reservation, to whom I had been indebted. I hardly could decide whether I would go to the widow and tell her what had occurred; but, upon some reflection, as she had accused me of asking too many questions, and might suppose that I wished to obtain her secrets, I determined upon saying nothing about it.

For a week I occupied myself wholly with my telescope,

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and I became perfectly master of it, or rather quite used to it, which is of some importance. I avoided Spicer, always leaving the steps when I perceived him approaching, although once or twice he beckoned to me. At the expiration of the week a message was brought by a waterman from Philip Bramble, stating that he should pass Greenwich in a day or two, being about to take down a West Indian man then lying below London Bridge. My clothes were therefore then packed up in readiness, and I went to bid farewell to my limited acquaintance.

I called upon old Nanny, who was now quite strong again. I had before acquainted her with my future prospects.

"Well, Jack," says she, "and so you're going away? I don't think you were quite right to give up a situation where you gained so many halfpence every day, and only for touching your cap: however, you know best. I shall have no more bargains after you are gone, that's certain. But, Jack, you'll be on board of vessels coming from the East and West Indies, and all other parts of the world, and they have plenty of pretty things on board, such as shells, and empty bottles, and hard biscuit, and bags of oakum; and, Jack, they will give them to you for nothing, for sailors don't care what they give away when they come from a long voyage; and so mind you beg for me as much as you can, that's a good boy; but don't take live monkeys or those things, they eat so much. You may bring me a parrot, I think I could sell one, and that don't cost much to feed. Do you understand, Jack? Will you do this for me?"

"I don't know whether I can do all you wish, but depend upon it, mother, I won't forget you."

"That's enough, Jack, you'll keep your word; and now, is there any nice thing that I can give you out of my shop, as a keepsake, Jack?"

"Why, no, mother, I thank you,—nothing."

"Think of something, Jack," replied old Nanny; "you must have something."

"Well, then, mother, you know I like reading; will you give me the old book that I was reading when I sat up with you one night?"

"Yes, Jack, and welcome; what book is it? I don't

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know—I can't see to read large print without spectacles, and I broke mine many years ago."

"Why do you not buy another pair?"

"Another pair, Jack? Spectacles cost money. I've no money; and as I never read, I don't want spectacles. Go in and fetch the book; it's yours and welcome."

I went in and brought out the Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which I before mentioned. "This is it, mother."

"Yes, yes, I recollect now, it's a very pretty book. What's it about, Jack? I can't see myself: never mind, take it, Jack, and don't forget your promise."

I wished old Nanny good-bye, and took the book home, which I gave into Virginia's care, as I wished her to read it. The next morning, at daybreak, I was summoned; the ship was dropping down the river. I bade farewell to my little sister, who wept on my shoulder; to my mother, who hardly condescended to answer me. My father helped me down with my luggage, which was not very heavy; and Anderson and old Ben accompanied us to the landing-steps; and having bid them all farewell, besides many others of my friends who were there, I stepped into the boat sent for me, and quitted Greenwich for my new avocation on the 6th of October 1799, being then, as Anderson had calculated, precisely thirteen years and seven months old.

CHAPTER XXII

In which a story is begun and not finished, which I think the reader will regret as much as, at the time, I did

THE boat was soon alongside of the West Indiaman, which had been tiding it down Limehouse Reach under her top-sails, there being but little wind, and that contrary; but now that she had arrived to Greenwich Reach she had braced up, with her head the right way. My box was handed up the side, and I made my appearance on the deck soon afterwards, with my telescope in my hand.

"Are you the lad for whom the pilot sent the boat?" in-

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quired a man, whom I afterwards found to be the second mate.

"Yes," replied I.

"Well, there he is abaft, in a P-jacket," said he, walking to the gangway, and directing the men to drop the boat astern.

I looked aft, and perceived my future master talking with the captain of the vessel. Philip Bramble was a spare man, about five feet seven inches high; he had on his head a low-crowned tarpaulin hat, a short P-jacket (so called from the abbreviation of *pilot's jacket*) reached down to just above his knees. His features were regular, and, indeed, although weather-beaten, they might be termed handsome. His nose was perfectly straight, his lips thin, his eyes grey and very keen; he had little or no whiskers, and from his appearance and the intermixture of grey with his brown hair, I supposed him to be about fifty years of age. In one hand he held a short clay pipe, into which he was inserting the forefinger of the other, as he talked with the captain. At the time that he was pointed out to me by the second mate he was looking up aloft; I had, therefore, time to make the above observations before he cast his eyes down and perceived me, when I immediately went aft to him.

"I suppose you are Tom Saunders?" said he, surveying me from head to foot.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, Anderson has given you a good character, mind you don't lose it. D'ye think you'll like to be a pilot?"

"Yes," replied I.

"Have you sharp eyes, a good memory, and plenty of nerve?"

"I believe I've got the two first, I don't know about the other."

"I suppose not, it hasn't been tried yet. How far can you see through a fog?"

"According how thick it is."

"I see you've a glass there; tell me what you make of that vessel just opening from Blackwall Reach."

"What, that ship?"

"Oh, you can make it out to be a ship, can you, with the naked eye? Well, then, you have good eyes."

I fixed my glass upon the vessel, and after a time, not

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having forgotten the lessons so repeatedly given me by Spicer, I said, "She has no colours up, but she's an Embden vessel by her build."

"Oh," said he, "hand me the glass. The boy's right; and a good glass, too. Come, I see you do know something—and good knowledge, too, for a pilot. It often saves us a deal of trouble when we know a vessel by her build; them foreigners sail too close to take pilots. Can you stand cold? Have you got a P-jacket?"

"Yes, father bought me one."

"Well, you'll want it this winter, for the wild geese tell us that it will be a sharp one. Steady, starboard!"

"Starboard it is."

"D'ye know the compass?"

"No."

"Well, stop till we get down to Deal. Now, stand by me, and keep your eyes wide open; for, d'ye see, you've plenty to larn, and you can't begin too soon. We must square the mainyard, captain, if you please," continued he, as we entered Blackwall Reach. "What could make the river so perverse as to take these two bends in Limehouse and Blackwall Reaches, unless to give pilots trouble, I can't say."

The wind being now contrary from the sharp turn in the river, we were again tiding it down; that is, hove-to and allowing the tide to drift us through the Reach; but as soon as we were clear of Blackwall Reach, we could lay our course down the river. As we passed Gravesend, Bramble asked me whether I was ever so low down.

"Yes," replied I, "I have been down as far as Sea Reach;" which I had been when I was upset in the wherry, and I told him the story.

"Well, Tom, that's called the river now; but do you know that, many years ago, where we now are used to be considered as the mouth of the river, and that fort there" (pointing to Tilbury Fort) "was built to defend it? for they say the French fleet used to come and anchor down below."

"Yes," replied I; "and they say, in the History of England, that the Danes used to come up much higher, even up to Greenwich; but that's a very long while ago."

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"Well, you beat me, Tom! I never heard that; and I think, if ever they did do so, they won't do it again in a hurry. What water have you got, my man? Port there!"

"Port it is."

"Steady—so."

"Shall we get down to the Nore to-night, pilot?" said the captain.

"Why, sir, I'm in hopes we shall; we have still nearly three hours' daylight; and now that we are clear of the Hope, we shall lay fairly down Sea Reach; and if the wind will only freshen a little (and it looks very like it), we shall be able to stem the *first* of the flood, at all events."

I ought to observe that Bramble, as soon as he had passed any shoal or danger, pointed it out to me; he said, "I tell it to you, because you can't be told too often. You won't recollect much that I tell you, I daresay; I don't expect it; but you may recollect a little, and every little helps."

The tide had flowed more than an hour when we passed the Nore Light and came to an anchor.

"What lights are those?" inquired I.

"That's Sheerness," replied Bramble. "We were talking of the French and Danes coming up the river. Why, Tom, it is not much more than one hundred and fifty years ago when the Dutch fleet came up to Sheerness, destroyed the batteries, and landed troops there; howsomever, as I said of the French and the other chaps, they won't do so again in a hurry."

As soon as they had veered out sufficient cable, Bramble accepted the invitation of the captain to go down in the cabin, when I went and joined the men, who were getting their supper forwards. I was soon on good terms with them; and after supper, as it was cold, they went down to the fore-peak, got out some beer and grog, and we sat round in a circle, with the bottles and mugs and a farthing candle in the centre. Being right in the *eyes* of her, as it is termed, we could plainly hear the water slapping against the bends outside of her, as it was divided by the keelson, and borne away by the strong flood tide. It was a melancholy sound; I had never heard it before; and during a pause, as I listened to it, one of the men observed, "Queer sound, boy, ain't it?"

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You'd think that the water was lapping in right among us. But noises aboard ship don't sound as they do on shore ; I don't know why." No more did I at that time ; the fact is that nothing conveys sound better than wood, and every slight noise is magnified, in consequence, on board of a vessel.

"I recollect when I was on a Mediterranean voyage how we were frightened with noises, sure enough," observed one of the men.

"Come, that's right, Dick, give us a yarn," said the others.

"Yes," replied Dick, "and it's a true yarn too, and all about a ghost."

"Well, stop a moment," said one of the men, "and let us top this glim a bit before you begin, for it seemed to get dimmer the moment you talked about a ghost."

Dick waited till a little more light was obtained, and then commenced. "I had shipped on board of a vessel bound to Smyrna, now about seven years ago. We had gone down to Portsmouth, where we waited for one of the partners of the house by which we had been freighted, and who was going out as passenger. We were a man short, and the captain went on shore to get one from the crimps, whom he knew very well, and the fellows promised to send one on board the next morning. Well, sure enough a wherry came off with him just before break of day, and he and his traps were taken on board ; but it was not perceived at the time what he had in his arms under his grego, and what do you think it proved to be at daylight ? Why, a large black tom cat."

"What, a black one ?"

"Yes, as black as the enemy himself. The fellow came down forward with it, and so says I, 'Why, messmate, you're not going to take that animal to sea with us ?'

"'Yes, I am,' said he, very surlily ; 'it's an old friend of mine, and I never parts with him.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you'll find the difference when the captain hears on it, I can tell you, and, for the matter of that, I won't promise you that it will be very safe if it comes near me when I've a handspike in my hand.'

"'I tell you what,' says he, 'it ain't the taking of a cat

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on board what brings mischief, but it's turning one out of a ship what occasions ill luck. No cat ever sunk a ship till the animal was hove overboard and sunk first itself, and then it does drag the ship down after it.'

"Well, one of the boys who did not care about such things, for he was young and ignorant, put his hand to the cat's head to stroke it, and the cat bit him right through the fingers, at which the boy gave a loud cry.

"'Now, that will teach you to leave my cat alone,' said the man. 'He won't come near nobody but me, and he bites everybody else, so I give you fair warning.'

"And sure enough the brute, which was about as big as two common cats, was just as savage as a tiger. When the first mate called the man on deck, the fellow left his cat behind him in the fore-peak, just as if it were now here, and it got into a dark corner, growling and humping its back, with its eyes flashing fire at every one of us as we came anigh it. 'Oh!' says we, 'this here won't never do; wait till the captain comes on board, that's all.' Well, the hatches were off, and we were busy re-stowing the upper tier of the cargo, which we had thrown in very carelessly in our hurry to get down the river; just putting the bales in order (it wasn't breaking bulk, you see), and we were at it all day. At last, towards evening, the captain comes on board with the gentleman passenger, a mighty timorsome sort of young chap he appeared for to be, and had never before set his foot upon the plank of a vessel. So as soon as the captain was on deck we all broke off our work, and went to him to tell him about this cat, and the captain he gets into a great rage as soon as he hears on it, and orders the man to send the cat on shore, or else he'd throw it overboard. Well, the man, who was a sulky saucy sort of chap, and no seaman, I've a notion, gives cheek, and says he won't send his cat on shore for no man, whereupon the captain orders the cat to be caught, that he might send it in the boat; but nobody dared to catch it, for it was so fierce to everybody but its master. The second mate tried, and he got a devil of a bite, and came up from the fore-peak without the cat, looking very blue indeed. And then the first mate went down, and he tried; but the cat flew at him, and he came up as white as a sheet. And then the cat

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became so savage that it stood at the foot of the ladder, all ready to attack whoever should come down, and the man laughed heartily, and told us to fetch the cat. 'Well,' says the first mate, 'I can't touch the cat, but I can you, you beggar, and I will too, if it costs me twenty pounds;' so he ups with a handspike and knocks the fellow down senseless on the deck, and there he laid. And it sarved him right.

"Well, then the captain thought to shoot the cat, for it was for all the world like a wild beast, and one proposed one thing and one another; at last Jim, the cabin-boy, comes forward with some brimstone matches in a pan, and he lights them and lowers them down into the fore-peak by a rope-yarn, to smother it out. And so it did sure enough, for all of a sudden the cat made a spring up to the deck, and then we all chased it here and there, until at last it got out to the end of the flying jib-boom, and then Jim, the cabin-boy, followed it out with a handspike, and poked at it as hard as he could, until at last it lost its hold, and down it went into the water, and Jim and the handspike went along with it, for Jim, in his last poke at the cat, lost his balance, so away they went together. Well, there was a great hurry in manning the boat, and picking up poor Jim and the handspike; but the cat we saw no more, for it was just dark at the time. Well, when it was all over, we began to think what we had done, and as soon as we had put on the hatches and secured the hold we went down below into the fore-peak, where the smell of brimstone did not make us feel more comfortable, I can tell you, and we began to talk over the matter, for you see the cat should not have been thrown overboard, but put on shore; but we were called away to man the boat again, for the fellow had come to his senses, and swore that he would not stay in the ship, but go on shore and take the law of the first mate, and the first mate and captain thought the sooner he was out of the ship the better, for we were to sail before daylight, and there might not be a wherry for him to get into; so the fellow took his kit, and we pulled him on shore and landed him on Southsea beach, he swearing vengeance the whole way; and as he stepped out on the beach he turned round to us and said, as he shook his fist, 'You've thrown overboard a *black tom*

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cat, recollect that! and now you'll see the consequence; a pleasant voyage to you. I wouldn't sail in that vessel if you were to offer her to me as a present as soon as she got to Smyrna; because why, you've thrown overboard a *black tom cat*, and you'll never get there—*never!*' cried he again, and off he ran with his bundle.

"Well, we didn't much like it, and if the second mate hadn't been in the boat, I'm not sure that we shouldn't all have gone on shore rather than sail in the vessel; but there was no help for it. The next morning before daylight we started, for the captain wouldn't wait to get another hand, and we were soon out of soundings, and well into the Bay of Biscay.

"We had just passed Cape Finisterre, when Jim, the cabin-boy, says one morning, 'I'm blessed if I didn't hear that cat last night, or the ghost on it!' So we laughed at him; for, you see, he slept abaft, just outside the cabin-door, close to the pantry, and not forward with the rest of us.

"'Well,' says he, 'I heard him miaul, and when I awoke I think I seed two eyes looking at me.'

"'Well, Jim,' said I, for we had got over our fears, 'it was you who knocked him overboard, so it's all right that he should haunt you and nobody else.' Jim, however, could not laugh, but looked very grave and unhappy. A few days afterwards the captain and passenger complained that they could not sleep for the noise and racket that was kept up all night between the timbers and in the run aft. They said it was as if a whole legion of devils were broken loose and scampering about; and the captain was very grave; and as for the passenger, he was frightened out of his wits. Still we laughed, because we had heard nothing ourselves, and thought that it must only be fancy on their parts, particularly as the captain used to *bonse his jib* up pretty taut every night. Well, all went on very well; we arrived at the Rock, got our fresh provisions and vegetables, and then made sail again. The captain complained of no more noises, and Jim of no more eyes, and the whole matter was almost forgotten."

Here the narrator was interrupted by the thumping of a handspike on the deck above. "Halloo! what's the matter now?"

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"Come, tumble up, my lads, and pump the ship out," said the mate from above; "we had almost forgotten that. Be smart, now; it's but a ten minutes' job."

Thus broke off the story, much to my annoyance; but it could not be helped—ships must be pumped out—so the men went on deck, and I followed them.

CHAPTER XXIII

"Recollect," says the fellow, "you have thrown overboard a black tom cat!"

IN a quarter of an hour the pump sucked, and we all hastened down below to our grog and the completion of our yarn. As soon as we were all comfortably seated as before, Dick recommenced.

"Well, we were abreast of Malta, when the weather, which had hitherto on the voyage been very fine, changed. The clouds hung down very heavy, and there was every symptom of a fierce gale; and sure enough a worse gale I never was in than came on that night—and such a sea!—the ship rolled gunnel under, for the gale was fair, but the sea ran so high and so fast that we expected to be pooped every minute. It was about midnight when the rain came on in torrents, and the wind blew fiercer than ever. I was on deck, and so was the first mate and another man at the helm, for we were flying right before it, and she was hard to steer.

"'We shall have it worse yet,' said the captain.

"'Mian!' was the reply, so clear, so loud, we could not tell where it came from. I thought it came from the main-top.

"'Mercy on us! what was that?' said the first mate, the light from the binnacle showing his face as pale as a sheet.

"'Mian!' was the reply from somewhere.

"'The black cat, by all that's blue!' cried the captain.

"'The Lord have mercy upon us, we're all gone!' said

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the mate, clasping his hands in terror. To clasp his hands, of course he let go the wheel; and the other man, who was equally frightened, had not strength to hold it. Away he went, right over the wheel, knocking down the mate on the other side; and the ship taking a heavy lurch, they both went into the scuppers together. The ship broached-to, and our mainmast and mizenmast went over the side."

"Do top that glim, Bill," said one of the men, in a tremulous voice.

Dick paused while the snuff was taken off the candle; and the water went tap, tap, tap against the bends, with a most melancholy sound. I really did feel rather queer myself.

Dick continued. "Well, all hands were on deck immediately, and it was good two hours before we could clear the wreck, for the men were disheartened. They had heard the loud *mian* when in the fore-peak, and declared that it was close to them; and the passenger and Jim came out, frightened out of their wits. They had heard the *mian*, and said that it was from under the cabin table. At last we were clear of the wreck, and the wind roared louder than ever.

"The captain was a stout-hearted fellow, and as the men were collected together under the bulwark, he said, 'Well, this breeze will shorten our distance, at any rate, and if it holds we shall soon be at Smyrna.'

"'We shall never see Smyrna!' replied the second mate, his teeth chattering.

"'No, never!' cried the seamen.

"The captain sent Jim down for his rum-bottle, and gave every man a stiff glass of liquor, and that made them feel more comfortable for a time; when there was a sort of lull, and again the loud *mian* was repeated.

"'There it is!' cried the men; but they hardly had time to say so, when the ship was pooped with a tremendous sea, washing away the stern and quarter boats, and sending all the men swimming forward. So loaded was the ship with water, that she stopped, and appeared as if she was settling down. At last she rolled heavy to port and discharged it, and away we went before the wind, faster than ever. Well, there was some talk among the seamen of

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throwing poor Jim overboard to appease the ghost of the cat, for it was he who had thrown the cat overboard. But the captain heard what the men were saying, and he swore that he would knock the brains out of the first man who laid hold of the boy; and he sent Jim below out of harm's way. Poor Jim! how bitterly he cried, poor boy, when he heard what was going on.

"Well, it's a long lane that has no turning, and no gale lasts for ever: the next day it moderated, and the day after the weather was quite fine, and the sea had gone down. We recovered our spirits, the more so as we heard no more of the cat; and having jury-rigged her aft, we steered our course with a light breeze. We were now but a short distance from Smyrna, and hoped to be there by the next day; but the second mate shook his head; he said, 'The cat has not done with us, for it was a *black tom cat*.'

"The fourth day the captain came on deck, and said, "I heard a great washing of water in the run last night, as I thought; have you sounded the well lately?"

"'No,' replied the first mate, 'I left that to the carpenter.'

"'Well, then, ask him.' Well, the carpenter had not sounded the well, as it appeared; and so he sounded it immediately, and found that we had *six feet water in the hold*.

"'I knowed we were doomed,' said the second mate; 'we'll never get at port:' and so thought the men; but the captain said—

"'Why, the fact is, my lads, we must have sprung a leak in the gale, and no wonder, beating against the wreck so as we did when the masts went over the side. Come, rig the pumps, and we shall soon clear her. The tom cat has nothing to do with this, at all events.'

"Now, you see, our bottom cargo consisted of two or three tier of crates of crockery, which would not spoil by being wet; but the upper part of the cargo was bales of dry goods and linen; so the captain was very anxious that they should work the pumps before the water got higher: the weather was very fine, the sea smooth, and the wind, although fair, was light. Well, the seamen were terrified, and thought they were lost; they asked for liquor, and refused to work at the pumps; they said it was no use, the

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ship was doomed. Well, the captain he got very angry; he went down into the cabin, loaded his double-barrelled gun, and swore that he would shoot the first man through the head who refused to work at the pumps. The men knew that he was in earnest, for he was a violent sort of fellow, and so they set to. We didn't gain much upon her; I thought we did a little, but the men said no. The captain declared that we did gain considerably, but it was supposed that he only said so to encourage the people. Well, the captain ordered the mate to take up the hatches, that they might see the state of the cargo. This was done; the dry goods, as far as we could make out, were not injured, and the men pumped spell and spell until the evening, when the captain gave them a good allowance of grog, and an hour to rest themselves. It was a beautiful moonlight night: the sails were just asleep and no more; but the vessel was heavy, from the water in her, and we dragged slowly along. The captain, who had gone down below with the first mate, came up from the cabin, and said to the men, 'Now, my lads, we'll set to again;' when suddenly there was a loud, melancholy *miau!* which terrified us all. We looked from whence the sound appeared to come, and there, on the launch turned over amidship, we beheld the ghost of the black tom cat, so large, so black, with the broad moonlight shining on it; and so thin, it was the skeleton of the cat, only it looked as black as ever; its back was humped up and its tail curved; and, as it stood out in the broad moonlight, it did look twice as big as the original cat, which was the biggest I ever saw. Well, the men actually screamed; they ran aft, upsetting the captain and mate, and rolling over them and hiding their faces, with 'Lord have mercy on us!' and 'God forgive our sins!' and 'Oh! we're lost, we're lost!' and every sort of crying and groaning that could be thought of. At last the captain gets up from under them in a great rage and looks forward to see what was the matter, and there he sees the ghost of the tom cat standing just in the same place; and it gave another miserable *miau!* 'Why,' cried the captain (who had his grog on board, and was as brave as brass), 'it is the cussed cat himself. Stop a moment.' Down he goes to the cabin,

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reels up the hatchway again with his double-barrelled gun, and lets fly at it"—(here Dick lowered his voice to almost a whisper)—"the cat gave a shriek—and then——"

Here, during the pause, Bill put out his finger and thumb to snuff the candle, but his hand shook—he snuffed it out, and we were all left in darkness. I can hardly describe the feeling which appeared to pervade the whole of our party. Every one was shuffling and crowding with their shoulders, but still no one moved from his place.

"Well," said Dick, the narrator, in a quiet subdued voice, "why don't one of you go and fetch a light? Come, jump up, Bill, you topped it out."

"Ay, ay," replied Bill, evidently shaking; "where's the candle?"

"Here," said one of the boys, handing it to him.

"Well, then, jump up yourself, you young whelp, you're younger than me."

"I didn't put it out," replied the boy, whining.

"Up immediately, or I'll break every rib in your body," replied Bill.

The boy, who was terribly frightened, got up at this threat, and began to ascend the ladder; he was about three steps up, when we heard from the deck a horrible *miauw*! The boy gave a scream of terror, and fell down on his back among us all, smashing the glass and flattening the tin cans against the men's legs, who halloed with pain. At last there was a dead silence again, and I could plainly hear the loud throbbing of more than one heart.

"Come," said Dick again, "what was the fool frightened about? Look for the candle, some of you."

At last Bill found it in his breast, broke in two and half melted away, and was proceeding for a light when the carpenter stepped to the hatch with his lantern, and said, "Why, you're all in the dark there, shipmates! Here, take my lantern."

I may as well here observe that the carpenter had been listening to the story as he sat by the hatchway on deck, and it was he who had favoured us with the *miauw* which had so frightened the boy. As soon as the lantern had been received and the candle relighted, Dick recommenced.

"Well, my lads, I said that the captain went down below,

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brought up his gun, and let fly at the cat, and then,—well, and then—the cat gave a loud shriek, and falls down upon the deck. The captain walks forward to it, takes it up by the tail, brings it aft, and shies it among the men.

“‘There, you fools,’ said he, ‘it is the cat himself; will you believe your own eyes?’

“And sure enough, so it was; for, you see, when Jim tumbled overboard, ‘it being then dark, and we so busy with Jim, we did not look after the cat, and so it must have crawled up the cable and run down into the hold while the hatches were off; and all that noise heard aft must have been the brute chasing the rats, I suppose. Jim may have heard, but he could not have seen, the cat; that was all fancy and fright. You know how long a cat will live without much food, and so the animal was pretty quiet after it had killed all the rats. Then when the gale came on, and the upper part of the cargo fetched way a little, for it was loosely stowed, we suppose that it got jammed now and then with the rolling, and that made it miaow; and then, when we took off the hatches to look at the cargo, after we had sprung the leak, the cat, o’ course, came out, and a pretty skeleton it was, as you may suppose. Now do you understand the whole of it?’”

“Yes, that’s all clear,” replied Bill; “and it was no ghost, after all? But still the cat did do mischief, for if the mate had not been frightened by it, he wouldn’t have let go the wheel, and the masts would not have gone by the lee.”

“That’s true enough, and he might have done more mischief still if the captain had not shot him, for the men would never have gone to the pumps again; but when they found out that it was nothing but the cat himself, then they set to, and before the next evening the vessel was clear, and only required pumping out every two hours, for the leak wasn’t great, after all. So there’s a ghost story for you, and I believe that all others will be found, like mine, to end in moonshine. Now, suppose we turn in, for we shall weigh at three o’clock in the morning.”

We all tumbled into the standing berths in the fore-peak; I dreamt of black tom cats all night. The next morning we weighed with a fair wind; as before, I stood beside Bramble, who pointed out to me everything worth notice

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or memory as we passed, but at last the motion affected me so much that I could pay little attention, and I remained by his side as pale as a sheet. We rounded the North Foreland, and long before dark anchored in the Downs. Bramble went no farther with the vessel, the captain himself being a good pilot for the Channel. A Deal boat came alongside, we got into it, they landed us on the shingle beach, and I followed Bramble up to his abode.

CHAPTER XXIV

Bramble's method of education proves very effective—He also points out a position in which you may prefer your enemies to your friends.

THE house of Philip Bramble was situated on the farther side of a road which ran along the shore, just above the shingle beach. It was a large cottage on one floor, the street door entering at once into its only sitting-room. It was furnished as such tenements usually are, with a small dresser and shelves for crockery, and a table and chairs of cherry wood; on the broad mantelpiece, for the fireplace was large, were several brass candlesticks, very bright, ranged with foreign curiosities, and a few shells; half-a-dozen prints in frames ornamented the walls; and on large nails drove into the panels, wherever the space could be found, were hung coats, P-jackets, and other articles of dress, all ready for the pilot to change whenever he came on shore wet to the skin. Everything was neat and clean; the planks of the floor were white as snow, yet the floor itself was sanded with white sand, and there were one or two square wooden boxes, also filled with sand, for the use of those who smoked. When I add that, opposite to the fireplace, there was a set of drawers of walnut wood, with an escritoire at the top, upon the flat part of which were a few books neatly arranged, and over it an old-fashioned looking-glass, divided at the sides near to the frame into sections, I believe that I have given a catalogue of the whole furniture. When I followed

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Bramble into the room, a little girl of about nine or ten years old ran into his arms, as he stooped down to receive her. She was a pretty child, with a very fair skin and rosy cheeks, her hair and eyes of a very dark brown, almost approaching to black ; but she was not, in my opinion, near so pretty as my sister Virginia. As Bramble kissed her, she exclaimed, "Oh, father, I am so glad you are come home ! Mrs. Maddox has been in bed ever since you left ; her leg is very bad indeed."

"Whew !" whistled Bramble, "I'm sorry to hear that of the old lady ; and how have you got on without her assistance ?"

"Why, don't you think I'm very tidy, father ?" said she, looking round the room.

"Yes, Bessy, you are very tidy ; and it's a pleasure to come home to a tidy clean house. Here is a companion for you. I told you he was coming, and you know his name."

"It's Tom Saunders, isn't it, father ?"

"Yes, that's his name, for want of a better—so I leave you to make friends, while I go up and see the poor old lady."

"You look cold and pale, are you not well ?" was the first question of little Bessy.

"I'm cold, and not very well," replied I ; "I have not been used to knocking about on board ship."

"Very true ; I forgot you had never been at sea before. Come to the fire, then, and sit in father's big chair."

"I never knew that your father had been married. I thought Peter Anderson said that he was a bachelor."

"And so he is," replied Bessy. "I'm not his daughter, although I call him father."

"Indeed ! then whose daughter are you ? and who is the old lady upstairs ?"

"The old lady upstairs is the widow of the pilot with whom father served his time. Her husband was lost at sea, and she keeps father's house. Father picked me up at sea, and has taken care of me ever since."

"Then you don't remember your own parents ?"

"No, I recollect nothing till I found myself in this house. Father says I'm a Dutchman, because it was a Dutch ship or a Dutch boat which I was taken out of."

"And how long was that ago ?"

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"Nine years ago. I am now, I believe, about ten years old."

Bessy then catechised me relative to my own family, and I had not answered all her questions when Bramble came downstairs.

"Bessy, dear, we must have the doctor to look at that leg again. I'm afeared that it will never get well. Missus is too old to shake it off."

"Shall I go now, father?"

"Yes, child, go now, for she's in great pain with it; and, Tom, you go with Bessy and take care of her. But, before you go, give me some 'baccy and the odds and ends."

As soon as Bessy had put the tobacco-pipes, some spirits, a rummer and water on the table, and the spittoon at his feet, she put on her bonnet, and off we set to the doctor's house, about half a mile distant. I was soon on intimate terms with Bessy: there was something so frank and winning about her, such perfect honesty of character, that it was impossible not to like her. We delivered our message, returned home, and, being very tired, I was glad to go to bed. Bessy showed me my room, which was very comfortable, and as soon as I laid my head on the pillow I was fast asleep.

I was awakened the next morning by a knocking at the door by little Bessy; it was broad daylight, and I dressed myself and went downstairs, where I found her very busy putting everything in order.

"It was I knocked," said little Bessy; "I thought you would like to come and help me."

"And so I will," replied I; "what shall I do?"

"Oh, there's plenty to do now that Mrs. Maddox is ill, and you and father are come back—almost too much for a little girl like me. Will you go to the pump and fetch the pails full of water, for they are too heavy for me?"

I did as she wished. "Anything else, Bessy?" said I.

"Oh yes, plenty. You're very good-natured, Tom, and I'm so glad you're come."

Bessy and I were fully employed for nearly an hour in the front room and kitchen, clearing up and cleaning and preparing for breakfast. All was ready before Bramble came down and took a seat in his big chair, close to the breakfast-table.

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"All ready, father," said little Bessy, going up to Bramble to be kissed. "Tom has been helping me."

"All's right," said Bramble; "bring the book, dear."

Bessy brought a large Bible, and read a chapter aloud, then closed it and put it away.

"We can't always do this, Tom," observed Bramble, "when we're knocking about in the Channel; all we can do is to read it when we can. Come now to breakfast."

When we had finished I assisted Bessy to put everything away, and then Bramble said to me, "Anderson tells me you're a good scholar, Tom; but you must now learn what will be of use to me as well as to you. The first thing you must learn, and which you can do on shore, are the points of the compass—to know them at sight and tell them quickly; for you see it's of great importance to a pilot to know exactly how a ship's head is; and the men at the helm, although good seamen and steering well, are not so ready at answering as a pilot wishes, and very often stammer at it—sometimes make mistakes. Now, you see, when I'm piloting a vessel, if you stand at the binnacle, watch the compass, and answer me quickly how the ship's head is, you'll be of use to me in a very short time. Go up into my room, and under the bed you will find a compass; bring it down carefully, and I'll give you a lesson at once." I brought the compass to him, and Bramble made me write down the whole thirty-two points at full length upon a piece of paper. When I had done so, he told me I must learn them by heart as fast as I could.

I studied them the whole of that day; and in the evening, finding myself perfect, I went up to Bramble and repeated them without one mistake.

"All's right," said Bramble. "Now, Tom, give me the paper; if you know them to-night you ought to know them to-morrow morning. I'll hear if you do, after breakfast."

I went to bed, was tapped up as before by Bessy, assisted her to clean everything, taking off her hands all the heaviest of the work; indeed, what I have narrated of the first day may be taken as a sample of my life on shore at Deal. After breakfast I repeated the points of the compass correctly.

"Well, Tom, you have a good memory, that's certain; all the better for you, for pilots carry everything in their heads,

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as you will find out. Now, then, look here." Bramble took the glass off the top of the compass-box, lifted up the card, and then showed me the needle below, which pointed to the north. He then showed me the north point above, and then the other points, making me repeat them as he put his finger on them. As soon as I understood them, he would put the stem of his pipe to one and ask me which it was. When I was perfect with the points, he explained the half points and quarter points. In two days I had gained them all by heart.

"And now," says he, "we must try you. This iron skewer is the ship's head, recollect, and I shall stick it into the table. When I do so, you must tell me what point of the compass stands to it, and then that will be the direction of the ship's head. Do you understand? Practice makes perfect, and you must work at this all the time that you are ashore. When you know the compass well, then I'll teach you something else. Now, then, how's her head, Tom?"

"North-half-west," said I, after a little time.

"Yes, very true; but you see, Tom, that wouldn't do aboard ship. That's just the way most of the seamen would puzzle at it. I must have the answer in a moment, and that's why you must practise."

In the evening, when Bramble was smoking his pipe, I was seated by him, and every minute he would change the place of the iron skewer, with "How's her head, Tom?"

"We must get your 'prentice papers signed before we go afloat again," said Bramble, "for they pick up boys as well as men for the King's service, and you're a stout boy for your age."

"Were you ever pressed yourself?" inquired I.

"No, but I had a narrow chance once, and had not our captain been a smart fellow I and many more would have been serving the King at this present moment."

"Tell me how that was," said I.

"Well, as soon as Bessy has done rattling with the cups and saucers, I will."

"I've done now, father," said Bessy, taking her seat on a stool close to Bramble's feet.

"Well, then, before I passed for pilot, just after the breaking out of the war, I took it into my head to try my

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chance at privateering. There was plenty to pick up at that time, and some of the Deal men had been very fortunate, so I went on board of a twelve-gun lugger, commanded by Captain Shank, fitted out in the river, with a crew of sixty men. The press was very hot at that time, and our men were kept at the crimps' houses until all was ready, when we started and got off clear into the Channel without being overhauled.

"We had been out a fortnight, keeping well on the French coast, and had picked up two good prizes, when one morning, as the fog was cleared up with a sharp northerly wind, we found ourselves right under the lee of an English frigate, not a mile from us. There was a bubble of a sea, for the wind had been against the tide previous to its changing, and we were then about six or seven miles from the French coast, just between Boulogne and Cape Grisnez, lying to for the fog to clear away. As soon as we saw the frigate we knew that she would board us, and we were all in a terrible fright." Here Bramble shifted the skewer and said, "How's her head, Tom?"

I replied, and he proceeded:—

"The frigate hoisted her colours, and of course we did the same. She then fired a gun as a signal for us to remain hove to, and we perceived her boats lowering down. 'Now, my lads,' said our captain, 'if you don't mind a shot or two, I think I will save you from impressment this time.' We all declared that we would stand a hundred rather than be taken on board of a man-of-war. 'Very well,' says he, 'starboard a little, and keep her a little away, so as to let her go through the water; but keep the fore-sheet to windward, so that we may appear only to have fallen off.' By this plan we gradually increased our distance from the frigate, and got more on her bow. All this while the boat was pulling towards us, rising and tossing on the sea, but still nearing us fast. As she came nearer to us we let the lugger come up in the wind again for a short time, that we might not appear to be dodging away, and then, when the bowman was almost ready to lay in his oar, away we let her go through the water, so that she was left astern again. They could not well perceive this on board of the frigate, although the officer in the boat was very savage, for at one

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time he had his bow oar in and his boat-hook out. At last the frigate, perceiving that we were apparently slipping away, put her helm up, and fired a shot across our bows. 'Now's your time, my boys,' said the captain; 'let draw the sheets, the breeze is strong. She must wait to pick up her boat, and that will give us a mile at least.' Up went the helm, and we made all sail right for the French coast. How's her head, Tom?"

I replied, and Bramble resumed:—

"The frigate ran down to her boat, and then rounded to, to hoist it up; the sea was heavy, and she was delayed a minute or two, although, to do them justice, they were very smart on board of her. As soon as the boat was up she made all sail, and came foaming after us, as if she were in as great a rage as the captain and those on board of her. Every now and then she yawed to throw a shot at us from her bow-chasers; but that we didn't mind, as the yawing checked her way, and it's not very easy to hit a low vessel like a lugger in a toppling sea. Well, very soon we were not four miles from the French coast, so we hauled down our English colours and hoisted French. The frigate gained on us very fast, but we continued to steer on, and she in pursuit, until we were within gun-shot of the batteries. What the Frenchmen thought we did not know, at all events they did not fire, and we steered right on as if we were chased, and the frigate followed after us, until we were within a mile and a half of the batteries, when the frigate thought proper to haul her wind; then the battery opened upon her, and we could see that she was hulled more than once, and, as she kept her wind along the shore, the other batteries opened upon her, and she got a good mauling. We saw her shift her fore-topsail yard as soon as she went about again, and we afterwards heard that she had several men hurt, which was a pity."

"And did not the batteries fire upon *you*?"

"No, for we kept the French colours up, and hove to within a mile of the coast. It was a lee-shore, and there was too much surf and sea for them to send off a boat and ascertain whether we were a French privateer or not; so there we lay till dusk, and then made sail again, and, being so close into the French shore, we picked up a good prize



"Up went the helm, and we made all sail right for the French coast."

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that very night. When the cruise was over I was satisfied. I got my prize-money, and then, as I knew our own coast well, I passed for pilot, and have served as one ever since. How's her head, Tom?"

"S.W. almost."

"S.W. *almost* won't do, Tom. It's not quite S.W., quarter-south; so you must say S.W. southerly. D'ye understand?"

When Bessy knocked at my door the next morning, she cried out, laughing, "How's her head, Tom?" and those words made me jump up like lightning.

CHAPTER XXV

In which Bramble points out to me that singing is part of the profession of a pilot.

IN about a fortnight from the time that Bramble commenced his tuition, I was quite perfect with the compass; his method certainly was very good, for by such reiterated catechising what you had to learn was graven on your memory. All day long the same system was pursued. Even if dinner was on the table, the compass was on a chair close by, and as I was putting my fork to my mouth, much to Bessy's amusement, out would come the question, "How's her head, Tom?" Bramble soon gained his point; I could answer like lightning. But whether I was by the fire indoors, or on the shingle beach, his system was ever the same; every time that Bramble opened his lips I gained some information; he was never wearying, and often very amusing.

One morning we were out on the beach—we had been conversing with the other pilots, and examining the vessels in the offing with my glass—when he pointed out to me, it being low neap tide, that the Goodwin Sands were partially dry. "Tom," continued he, "of all the dangers, not only of the Channel, but in the wide ocean, there is none to be compared with those sands:—the lives that have been lost on them, the vessels that have been wrecked, and the pro-

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perty that has been sucked into them, would be a dozen kings' ransoms; for, you see, Tom, they are quicksands, and the vessel which goes on shore does not remain to be broken up, but in two tides she disappears, sinking down into the sands, which never give her or her cargo up again. There must be a mighty deal of wealth buried there, that is certain. They say that once they were a flourishing fertile island, belonging to an Earl Godwin, whose name they now bear; it may be so—the sea retreats at one place while it advances at another. Look at Romney Marshes, where so many thousands of sheep are now fed; they run up many miles inland; and yet formerly those very marshes were an arm of the sea, which vessels rode in deep water, and sea-fights, I am told, took place. Howsomever, when the sea took the Godwin island to itself, it made the best trap for vessels that old Neptune now possesses, and he may consider it as the most productive spot in his dominions. Lord help us! what a deal of gold and merchandise must there be buried below yon yellow patch!"

"Do you never save anything when vessels are run on shore there?"

"When they only tail on, we occasionally get them off again; but when once fixed, there's an end of it. Yes, we save life occasionally, but at great risk of our own. I saved little Bessy from a vessel ashore on these sands."

"Indeed! Pray tell me how it was."

"Why, you see, Tom, it was just at the breaking out of the war. It was in this very month of October, '93, that I was out in a galley with some others, looking for vessels. I had just then left off privateering, and got my warrant as pilot (for you know I did serve my 'prenticeship before I went a-privateering, as I told you the other night). Well, it was a blowing night, and we were running in for the Downs, intending to beach the galley and sleep on shore, for we had been out five days, and only put a pilot on board of one vessel. We were just to windward of the Sands, out there, where I am now pointing; the sea was very rough, but the night was clear, and the moon shone bright, when we saw a brig running down before the wind, under foresail and close-reefed topsails. 'Why, Bill, as she steers she'll be right between the Callipers,' said I to the man sitting by me.

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‘There’s no mistake about that,’ replied he; ‘let’s haul the fore-sheet to windward, and lay to, to hail him; he’s coming right down upon us.’ Well, we did so, and we hailed some time without any answer. At last a man looked over the gunnel, just as she was flying past us, and told us in Dutch to go to the devil. ‘I think you’ll go there if you don’t look sharp,’ replied Bill. ‘Come, my lads, we may as well follow her, and see if we cannot prevent mischief.’ So we bore up after her, and hailed her several times, for we sailed very fast, and there was a scuffling on deck; I think that the captain was drunk. All this passed in less than five minutes; and then, as I knew would be the case, she struck on the sands, and with such force that all her masts went over the side immediately. Now, the sea rolls awfully over the shallow water of those sands, Tom. We had kept with her as far as we dared, and then hove-to about two cables’ lengths to windward of her, when she struck, for the ebb was still running strong under our lee, which only made the sea more cross and heavy. The waves made a clean breach over her, and we knew that she would go to pieces in less than half-an-hour; but we did not like to leave so many to perish without a trial to save them; so we kept away, so as to get abreast of them, and then lowered our sails and got out our oars. We pulled close to them, but it was impossible to board; we should have been stove to pieces and swamped immediately. The moon still shone bright, and we saw them as plain as we could wish, and we made every attempt to save them, for they were all crowded together forward. Once the sea drove the boat so close that we touched her sides, and then a woman pressed before the men, and reached over the gunnel, extending her arms which held the child, while several others attempted to get in; but the return of the wave carried us back so quick from the vessel, that, as they attempted to jump in, they all went to the water, and never appeared again; but I had caught hold of the child, and laid it down in the stern-sheets. We made a second and third attempt, but in vain. At last the vessel broke up, as it were, all at once—there was one loud cry, and all was still, except the roaring and breaking waves which buried them. It wasn’t a scene to make us very lively, Tom; we hoisted the sail and ran on to the beach in silence. I took the child in my arms

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—it had been snatched out of its warm bed, poor thing, and had nothing on but a calico nightgown. I took it up to the cottage, which was then Maddox's (I bought it afterwards of the widow with the money I made a-privateering), and I gave it in charge to Mrs. Maddox. I did intend to have sent it to the workhouse, or something of that sort; but Mrs. Maddox took a fancy to it, and so did I, and so I thought I would take care of it, and I christened it by the name of Betsy Godwin."

"You have no idea who she may be?"

"Not a half one; her cotton gown and cap told nothing; the vessel was Dutch, that's all I know. She may be the child of the Stadtholder or the child of the ship's cook. What's the matter?"

"But did you notice any marks upon her person by which she might be reclaimed?"

"Not I. I only axed Mrs. Maddox whether it were a boy or a girl."

"How old was she then?"

"Well, how can I tell? that's not in my way; but the knowing ones in these matters said that she must be about eighteen months old, so we have taken that for a *departure* as to her age. I love her now as if she were my own child, and so will you, Tom, like a sister, when you know her. She calls me her father, and you may do the same, Tom, if you like, for I will be as good as a father to you, if you are as good a boy as you now seem to be. I like to be called father, somehow or another—it sounds pleasant to my ears. But come in now, I think you have compassed the compass, so you must learn something else.

"There is another way, Tom," said Bramble, as he seated himself in his large chair, "in which a smart 'prentice may be useful to his master, and it is of quite as much importance as the compass, which is in heaving the lead. You see, Tom, the exact soundings being known will often enable a pilot to run over the tail of a bank and save a tide; that is, when he knows that he can trust the man in the chains. Some seamen are very particular in giving exact soundings, but all are not; they care more for the song than they do for anything else, and though the song is very musical, yet

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it won't get a ship off when she's on shore. Now, two-thirds of the seamen who are sent in the chains will not give the soundings within half a fathom, and, moreover, they do not give them quick enough for the pilot in many cases; if, therefore, you learn to heave the lead well, be correct in your soundings and quick in giving them, you will become of great use to me. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes," replied I.

"Well, go up into my room, and hanging on the nail behind the door you will see a lead-line—bring it me down here."

I did so, and then Bramble explained to me how the fathoms were marked on the line, and how the soundings were given out.

"You see," said he, "wherever there is a mark with a piece of leather or bunting, whether it be white or red, it is called a mark; and if you had five fathoms of water, you would cry out by the *mark* five; but at the other depths there are no marks, but so many knots tied as there are fathoms, as here at nine; and then you would say by the *deep* nine. Now run the line through your hand, and see if you can repeat the marks and deeps as they pass."

I did so.

"Very well. Now for the song, for there is a sort of tune to it." Bramble then again passed the line through his hands, giving the song to each fathom, half-fathom, and quarter-fathom, and making me sing them after him, after which I had to repeat them by myself. The next day he took out the marks and knots from the whole line, and giving me a two-foot rule to re-measure it, made me put them all in again. This I had to repeat three or four times. By this plan they were fully impressed on my memory; and as for the song, he made me sing it almost every half-hour for three or four days, Bessy generally repeating, in her clear voice, from the back kitchen or upstairs, "and a quarter seven—by the deep nine."

On the fourth day Bramble said, "Well, Tom, I think both you and Bessy may leave off singing now. You have yet to learn the most important part, which is to *heave* the

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lead; but we must wait till we get on board of a vessel for that. Observe, Tom, it's all very well singing when you've plenty of water, and I like it, for it sounds musical and pleasant to the ear; but in shallow water the pilot's answer must be much shorter and quicker, as you will find out by-and-by."

CHAPTER XXVI

In which I go afloat, and obtain some knowledge of the English Channel.

IT may be as well here to remark that the system of pilotage is different now from what it used to be at the period of which I am writing. The Cinque Port pilots now carry vessels from the Downs to the river, and from the river to the Downs. Their pilotage extends no farther. Vessels seldom require pilots for the Channel, and do not take them unless they are bound to some port in the Channel with which they are unacquainted, and those pilots who ply in the Channel are termed Hoblers; but at the time I refer to, the regular pilots used to go out in their galleys to the chaps of the Channel, and take charge of vessels all the way up, which, by the new regulations, they do not do. The arrangements for pilotage have been much improved of late years, and those employed are better qualified.

I had remained at Deal about three weeks when an outward-bound Indiaman anchored in the Downs; her pilot came on shore, and she made the signal for another. It was Bramble's turn, a galley was launched, and we went on board.

The ship was bound to Plymouth, from whence she was to sail with convoy to a certain latitude. The weather was now fine and frosty, and we made sail when the tide served. As soon as we were fairly out in the Channel, Bramble went with me into the main-chains, and showed me how to heave the lead. After several attempts, in which I sometimes would hit the spare topsail-yard upon which I stood, sometimes would nearly break my own head, and once con-

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trived to throw the lead over the hammock-rails in-board, I succeeded in getting it round over my head; and when I had once gained that point, I made fewer mistakes. In two days we arrived at Plymouth; and as Bramble kept me at it till my arms ached, nearly half the day, I could by that time heave the lead pretty fairly, that is to say, without danger to myself or other people. The day after we arrived at Plymouth we got into a pilot boat and went out in search of employment, which we soon found, and we continued chiefly taking vessels up to Portsmouth and down to Plymouth, or clear of soundings, for some time. During this time my practice at the lead was incessant, and I became very perfect. When I was not at the lead Bramble would make me stand at the binnacle and watch the compass, so that, by the time we arrived at Deal again, I was pretty competent in those two branches of my art, except that, having practised the lead mostly in deep water, I had not acquired accuracy and expedition in giving the soundings. But I learnt a great deal more of my profession; Bramble explaining to me the sails, rigging, and names and uses of the ropes, and the various manœuvres practised, all of which he would catechise me in afterwards, to ascertain if I was perfect, and had remembered what he told me. I was, therefore, under excellent tuition. Whatever port we entered Bramble would point out the landmarks to me, state the distances from point to point, and the dangers to be avoided. These I could not so well retain perfectly, and required occasional reminding, but altogether I gave him satisfaction. It was on New Year's Day, 1800, that we boarded a large homeward-bound Indiaman, which had just struck soundings. She was a thousand-ton ship, with a rich cargo of tea on board, and full of passengers, besides more than one hundred invalids from the regiments out there, who had been sent home under the charge of two officers.

What a difference there appeared to me to be between the Indiaman going out and this one coming home! the first so neat and clean in her decks, and this so crowded and so weatherworn by her long voyage. What with troops in old jackets, which had once been scarlet, Lascars with their curly black hair, and dark handsome features, yellow men,

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sickly women, and half-caste children, with their Hindoo Ayahs, tigers, lions, turtles, cows, sheep, goats, and pigs, on the booms and main deck, the vessel was in a strange motley of confusion.

As soon as we were put on board, the captain, officers, and passengers crowded round to inquire the news. Bramble, according to pilot custom, had brought off one or two late Plymouth papers (one of which, I recollect, gave the account of the cutting out of the *Hermione* by Captain Hamilton); but the people on board were eight months behindhand at least as regarded what had passed. They had not even heard of Sir Sidney Smith's defence of Acre against Bonaparte, or anything else which had subsequently occurred; so that as soon as Bramble had taken charge, and put the ship's head the right course (for the wind was fair), there was no end to question and answer. And while Bramble was questioned by the captain and passengers, I was attacked by the midshipmen, or guinea-pigs, as they are called. Having a fair wind, we ran right for the Downs, where we arrived on the morning of the second day. Here the purser of the ship went on shore with his despatches, and the ship anchored to await orders, by the next post, to go up the river.

"Tom," said Bramble, as the vessel anchored, "I cannot quit the ship, but you may, so just get on shore in one of the boats, and see how little Bessy is, and poor old Mrs. Maddox's leg; and, Tom, take our dirty linen on shore and bring off clean."

I was glad enough to obey his orders, for I was very anxious to see dear little Bessy again; so I dropped into a boat that was going on shore for fresh beef, taking with me two or three little presents for Bessy, out of the many which I had received when on board, for the officers and men were very kind to me, and had given me many things which they did not value, but which I did very much, as they were quite new to me.

The custom officers at Deal were not very particular at that time. I was not searched, and arrived at the cottage, where I found Bessy sitting at her needle. She threw down her work and ran to me, and as I kissed her the tears ran down her cheeks.

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"Where is father, Tom? I'm so glad to see you; but where is father? I've been so frightened, the winter has been so rough."

"He's on board of the Indiaman, but being in charge he cannot come on shore, so he sent me."

"Oh! I'm so glad. You have been away so long, and we have had nothing but gales of wind; and do you know that Williams and Steers are both drowned?"

"No, indeed, we know nothing; but father will be sorry to hear of it, for they were friends of his."

"Well, Tom, it's not fair to leave a little girl like me alone here, for Mrs. Maddox has kept her bed ever since you left. Her leg is better, but she has pains in her limbs, and groans so all night, and here I am left by myself, to hear her groan and the wind roar."

Here Bessy began to cry, and I to console her as well as I could, although I did feel that it was hard that such a child should be left so lonely. The presents I brought her made her wipe away her tears, and she was very soon as lively and joyous as ever.

"I heard father say, Bessy" (I always called Bramble my father, as he had said I might), "that he had picked up something this winter, for he has had none but heavy vessels, and you know pilotage is paid by the draught of water."

"Well, he may have made money, but I'm sure we haven't spent any to matter, for I have hardly been once a week to Mrs. Maddox for money since you have gone. She eats hardly anything, and I can't eat my meals when I'm alone down here. Will father come home after he has been up the river?"

"Yes, Bessy, he said that we should take a spell on shore."

"Tom, don't you think I might go on board and see him for half-an-hour?"

"Yes, I don't see why not; speak to Mrs. Maddox."

Bessy ran upstairs, and came down with the required permission, provided a neighbour's girl would remain in the house, and that she went under my escort. Her bonnet was soon on, and we obtained a passage in one of the Indiaman's boats which was shoving off, for the water was quite smooth, and the ship's boats could lie on the shingle without difficulty. The officer took Bessy under his boat cloak, and we were

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soon on board. Bramble was not on deck at the time, and when I went down to look for him, Bessy remained on the quarter-deck in admiration of all she saw. But Bramble was not below as I supposed—he had gone into the cuddy with the captain; and when he came out, his first knowledge of Bessy's being on board was being embraced by the waist with her little arms.

"Why, Bessy, my child," said Bramble, just as I returned on deck. "This is Master Tom's doing," continued he, kissing her; "so you have come to see your father?"

"Why, you would not come on shore to see me, father," said Bessy, as Bramble took her up and kissed her again.

"Well, Tom, have you brought the clean things?"

"No, I must go on shore again with Bessy, father."

"Very true, so you must."

Bessy was taken much notice of by the captain and all on board. No wonder; her fair skin and clear transparent red and white were in such contrast with the bilious-looking passengers that she appeared as if she was not of the same race. She was much admired, and received many little presents; and when she left the ship, after staying on board an hour, she was much delighted with her trip, and still more so with the promise of Bramble that he would stay ashore for some time as soon as he came back from the river. I remained with her on shore till dusk, and then, having collected the clean linen, as we were expected to sail early the next morning, I returned on board the Indiaman.

CHAPTER XXVII

Showing the importance on board ship of a rope's end well applied.

THE next morning, as we expected, the orders came down for the Indiaman to go round to the river. The wind was fair, but light; we hove up and made sail, stemming the last of the ebb. When the flood made, the wind died away, so that we made but little progress, much to the annoyance of those

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on board, who were naturally impatient to land after so tedious a voyage. Towards the evening it fell calm, and a fog-bank rose on the horizon to the eastward. There were still two hours of daylight, when, as I was sweeping the horizon with my glass, I discovered the three masts of a vessel with no sails set on them. As she was a long way off I went half-way up the main rigging to have a better view of her, and made her out to be a large lugger. I went down to the poop, where Bramble stood smoking a cheroot with some of the officers of the ship. "Father," says I, "there's a large lugger on our beam, with her sails lowered down. I caught her masts with the glass just now."

"Then she's a French privateer, you may depend upon it," replied Bramble, "and she means to try to take us by surprise to-night."

The officers went down and reported it to the captain: the glasses were fixed upon her, and there was little doubt as to what she was.

"Lucky you discovered her, boy, for we might have been surprised, that's a fact," said the captain; "however, now she shall catch a Tartar."

"She's waiting for the fog, captain," said Bramble, "which will come rolling down with the shift of wind in about an hour or two, I expect; and then we must allow her another hour to get alongside of us. Depend upon it she has plenty of men, and intends to try to board us in the fog."

Everybody was now on the *qui vive*; the women were, as usual, frightened; the men passengers looked grave, the Lascars rather unsteady; but we had forty English seamen and a hundred invalid soldiers on board, who could all be depended upon. The guns were loaded and shotted, and the invalid soldiers were mustered; muskets and ammunition handed up; the bayonets fixed, unfixed again; and then they were ordered to remain on the booms with their accoutrements on and their muskets by their sides. The officers still kept their glasses on the lugger, until at last the fog came down and we could see her no more.

The officers who commanded the invalids, after a consultation with the captain, at which Bramble assisted, told off their men into two parties, one of them being appointed to assist the seamen with their bayonets in repelling the

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boarders (should the attempt be made), and the other to fire upon them and into the deck of the vessel when she came alongside. The Lascars were stationed at the guns, in case they might be required; but no great dependence was placed upon their services.

By the time that these arrangements had been made, the fog had reached the Indiaman, and we were at the same time taken aback with the easterly breeze which brought it down to us; being near to the land, we put the ship's head off shore. The wind continued light and the water smooth, but the fog thickened every minute; at last we could hardly see as far as the foremast of the vessel.

"He'll be puzzled to find us, I think," said the captain.

"He'll find us, never fear," replied Bramble. "He has calculated the time of the fog reaching us, and he knows that we must lay our head off-shore—to be sure, we might give him the go-by if we bore up and ran back again to the Downs."

"I think I see myself bearing up and running away from a rascally French privateer," said the captain. "Keep a sharp look-out there forward."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the chief officer.

Half-an-hour more passed, and by our calculation the privateer should have been on board of us, but we could see nothing of her, although the fog had cleared up a little. The soldiers were now ordered to load their muskets. I was on the poop with Bramble, when, happening to turn and look aft (the very opposite direction from which the privateer was to be expected), I saw her three lugsails looming in the mist, just on the quarter, not half a cable's length from us. I jumped down to where the captain was standing, and said to him, "There she is, sir, close on our lee quarter." The captain sprang on the poop, saw the vessel, and ordered the men to come aft in silence. The tramp of the soldiers' feet was scarcely over when the lugger was alongside of us, her masts banging against our main and mizen chains as she rolled with the swell under our lee. The Frenchmen gave a cheer, which told us how very numerous they were: they climbed up the side and into the chains like cats, and in a few seconds all was noise, confusion, and smoke. It was impossible to know what

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the result was to be for about a minute, when the cheers from our own men announced that the assailants had been beaten back. But hardly had the cheering ceased on our side when another cheer was heard from the lugger, and the attempt to gain our decks was repeated. This time the Frenchmen fought more obstinately than before, and it was nearly five minutes before they were repelled. It was not yet dark (although the fog was thick), and you could make out their countenances pretty clear: a more wild, reckless set of fellows I never beheld, and they certainly fought very gallantly, but they were driven back again; and once more were the cheers from the British seamen and soldiers mixed up with the execrations and shouts of the still contending, although retreating, Frenchmen.

Just at this period of the conflict I was standing on the poop by Bramble, who had been watching the result, when he said, "Tom, come with me; do you jump into the main chains with a double part of the topsail halyards fall, and when the lugger's mast strikes against the chains as she rolls into us, pass the fall round it underneath the rigging, and hand the end in to me."

We both leapt off the poop; he gave me the bight of the halyards. I crept out of the port into the chains and passed it round the lugger's mainmast, as he told me, handing in the bight to him, which he belayed slack to the main-sheet kevel. At the time I perceived a man lying wounded or dead in the main chains, but I paid no attention to him until, as I was about to get on board, he attracted my attention by seizing my leg, and making his teeth meet in the small part of it above the ankle. I could not help crying out, I was so taken by surprise with the pain; however, I kicked him off, and turning to look at him, I found it was a wounded Frenchman, who, perceiving what I was about, had paid me that compliment. As soon as I was on board I heard the captain say to Bramble, "Well, pilot, he has had enough of it."

"Yes, and he won't escape, captain, for Tom has got him fast by the masthead, and they dare not climb up to cut themselves adrift. All that you have to do now is to let the soldiers fire on his decks until they run below, and then our men can board and take possession of her."

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The captain, perceiving that the vessel was made fast, gave the necessary orders. The soldiers lined the hammock nettings and chains, and such a shower of musketry was poured into her decks that the Frenchmen were soon driven below, and our seamen then slipped down her rigging, boarded, and took possession of her. The prisoners having been ordered up and passed into the forehold, the wounded men were then looked after. We had eleven wounded, but none killed; the Frenchman had eight killed and seventeen wounded; among others, the captain, who had headed the second attempt to board. She was called the *Pucelle d'Orleans*, of twelve guns and a hundred and twenty-five men.

It was two or three hours before we were again all to rights, and a party sent on board of the prize; and then there was again another kind of confusion, from the congratulations, drinking healths, the women coming up on deck, &c.; however, the weather continued light, so it was of no consequence. That Frenchman bit very hard, and I limped for three or four days afterwards.

"Well, Tom," said Bramble, "I see you've got nerve, so all's right. You had better go and lie down now, for you must be tired; I'll call you in the morning."

Very glad was I to limp to bed. All night I dreamt of nothing but volleys of musketry, and boarding and reboarding, and being wounded in the leg, and then I would awake with the smart of the Frenchman's teeth.

The next morning when I came on deck the captain thanked me for my services, and said that the lugger would have escaped had it not been for me. I replied that it was Bramble who prevented her escape, as I should not have thought of making her fast if I had not been told.

"That's all true enough," replied the captain; "but how many of your age, having been told to do it, would have done it, Tom? I shall not forget you."

I went on the poop to Bramble, who, as usual, had his short pipe in his hand; and I certainly was pleased when I saw what a beautiful craft we had helped to capture. She sat like a swan on the water, and sailed round and round us with the greatest ease.

In the afternoon we anchored at the Nore, and sent

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away all the prisoners to Sheerness. I must not forget to say how very kind and generous the passengers were to me. They made a great many presents, some of value, as I afterwards found out; and I was glad to receive them that I might give them to Virginia and those who had been friendly to me.

The next morning we arrived off Greenwich, and Bramble told me to go on shore and remain with my father and mother until he came down, which he would do in a few days, and pay a visit to his old friend Anderson. I landed with all my contraband articles in the boat, but no one thought of stopping or searching the former "Poor Jack." My insignificance was my protection; and I arrived safely at Fisher's Alley with all my curiosities and prohibited effects. When I entered the house I perceived that there was a third person sitting in company with my mother and Virginia; but Virginia sprang to me, and I threw down my bundles with which I was loaded, and pressed her in my arms. Although I had been absent but four months, she appeared to be very much grown, and in every way improved. As soon as I had released her I offered my hand to my mother, who took it very coldly, and then observed, "Tom, you will be so ungenteel; don't you see there is a gentleman here?"

"I beg his pardon, mother," replied I; "but I could only see my sister just then."

"And I admire your feeling, Tom," replied the party. "Mrs. Saunders, you must not scold him for that. How do you do, Tom, and how do you like your profession?" continued he, holding out his hand.

I took his hand, and looking at him I recognised him. "O sir! you are the gentleman who was sitting in the room when we called upon Sir Hercules and her ladyship."

"I am so, Tom, and I promised Sir Hercules that I would have an eye to you all, and be of any use to you that I could. My name is Wilson, and I'm what the sailors call a shark, that is, I'm a lawyer."

"Well, you don't appear as if you would bite, sir," replied I, as I looked at his venerable and kind face.

"No, no, we never frighten people by our looks. We don't carry our teeth with us; but I have several rows of

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them, all upon shelves in my chambers, called the 'Statutes at Large,' and by other names."

He then entered into conversation with me, and I told him most of what had passed, of course not forgetting that the Indiaman we had brought up the river had captured a privateer. He sat about an hour, and then went away, desiring me to call upon him. I was not sorry when he went, as I wished to show my presents to Virginia, and give her those which she liked best. When Virginia had selected for herself, or rather I had forced upon her all she most admired, I gave a cut ivory card-case, a filigree needle-case, and a small red scarf to my mother, who, for the first time in her life, appeared pleased with me, and said that they were very *genteel*, and she was much obliged to me. The remainder I put away in my room upstairs, intending to keep some for Bessy, and give the others to Mrs. St. Felix, the doctor, and old Nanny.

I then went to the hospital and found out my father, old Anderson, and Ben. I narrated to them much more circumstantially than I did to the old lawyer the particulars of the capture of the privateer. Anderson put a great many inquiries to me, as to my liking my profession, and also concerning little Bessy, whose history I communicated to him. After my father and Ben had left he gave me a great deal of advice, all of which I trust that I treasured up.

"I hear," said he, "that Spicer has been talking a good deal about you, and inquiring very often when you were expected to return. Were you very intimate with that man?"

I replied in the negative, and then narrated the whole history of the spy-glass, the erasure of the name by Mrs. St. Felix, and the recognition of it by Spicer.

"You did right to leave him in his error relative to where you received the glass from," said Peter Anderson; "there is some mystery there which time may unravel, but do not say a word of it to any one, Tom. I am glad that you have told me, as in case you are away, and anything should occur, I shall know how to act."

I must acknowledge that I now walked proudly through the streets of Greenwich. I was no longer Poor Jack, but I was earning my livelihood in my profession. I had reason

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to be still prouder when, two days afterwards, Mr. Wilson came to my mother's with the newspaper in his hand in which there was a long account of the capture of the privateer, and the conduct of Bramble and of me spoken of in the highest terms. This he read aloud to my mother and Virginia. I watched my sister. The tears filled her eyes as she listened, and when Mr. Wilson had done, her arms were round my neck, and her smiles were mixed with her tears, and sometimes she would laugh as she cried. Oh! how I loved her then, for I felt how dearly she loved me; even my mother appeared gratified, although she said nothing, but continued to repair the lace veil upon which she had been employed. That evening I went with Virginia to call upon Mrs. St. Felix, taking with me the presents I had laid aside for her. She welcomed me as usual, and accepted what I brought for her without hesitation and with many thanks.

"Well, Mr. Tom," said she, "I'll just put away all your nice little remembrances, and then I'll tell you that I've heard all about your behaviour in the fight with the privateer, and I've no doubt but that, if you continue to go on as you've begun, you will one day have a leg the less, as your father has before you."

"I hope not," replied I; "two legs are better than one."

"Yes, when you want to run away, that's true. I see now why you're so anxious to save your legs."

"But, Mrs. St. Felix, if it had not been for that good spy-glass you gave me, I never should have discovered the privateer, and we should not have been prepared for her."

"Well, that's fortunate; it didn't prove a glass too much, anyhow, or you'd have seen double. I suppose, then, all these pretty things are my share of the prize-money."

"No, they are no value, except to prove to you that Poor Jack has not forgotten your kindness, and never will."

"That I believe; and believing that, I suppose you have not forgotten old Nanny."

"No; but I have not seen her yet. I intend to go to-morrow; but I have something for the doctor. He is not at home, will you give it to him?"

"Certainly; you know I am as good as a mother to him."

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"I think the doctor would rather you'd be a wife to him."

"That's a foolish idea that's in many people's heads, Tom, which I'll thank you to contradict. I never intend to change my name."

"Don't make too sure," replied I; and I added at a venture (why, I know not, but I had formed the idea in my mind that St. Felix was not her proper name), "you may change it yet for your real name."

"Tom, Tom," cried the widow, "what do you mean?"

"Nothing," replied I, "I was only joking."

"Well then, don't talk such nonsense, or I shall send you out of the shop."

I had, however, it appeared, struck upon a chord which jarred, and all the spirits of Mrs. St. Felix vanished at once. So Virginia and I wished her a good evening, and returned home.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Some little difference in the proceeds of this chapter, and my former "Copper for Poor Jack, your honour."

ON our arrival at my mother's I found a letter from Bramble, stating that he would be at Greenwich in two days, and further informing me that the Honourable Company had been pleased, in consequence of the report made of our good behaviour, to award to him the sum of two hundred pounds, and to me the sum of one hundred pounds, as a remuneration for our assistance in the capture of the privateer.

This was news indeed. One hundred pounds! I never thought that I should possess such a sum in my life. One hundred pounds! what should I do with it? My mother was astonished, and then fell into a very grave mood. Virginia was pleased, but appeared to care less about it than I thought she would have done. My father came in as usual with Ben the Whaler, and I read the letter.

"Why, Tom, that's about as much prize-money as I have

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made in all my sarvice," said my father, "and you've been afloat only four months. Come, missis, send for some beer, and let us drink Tom's health, and success to him. God bless you, my boy! the papers say you deserved it, and that's better than your getting it. I'm proud of you; I am, indeed, my boy; your father's proud of you, Tom"—and here my father showed more emotion than ever I witnessed in him before; however, he put his lips to the porter-pot, and when he had drained it nearly to the bottom, he had quite recovered himself.

"Well, Tom," said Ben, after he had finished the small modicum of beer left him by my father, "and what do you mean to do with all that money?"

"I'm sure I don't know—I have no want of it—I have everything I wish for."

"Come, missis," said my father, "we must have another pot, for I drank deep, and Ben has been shared out." My mother very graciously sent for another pot of porter, which, with the newspaper, occupied Ben and my father till it was time for us to break up and go to bed.

The next morning when I went down I found Virginia alone, my mother having returned to her room.

"Tom," said she, "what do you think my mother said to me when we were going to bed last night?"

"Tell me."

"She said, 'Tom says he don't know what to do with his money. I only wish I had it; I would turn it into three times the sum in three years, and have a better home for you, my dear.'"

"Did she say how?"

"Yes, I asked her how; she said that she should take a new house with a shop up the town, and set up as a milliner, with apprentices; that, as soon as she was fairly employed, she should give up getting up fine linen, and only take in laces to wash and mend, which was a very profitable business."

"Well," says I, "Virginia, my mother is a hard-working woman, and a clever woman, and I dare say she would do very well, and as she says she would have a better home for you, I think I shall let her have the money; but I won't say so yet. I must talk about it to Peter Anderson, and if he don't say no, she shall have it with pleasure."

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"That will be very kind of you, Tom ; and I hope mother will feel it, for you don't owe her much."

"Never mind that ; after breakfast I'll see Peter Anderson ; don't say a word about it till I come back."

At breakfast-time my mother still appeared to be very thoughtful : the fact was, that the idea of what advantage the money would be had taken possession of her mind ; and perhaps she thought that there was no chance of obtaining it. Perhaps she felt that, had she treated me better, she would have had it without difficulty—it was impossible to say exactly.

After breakfast I walked with Virginia to her school, and then set off to Anderson, to whom I immediately imparted what had taken place. His answer was decided—

"I think, Jack, you can't do better ; but at the same time, let us go to your father and hear his opinion."

My father coincided with Anderson and me ; and he added, "I tell you what, your mother is not perfect exactly—though I say it, as shouldn't say it—but still she does work hard, and she will work hard ; she has paid my little girl's schooling out of her own earnings, and, moreover, she has found me one pot of porter at least every night, which has made me very comfortable. Now, I've still a matter of forty pounds in the lieutenant's hands ; I'll add it to Tom's hundred pounds, and then she will have a fair start. What d'ye think, Peter ?"

"I think you are both right ; and, Tom, you are doing your duty."

I knew what Anderson meant. I thanked him for his advice, and my father and I went to my mother's house. I requested my father to stand spokesman, which he did, ending by telling my mother that my hundred pounds and his forty pounds were very much at her service, and good luck to her. Virginia's eyes glistened as she took me by the hand. My mother replied, "Very well, if we pleased, she would do her best for us all."

The answer was hardly gracious, but I watched her countenance, and saw she was moved. Her thin lips quivered as she turned away and went upstairs, which she did immediately after her reply. In about half-an-hour, during which I was laughing with Virginia, my mother came downstairs in her shawl and bonnet.

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"Tom," said she, in a kind manner, "will you walk with Virginia to school this afternoon, as I am going to have some conversation with Mr. Wilson?"

The alteration in her tone of voice to me was immediately perceived by Virginia.

"You are a dear good Tom," said she, kissing me, as soon as my mother had left the house.

As soon as I had left Virginia at school I went to call upon old Nanny, whom I found quite brisk and lively, sorting old keys and rusty hinges.

"Well, Jack," said she, "so you are come at last! I thought you would have been here yesterday, but nobody cares about an old woman like me. I heard all about you, and how you took the privateer, and how the Company have given you a hundred pounds; and when I heard that, I said, 'Now Jack (Poor Jack that was, who came begging to old Nanny to lend him money) will not come to see me, he'll be too proud. Besides, I said, his family is getting up in the world; there's a baronet and his lady who have taken them under their protection, and there's lawyer Wilson calls at the house. Oh dear me! it's the way of us all.'"

"And so you said all that to yourself, did you?" replied I.

"Yes, and a great deal more too."

"Then, mother, you did me injustice. I could not well come before; I had to see my father and mother and my sister, and I had business to transact."

"Mercy on us! business to transact! Poor Jack had business to transact! Here's a change from the time that his whole business was to touch his hat for coppers, and dip his head in the mud for a penny."

"Nevertheless, what I say is true, and you are very unjust to accuse me as you have done. I have always thought of you, and have now with me several things that I have collected for you."

"Yes, you promised me. Jack, you do keep your promises; I will say that for you. Well, what have you got?"

I opened my handkerchief, and pulled out several little articles, such as fine worked baskets, shells, &c., and among the rest, a pound of tea in a leaden canister.

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"There, mother, I have brought you them as a present, and I hope you will take them."

Old Nanny turned them over one by one rather contemptuously, as I thought, until she came to the tea. "That may do," said she. "Why, Jack, those are all very pretty things, but they are too pretty for my shop. Why didn't you bring me some empty gingerbeer bottles? I could have sold them this very morning."

"Why, mother, I really did not like to ask for such things."

"No, there it is; you've grown so fine all of a sudden. These are no use, for nobody will come to my shop to buy them."

"I thought you would like to keep them yourself, mother."

"Keep them? Oh, they are keepsakes, are they? Look you, Jack, if they are to be kept you had better take them away at once, and give them to the young girls. Girls like keepsakes, old women like money."

"Well, mother, sell them if you please; they are your own."

"Sell them? let me see—yes, I think I know where there is a sort of curiosity-shop, in Church Street; but it's a long way to walk, Jack, and that—let me see," continued she, counting the different articles, "one, two, three—seven times, Jack."

"But why not take them all at once."

"All at once, you stupid boy! I should get no more for two than for one. No, no; one at a time, and I may make a few shillings. Well, Jack, it's very kind of you after all, so don't mind my being a little cross; it was not on account of the things, but because you did not come to see me, and I've been looking out for you."

"If I had thought that, I would have come sooner, mother, although it would not have been convenient."

"I believe you, Jack, I believe you; but you young people can't feel as an old woman like I do. There is but one thing I love in the world, Jack, now, and that's you; and when I get weary of waiting for that one thing, and it don't come, Jack, it does make a poor old woman like me a little cross for the time."

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I was touched with this last speech of old Nanny's, who had never shown me any such a decided mark of kindness before. "Mother," said I, "depend upon it, whenever I return to Greenwich, you shall be the first person that I come to see after I have been to my mother's."

"That's kind, Jack, and you keep your promise always. Now sit down; you don't want to go away already, do you?"

"No, mother; I came to spend the whole morning with you."

"Well, then, sit down—take care, Jack, you'll knock down that bottle. Now tell me, what do you intend to do with your hundred pounds?"

"I have settled that already, mother. I have given it away."

"Already! Why, the boy has one hundred pounds given him on the morning, and he gives it away before night. Mercy on us! who would ever think of leaving you any money?"

"No one, mother; and I never expect any except what I earn."

"Why, Jack, do you know how much one hundred pounds is?"

"I think so."

"Now, Jack, tell me the truth, who did you give it to, your father, or your little sister, or who? for I can't understand how a person could give away one hundred pounds in any way or to anybody."

"Well, then, I gave it to my mother."

"Your mother! your mother, who has hated you, wished you dead, half-starved you! Jack, is that possible?"

"My mother has not been fond of me, but she has worked hard for my sister. This hundred pounds will enable her to do much better than she does now, and it's of no use to me. Mother may love me yet, Nanny."

"She ought to," replied old Nanny gravely; and then she covered her face up with her hands. "Oh, what a difference!" ejaculated she at last.

"Difference, mother, difference? in what?"

"Oh, Jack, between you and—somebody else. Don't talk about it any more, Jack," said Nanny, casting her eyes

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down to the presents I had brought her. "I recollect the time," continued she, evidently talking to herself, "that I had plenty of presents; ay, and when it was thought a great favour if I would accept them. That was when I was young and beautiful; yes, people would laugh if they heard me,—young and very beautiful, or men's smiles and women's hate were thrown away—

" 'Why so pale and wan, fond lover;
Prithee, why so pale?'

Yes, yes, by-gones are by-gones."

I was much surprised to hear old Nanny attempt to sing, and could hardly help laughing; but I restrained myself. She didn't speak again, but continued bent over one of the baskets, as if thinking about former days. I broke the silence by saying—

"What part of the country did you live in when you were young, mother?"

"In the north part. But never ask questions."

"Yes, but, mother, I wish to ask questions. I wish you to tell me your whole history. I will not tell it again to any one, I promise you."

"But why should you wish to know the history of a poor old thing like me?"

"Because, mother, I am sure you must have seen better days."

"And if I have, Jack, is it kind to ask me to bring up to memory the days when I was fair and rich, when the world smiled upon me, and I was fool enough to think that it would always smile? is it kind to recall what was to an old, miserable, deserted wretch like me, struggling to keep out of the workhouse? Look at me now, Jack, and see what I now am; is it not cruel to bring to my mind what I once was? Go to, Jack, you're a selfish boy, and I don't love you."

"Indeed, mother, if I thought it would have given you pain, I never would have asked you; but you cannot wonder at me. Recollect that you have ever been my best friend; you trusted me when nobody else would; and can you be surprised at my feeling an interest about you? Why, mother, I don't even know your name."

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"Well, Jack, you have put things in a better light. I do believe that you care for me, and who else does? But, Jack, my name you never shall know, even if I am to tell you all the rest."

"Were you ever married, mother?"

"Yes, child, I was married. Now, what's the next question?" continued she impatiently.

"Had you any children?"

"Yes, boy, I had one—one that was a source of misery and shame to his doting mother." Old Nanny pressed her eyeballs with her knuckles as if in agony.

"I won't ask you any more questions," said I mournfully.

"Not now, Jack, that's a good boy; some other day, perhaps, I'll tell you all. There's a lesson in every life, and a warning in too many. You'll come again, Jack—yes, I know you'll come to hear my story, so I shall see you once more before you leave; go now." Old Nanny rose and went indoors, taking her stool in her hand, and leaving the presents where they lay, outside—a proof that she was in great agitation. I put them inside the threshold, and then went homewards.

I could not help remarking, as I walked home, that old Nanny's language and manner appeared very superior when she broke out in these reminiscences of the past, and I felt more interest in her than I ever had before. On my return I found Bramble, who had come down sooner than he was expected, sitting in the parlour with Peter Anderson and my father, all smoking, with porter on the table.

"Well, Tom," said Bramble, "here I am two days before my time, but that's better than being two days after it, and what's more, I've got the money, both yours and mine. They told me I should not get it for three months at least; but I sent up my name to the Board, and explained to them that a pilot could not wait like a purser while they were passing accounts, so the gentleman laughed, and gave me an order for it; and I've got all my pilotage too, so I'm a rich man just now. Come, I'll give you yours at once, and I hope it may not be the last hundred pounds that you'll pick up."

Bramble pulled his leathern case out of his pilot jacket, and counted out ten ten-pound notes. "There, Jack, you ought to give me a receipt, for I signed for you at the India House."

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"Oh, you've plenty of witnesses," replied I, as I collected the notes, and giving them to Virginia, told her to take them to my mother, who was upstairs in her room.

"To tell you the truth, Jack, this two hundred pounds, which I earned so easily, has just come in the right time, and with it and my pilotage I shall now be able to do what I have long wished."

"And what's that?" inquired I. "Something for Bessy, I suppose."

"Exactly, Tom, it is something for Bessy; that is, it will be by-and-by. I've a good matter of money, which I've laid by year after year, and worked hard for it too, and I never have known what to do with it. I can't understand the Funds and those sort of things, so I have kept some here and some there. Now, you know the grass land at the back of the cottage: it forms part of a tidy little farm, which is rented for seventy pounds a year by a good man, and it has been for sale these three years; but I never could manage the price till now. When we go back to Deal I shall try if I can buy that farm; for you see, money may slip through a man's fingers in many ways, but land can't run away; and, as you say, it will be Bessy's one of these days—and more too, if I can scrape it up."

"You are right, Bramble," said Peter Anderson, "and I am glad to hear that you can afford to buy the land."

"Why, there's money to be picked up by pilotage if you work hard, and aren't afraid of heavy ships," replied Bramble.

"Well, I never had a piece of land, and never shall have, I suppose," said my father. "I wonder how a man must feel who can stand on a piece of ground and say, 'This is my own!'"

"Who knows, father? it's not impossible but you may."

"Impossible! No, nothing's impossible, as they say on board of a man-of-war. It's not impossible to get an apology out of a midshipman, but it's the next thing to it."

"Why do they say that, father?"

"Because midshipmen are so saucy—why, I don't know. They haven't no rank as officers, nor so much pay as a petty officer, and yet they give themselves more airs than a lieutenant."

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"I'll tell you why," replied Anderson. "A lieutenant takes care what he is about. He is an officer, and has something to lose; but a midshipman has nothing to lose, and therefore he cares about nothing. You can't break a midshipman, as the saying is, unless you break his neck. And they have necks which aren't easily broken, that's sartain."

"They do seem to me to have more lives than a cat," observed my father, who after a pause continued, "Well, I was saying how hard it was to get an apology out of a midshipman. I'll just tell you what took place on board of one ship I served in. There was a young midshipman on board who was mighty free with his tongue; he didn't care what he said to anybody, from the captain downward. He'd have his joke, come what would, and he'd set everybody a-laughing; punish him as much as you please, it was all the same. One day, when we were off Halifax Harbour, the master, who was a good-tempered fellow enough, but not over bright, was angry with this young chap for something that he had not done, and called him a 'confounded young bear,' upon which the youngster runs to the jacob-ladder of the main-rigging, climbs up, and as soon as he had gained the main rattlings he cries out, 'Well, if I'm a bear, you aren't fit to carry guts to a bear.' 'What, sir?' cried the master. 'Mutiny, by heavens! Up to the masthead, sir, directly.' 'Don't you see that I was going of my own accord?' replied the midshipman; for, you see, he knew that he would be sent there, so he went up the rigging on purpose. Well, this was rather a serious affair, and so the master reports it to the first lieutenant, who reports it to the captain, who sends for the youngster on the quarter-deck, at the time that the ship's company were at quarters. 'Mr. ——' (I forget his name), said the captain (drawing himself up to his full height, and perhaps an inch or two above it, as they say), 'you have been guilty of disrespect to your superior officer, in telling him that he was not fit to carry guts to a bear' (the captain could hardly help laughing). 'Now, sir,' continued he, recovering himself, 'I give you your choice: either you will make an apology to Mr. Owen on this quarter-deck, or you must quit my ship immediately.' 'Sir,' replied the midshipman, 'I don't think it quite fair that the master should first punish me himself and then

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complain to you afterwards. He has taken the law into his own hands already by mastheading me for eight hours, and now he makes a complaint to you; but I am always ready to do as you wish, and, to please you, I will make an apology.' 'There is some truth in your observation,' replied the captain, 'and I have pointed the same out to the master; but still, this is a breach of discipline which cannot be passed over, and requires a public retraction before the whole ship's company. I therefore insist upon your retracting what you have said.' 'Certainly, sir,' replied the youngster. 'Mr. Owen,' continued he, turning to the master, 'I said that you were *not* fit to carry guts to a bear. I was in the wrong, and I retract with pleasure, for I am perfectly satisfied that you *are* fit to carry them.' 'Sir!' cried the captain. 'O Captain G——!' interrupted the master, who did not take the joke, 'I'm perfectly satisfied. The young gentleman sees his error, and has retracted; I ask no more.' 'If you are satisfied, sir,' replied the captain, biting his lips, 'of course I have nothing more to say. Youngster, you may go to your duty, and recollect that you never again use such expressions to your superior officer,' and, said he in a low tone, 'I may add, never venture in my presence to make such an apology as that again.'"

I never saw old Anderson laugh so much as he did at this story of my father's. They continued to talk and smoke their pipes till about nine o'clock, when my father and he went to the hospital, and Bramble took possession of a bed which had been prepared for him in my mother's house.

CHAPTER XXIX

In which I learn the history of old Nanny.

THE next day, as soon as I had finished a letter to Bessy, in which I gave her a detail of what had passed, I went to old Nanny's to persuade her, if possible, to tell me her history. She was not at home, the door of her house was locked, and the shutters of the shop fastened. I was about

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to return to Fisher's Alley, when I perceived her hobbling down the street. I thought it better to make it appear as if I met her by accident; so I crossed over the way and walked towards her. "Well, mother," said I, "are you out so early?"

"Ah, Jack, is it you? Yes, it is through you that I have had to take so long a walk."

"Through me?"

"Yes, those presents you brought me. I'm almost dead. Why do you bring such things? But I did not do badly, that's the truth."

I knew from this admission that old Nanny had sold them for more than she expected; indeed, she proved it by saying, as she arrived at her house, "Well, Jack, it's very troublesome to have to walk so far; but as you cannot get me bottles or those kind of things, you must bring me what you can, and I must make the best of them. I don't mind trouble for your sake, Jack. Now take the key, unlock the door, and then take down the shutters; and mind how you walk about, Jack, or you'll break half the things in my shop." I did as she requested, and then we sat down together at the door as usual.

"I think I shall go away to-morrow, or early the next morning, mother," said I, "for Bramble is here, and he never stays long from his work."

"That's all right, he sets a good example; and, Jack, if you do go, see if you can't beg a few more shells for me: I like shells."

"Yes, mother, I will not forget; but, as this is the last day I shall see you for some time, will you not keep your promise to me, and tell me your history?"

"Jack, Jack, you are the most persevering creature I ever did see. I'm sure I shall be worried out of my life until I tell you, and so I may as well tell you at once, and there'll be an end of it; but I wish you had not asked me, Jack, I do indeed. I thought of it last night when I was in bed, and at one time I made up my mind that I would not tell you, and then I thought again that I would; for, Jack, as I said yesterday, there's a lesson in every life, and a warning in too many, and maybe mine will prove a warning to you, so far as to make you prevent a mother from being so foolish as I have been."

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"Now, Jack, listen to me : mine is an old story, but in most cases the consequences have not been so fatal. I shall not tell you my name ; it was once a fair one, but now tarnished. I was the only daughter of a merchant and shipowner, a rich man, and the first person in consequence in the seaport town where I was born and brought up. I never knew my mother, who died a year after I was born. I was brought up as most girls are who have no mother or brothers ; in short, I was much indulged by my father and flattered by other people. I was well educated, as you may suppose ; and, moreover, what you may not credit quite so easily, I was very handsome. In short, I was a beauty and a fortune, at the head of the society of the place, caressed, indulged, and flattered by all. This, if it did not spoil me, at least made me wilful. I had many offers, and many intended offers, which I nipped in the bud, and I was twenty-three before I saw any one who pleased me. At last a vessel came in consigned to the house, and the captain was invited to dinner. He was a handsome, careless young man, constantly talking about the qualities of his ship, and, to my surprise, paying me little or none of that attention which I now considered as my due. This piqued me, and in the end I set my affections on him ; either he did not or would not perceive it, and he sailed without showing me any preference. In six months he returned, and whether it was that he was told of by others, or at last perceived, my feelings towards him, he joined the crowd of suitors, made a proposal in his offhand manner, as if he was indifferent as to my reply, and was accepted. My father, to whom he communicated the intelligence as carelessly as if he were talking about freight, did not approve of the match. 'Very well,' replied he, 'I shall say no more ; as long as a man has a ship he does not want a wife.' He returned and stated what had passed, and my father also spoke to me. I was self-willed and determined, and my father yielded. We were married, and I certainly had no reason to complain of my husband, who was very kind to me. But I was jealous of—what do you think ? Of his ship ! For he cared more for it than he did for me ; and three months after our marriage, notwithstanding all my tears and entreaties, and the expostulations of my father, he would sail again. He offered to take me

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with him, and I would gladly have gone, but my father would not listen to it. He sailed, and I never saw him again; his vessel, with all hands, foundered, with many others, in a heavy gale. The news did not arrive until many months afterwards, and I had not been a mother more than six weeks when I found that I was a widow. I have passed all this over quickly, Jack, because it is of less moment—my trials had not commenced.

“The loss of my husband, as may be supposed, only endeared my child the more to me, and I wept over him as he smiled upon me in his cradle. My father had reverses in his business, but those I cared little for. He did, however: he had been the richest man in the town, he was now comparatively poor; his pride was crushed, it broke his heart, and he died; the whole of his assets at the winding up of his affairs not exceeding ten thousand pounds. This was, however, quite enough, and more than enough, for me. I thought but of one object—it was my darling boy; he represented to me all I had lost; in him I saw my husband, father, and everything. I lived but for him. He was my idolatry, Jack. I worshipped the creature instead of the Creator.

“As he grew up I indulged him in everything; he never was checked; I worried myself day and night to please him, and yet he never was pleased. He was so spoilt that he did not know what he wanted. He was a misery to himself and all about him, except to me, who was so blinded by my love. As he advanced to manhood his temper showed itself to be violent and uncontrollable; he was the terror of others, and prudent people would shake their heads and prophesy. He would not submit to any profession; the only wish that he had was to go to sea, and that was my terror. I implored him on my knees not to think of it, but in vain; at first he used to threaten when he wanted money for his extravagancies, and it was a sure way to obtain it; but one day I discovered that he had quitted the port without saying farewell, and that he had sailed in a vessel bound to the coast of Africa. A short letter and a heavy bill was received from Portsmouth, and I did not hear of him for two years. I was heartbroken, but not weaned from him; I counted the days for his return. At last he came—browned by the

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climate, full of oaths, savage in his bearing, and occasionally referring to scenes which made me shudder ; but he was my son, my only son, and I loved him as much as ever. He was now but seldom at home, for he lived almost at the gaming-tables ; if he came to me, it was to extort money, and he never failed. I sold out my property to support his extravagance, and by degrees it was rapidly diminishing. I begged him, I entreated him, to be more prudent, but he laughed, and promised to return me all the first lucky hit he should make ; but that lucky hit never came, and at last I had but two thousand pounds left. This I positively refused to part with : the interest of it was barely sufficient for my wants ; I asked no more, but I expostulated and I reasoned with him in vain. He only begged me for five hundred pounds ; if I sold the money out, he would tell me where I might have as good interest for the fifteen hundred pounds as I now received for the two thousand pounds. He begged and entreated me, he kissed, and he even wept. I could not withstand his importunities : I sold out the money, and gave him the sum he wanted ; the fifteen hundred pounds I put by in my desk to invest as he had pointed out. That very night he forced the lock, took out the money, and left me without a sixpence in the world."

"What a villain !" exclaimed I.

"Yes, you may say so, Jack ; but who made him such a villain but his foolish, doting mother ? Had I done him justice, had I checked him when young, had I brought him up as I ought to have done, he might now have been a happiness and a blessing to his mother. I was the person to blame, not he ; and many years of anguish have I lamented my folly and my wretchedness."

"You loved him too much, mother, but it was a fault on the right side."

"No, Jack, that is an error of yours ; it was a fault on the wrong side. There is no credit to a mother in loving her children, for she cannot help it. It is a natural instinct implanted in the mother's heart by the Almighty, and in following this instinct we do no more than the beasts of the field. The duty of a mother is to check that feeling as far as it interferes with the happiness and well-doing of her

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children, and it is her duty to do so, and to punish herself in correcting her children. Jack, it is a selfish feeling which induces mothers to spoil their children."

"At all events my mother has never spoilt me," replied I.

"No, Jack, she has not; but observe the consequence. You said just now that excessive tenderness was a fault on the right side; now, how completely have you proved the contrary! I do not intend to defend your mother's conduct towards you; she has been unkind to you in your childhood, and has never shown the affection that a mother ought; but is not her fault a fault on the right side? Jack, you recollect my saying 'what a difference,' when you told me what you had done for your mother; I then referred to my son and to you. I indulged him in everything, sacrificed everything, and he robbed me and left me a beggar. Your mother has been severe upon you, and yet the first time you have the means of showing your duty you give her all the money you have in the world. Your mother may not be right, Jack, but I was dreadfully wrong, and the result has proved it."

"Well, mother, go on, pray."

"My story is now soon told. I struggled on how I could for more than two years by selling my furniture and a few ornaments, then the blow came. When I heard it I would not remain in the town; I left for London, picked up my living how I could and where I could, till at last I came down here. Time was as a dream; reflection was too painful. I felt that it was all my fault, all my own doing. My heart became hardened, and continued so till I loved you, Jack; and now I have better feelings, at least I think so."

"But, mother, what was the blow? Is he dead?"

"Yes, Jack, dead—dead on the gibbet. He was hanged for piracy at Port Royal, Jamaica. Jack," said Nanny, seizing my hand, and pressing it in her long fingers, "this is a secret; recollect, a secret deep as the grave; promise me, as you hope for heaven!"

"I do, mother, as I hope for heaven."

"Now, Jack, leave me. Good-bye. You will come and see me when you return, and never bring this subject up again. Bless you, my child! bless you!"

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I left poor old Nanny with her face buried in her apron; and it was in a very melancholy mood that I returned home: I could not help thinking of the picture in the spelling-book, where the young man at the gallows is biting off the ear of his mother, who, by her indulgence, had brought him to that disgrace.

CHAPTER XXX

Strong symptoms of mutiny, which is fortunately quelled by granting a supply.

IT was a beautiful sunshiny warm morning when I arose, and, as Bramble intended that we should leave Greenwich the next day, I thought I might as well call at the house of Dr. Tadpole, and try if I could see him before I went. When I arrived there he was not at home, but my namesake Tom was, as usual, in the shop. Tom was two or three years older than me, being between seventeen and eighteen, and he had now grown a great tall fellow. We always were very good friends, when we occasionally met, and he generally appeared to be as good tempered and grinning as ever; but when I now entered the shop I found him very grave and dejected, so much so that I could not help asking him what was the matter.

"Matter enough, I think," said Tom, who was pounding something in the mortar. "I'll not stay here, that's flat. I'll break my indentures, as sure as my name's Tom Cob, and I'll set up an opposition, and I'll join the Friends of the People Society, and the Anti-Bible Society, and every other opposition Anti in the country."

"Why, what has happened, Tom?"

"I'll make speeches against Church and against State, and against the Aristocracy, and Habeas Corpus, and against Physic, and against Standing Armies, and Magna Charta, and every other rascally tyranny and oppression to which we are subjected, that I will!" Here Tom gave such a thump with the pestle, that I thought he would have split the mortar.

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"But what is it, Tom?" inquired I, as I sat down.
"What has the doctor done?"

"Why, I'll tell you, the liquorice is all gone, and he won't order any more."

"Well, that is because you have eaten it all."

"No, I haven't; I haven't eaten a bit for these five weeks: it's all been used in pharmacopey, honestly used, and he can't deny it."

"Who used it?"

"Why, I did: he said he wouldn't stand my eating liquorice, and I told him that I shouldn't eat any more. No more I have, but I ain't well, and I prescribes for myself. Haven't I a right to do that? Mayn't I physic myself? I am a doctor as well as he is. Who makes up all the medicine, I should like to know? who ties up the bottles and writes directions? Well, my insides are out of order, and I prescribes for myself—black draughts 'omnes duas horas sumendum;' and now he says that, as the ingredients are all gone, I shan't take any more."

"And pray what were the ingredients, Tom?"

"Why, laxative and alterative, as suits my complaint—*Extract. liquor.—aqua pura—haustus.*"

"And what is that?"

"*Liquorice and water*, to be sure; there's nothing else I can take: I've tasted everything in the shop, from plate powder to aqua fortis, and everything goes against my stomach."

"Well, Tom, it's a hard case; but perhaps the doctor will think better of it."

"He'd better, or I'll set up for myself, for I won't stand it any longer; it ain't only for myself but for others that I care. Why, I've a hankering for Anny Whistle (you know her, don't you?), a pretty little girl with red lips—lives in Church Street. Well, as long as I could bring her a bit of liquorice when I went to see her, all was smooth enough, and I got many a kiss when no one was nigh; but now that I can't fork out a bit as big as a marble, she's getting quite shy of me, and is always walking with Bill, the butcher's boy. I know he gives her bulls'-eyes—I seed him one day buying a ha'porth. Now, ain't that hard?"

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"Why, certainly, the affair becomes serious; but still, how you are to set up for yourself I don't know. You are not qualified."

"Oh! ain't I? Just as much as most doctors are. There must be a beginning, and if I gives wrong medicine at first, then I'll try another, and so on, until I come to what will cure them. Soon learn, Tom."

"Well, but how will you do about surgery?"

"Surgery? Oh, I'll do very well; don't know much about it just now—soon learn."

"Why, would you venture to take off a man's leg, Tom? Do you know how to take up the arteries?"

"Would I take off a man's leg? To be sure I would, as quick as the doctor could. As for the arteries, why, I might puzzle a little about them; but by the time I had taken off three or four legs I should know something about them. Practice makes perfect—soon learn, Tom."

"But all your first patients would die."

"I don't know that. At all events I should do my best, and no man can do more, and if they did die, why, it would be by the visitation of God, wouldn't it?"

"Not altogether, I'm afraid. It won't do, Tom."

"It has done from the beginning of the world, and will do. I say there's no learning without practice. People spoil at first in every trade, and make afterwards, and a man ain't born a doctor any more than he is a carpenter."

"No, but if I recollect right, to be a surgeon you ought to walk the hospital, as they term it."

"Well, and haven't I for these last four years? When I carries out my basket of physic I walks the *hospital* right through, twice at least every day in the week."

"That's Greenwich Hospital."

"Well, so it is, and plenty of surgical cases in it. However, the doctor and I must come to a proper understanding. I didn't clean his boots this morning. I wish, if you see him, Tom, you'd reason with him a little."

"I'll see what I can do, but don't be rash. Good-bye, Tom; mind you tell the doctor that I called."

"Well, I will; but that's not in my indentures."

I called in at the widow's after I left the doctor's shop,

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and communicated the intended rebellion on the part of Tom.

"Well," said Mrs. St. Felix, "I shall not forget to make the Spanish claim, and prevent Tom from walking Spanish. The doctor is very inconsiderate; he forgets that Tom's regard for liquorice is quite as strong as his own liking for a cigar. Now, if the doctor don't promise me to have a fresh supply for Tom, I won't let him have a cigar for himself."

The doctor was compelled to surrender at discretion. The next waggon brought down one hundredweight of liquorice, and Tom recovered his health and the smiles of Anny Whistle.

When I left the widow's I proceeded to the hospital to find Anderson and my father. As I walked along I perceived Dick Harness on a bench, who hailed me.

"Well, Tom, I haven't seen anything of you for I don't know how long, since you've taken to a seafaring life. This is a beautiful day, is it not? It makes one feel so happy and cheerful such a day as this. Everybody and everything looks gay; the birds seem so merry, and the little clouds seem to scud away as if their hearts were as light as themselves. Come, sit down a minute; here's a song for you you've never heard, one I don't often sing, because they say it's all about myself."

"Well, then, I should like to hear that."

"Here goes, then.

" Sam Swipes, he was a seaman true,
As brave and bold a tar
As e'er was dressed in navy blue
On board a man-of-war.

One fault he had—on sea or land,
He was a thirsty dog;
For Sammy never could withstand
A glass or so of grog.

He always liked to be at sea,
For e'en on shore, the rover,
If not as drunk as he could be,
Was always 'half seas over.'

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The gunner, who was apt to scoff,
With jokes most aptly timed,
Said Sam might any day go off,
'Cause he was always 'primed.'

Sam didn't want a feeling heart,
Though never seen to cry ;
Yet tears were always on the start,
'The drop was in his eye.'

At fighting Sam was never shy,
A most undoubted merit ;
His courage never failed, and why ?
He was so full of 'spirit.'

In action he had lost an eye,
But that gave him no trouble ;
Quoth Sam, I have no cause to sigh,
I'm always 'seeing double.'

A shot from an unlucky gun
Put Sam on timber pegs ;
It didn't signify to one
Who ne'er could 'keep his legs.'

One night he filled a pail with grog,
Determined he would suck it ;
He drained it dry, the thirsty dog !
Hiccured, and 'kicked the bucket.'"

"There's Bill's fiddle, Dick," said I, getting up ; "I thought you would bring him out."

"Yes, I was sure of that. I'll sing another verse or two, and then be off to the park, and leave him in the lurch."

"I can't wait any more, Dick ; I must go to my father," said I.

"Well, off with you, then, and I'm off too. Sing tura la, tura la, tura la. Bill's coming down. How savage the nigger will be !"

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CHAPTER XXXI

In which my father proves he can give good advice as well as Peter Anderson.

I FOUND my father under the colonnade, and inquired of him if Anderson was there.

"No, he's not," replied my father; "he has been sent for by the officers; so stop, Tom—that is, if you can spare a minute for your own father."

"Of course I can," replied I, taking my seat by him.

"Why, you see, boy," said my father, "I have but very little of your company, and I feel it, Tom, I do indeed. I'm not jealous, and I know that Peter Anderson has done more for you than ever I could, for I've no larning to signify; but still, Tom, I am your father, and I don't think Peter, although he may be proud of your turning out so well, can feel exactly for you what a father does. I'm proud enough of you, Heaven knows, and it does hurt me a little when I find that, whenever you come here, it is for Peter Anderson, and it makes me wish sometimes that I had been Peter Anderson instead of your father."

"Indeed, father," replied I, "I hope you don't think that I like Anderson better than I do you; but you recollect that I have been accustomed all my life to take his advice."

"I know it, boy, I know it. I was serving my country and doing my duty on board of a King's ship, and you were left here, and therefore lucky it was that you fell in with old Peter; but, Tom, I could not be in two places at the same time, and if I did not do my duty as a father towards you, at all events I was doing my duty to my country."

"To be sure you were, and it was of more importance than looking after a brat like me," replied I soothingly, for I really never had the idea that my father could have showed so much feeling.

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"Why, Tom, I can't say that I thought so, for the fact is, I didn't think about it; indeed, I thought about nothing. Sailors afloat have little time to think: they can't think when it's their watch on deck, for they are too busy; nor at their watch below, for they're too tired; nor at meal-times, for they must look after their share of the victuals; indeed, there is not any time to think on board ship, and that's a fact. But, Tom, since I've been laid up here I have thought a good deal; all is calm and quiet, and one day passes just like the other, and no fear of interruption when one don't wish it,—and I have thought a good deal. At first I thought it a hard case to be shoved on the shelf at my age, but I don't think so now,—I'm quite satisfied."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, father."

"Yes, Tom. And then, you see, when I was afloat, I didn't think any good of your mother, and I was glad to keep out of her way; and then I didn't care about my children, for I didn't know them; but now I've other thoughts, Tom. I don't think your mother so bad, after all; to be sure, she looks down upon me 'cause I'm not genteel; but I suppose I aren't, and she has been used to the company of gentlefolks; besides, she works hard, and now that I don't annoy her by getting tipsy, as I used to do, at all events she's civil; and then I never knew what it was to have children until I came here, and found Virginia and you; and I'm proud of you both, and love you both better than anything on earth; and, although I may not be so well brought up or so well taught as you both are, still, Tom, I'm your father, and all I can say is, I wish for your sakes I was better than I am."

"Don't say so, father: you know that Virginia and I are both as fond of you as you are of us."

"Well, mayhap you are; I don't say no: you are both good children, and at all events would try to like me; but still I do feel that you can't look up to me exactly; but that's my misfortune, Tom, more than my fault. I haven't larning like Anderson, or gentility like your mother: I've only a true heart to offer to you. You see, Tom, I've said all this because you are always after Anderson; not but that I like Anderson, for he's a good man, and has been

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of sarvice to me, and I don't think he would ever say anything to you that would make you think less of me."

"No, indeed, father; on the contrary, I once asked him his opinion about you, and he spoke most highly of you; and whenever I go to him for advice, he always sends me to you to approve of what he has said."

"Well, he is a good man, and I'm very sorry to have any feeling of envy in me, that's the truth; but still a father must have a father's feelings. Don't let us say anything more about it, Tom; only try next time, when you want advice, whether I can't give it. You can always go to Peter afterwards, and see whether I'm right or wrong."

"I will indeed, my dear father, now I know that you wish it."

I never felt so warm towards my father as after this conversation; there was so much affection towards me, and yet so much humility shown by him, as respected himself, that I was quite touched with it, and I began to think that he really had had occasion to complain, and that I had not treated him with that respect which he deserved.

"Now, Tom, I've something to say to you. When Anderson, Bramble, and I were taking a pipe together last night, Bramble said that he had a letter from the captain of the Indiaman, offering you a berth on board as guinea-pig, or midshipman. He said that he had not shown it to you as yet, because it was of no use, as he was sure you would not accept it. Well, Anderson and I said that at least you ought to know it, and have the refusal; and your mother pricked up her ears and said that it was much more genteel than being a pilot; so I now put the question to you."

"Thank you, father; but Bramble was right. I shall not accept of it, although I am much obliged to the captain."

Here my father stopped me. "First, Tom," said he, "we must overhaul the pros and cons, as people call them. Old Anderson weighed them very closely, and now you shall hear them." Here my father commenced a long story, with which I shall not tire the reader, as to the

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prospects on either side; but as soon as he had finished I replied—

“That all he said was very true; but that I had made up my mind that, if ever I were regularly to serve, it should be in a man-of-war, not in a merchant vessel; that it was certainly possible that I might, after serving many years, become a captain of an Indiaman, which was a high position, but I preferred being a pilot, and more my own master; that if there were no other objections, that of being absent for three years at a time from him and Virginia would be more than sufficient, and that I was very happy where I was, as Bramble and little Bessy were almost equal to another father and another sister. A rolling stone gathers no moss, they say, father. I have entered into the pilot service, and in that I hope to remain.”

“Well, you’re right, Tom; Bramble said you would decide so. There’s nothing like being contented with what we are and what we have got.”

“I might probably become a richer man if I were to be a captain of an Indiaman,” observed I; “but I’m sure if ever I’m able to buy a little farm, as Bramble is now able to do, I shall think myself quite rich enough.”

“You see, Tom, it all depends upon what people’s ideas are. One man thinks himself rich with what another would think that he was a beggar. Now I dare say old Nanny thinks that shop of old iron and rubbish that she has got together the finest shop in all Greenwich.”

“I believe she does, and the prettiest,” replied I, laughing.

“Well now, Tom, an odd thing happened the other day while you were away, just to prove how true that is. You may recollect a little old man in our ward, Phil Nobbs they called him, who walked with his chin half a yard before him. Well, he took to the sick ward and died, since you have been gone. I went to see him, of course, and he was always talking about his property; and none of us knew where it was, but we supposed that he had it somewhere. One day, as I was sitting by his bed, he says, ‘Saunders, the doctor’s coming round, just tell him I want to make my will, for I feel as if I were

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slipping my wind.' Well, the doctor and the chaplain both came to his bedside with the paper, and Nobbs raised himself on his elbow, and said, 'Are you ready, sir? Well, then, I'll make short work of it. This is my last will and testament: first, I wish a white pall over me when I'm buried, and that expense must be deducted, after which I bequeath to my nephews and nieces, James Strong, Walter Strong, Ellen Strong, Mary Williams, the one married, Peter Strong, all of Rotherhithe, and to Thomas Day, Henry Day, and Nicholas Day, of Eltham, the whole of my money and personal effects, *share and share alike*, equally divided among them all. There, sir, that will do. I can't write, but I'll put my cross to it.' Well, the old fellow died that night, and notice of his will was sent to his nephews and nieces, who all came on the day of his burial dressed in their best, for they were all mechanics and labourers, poor people, to whom, I suppose, a legacy was a great object. The chaplain had asked Nobbs where his money was, and he replied that it was in the hands of Lieutenant —, who knew all about his affairs. After the funeral they all went in a body to the lieutenant, who stated that he had ten shillings belonging to Nobbs, out of which seven shillings were to be deducted for the white pall; and that as for his other effects, they must be in his cabin, as he never heard of his having anything but what was there. So we went to his cabin, and there we found five or six penny prints against the wall, two pair of old canvas trousers, and an old hat, six cups and saucers, cracked and mended; and this was all his property, altogether not worth (with the three shillings) more than seven or eight at the outside, if so much. You may guess the disappointment of his nephews and nieces, who had lost a good day's work and come so far for nothing; and I must say they were not very dutiful in their remarks upon their old uncle as they walked off. Now you see, Tom, this old fellow had been in the hospital for more than twenty years, and had been able to save no more than what he had out of his shilling per week, and in his eyes this small property was very large, for it was the saving of twenty years. He thought so, poor fellow,

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because he probably had never saved so many shillings in his life. There was no joking about it, I can assure you."

"Well, father, I hope I may be able to save more than seven shillings before I die; but no one knows. I have made my decision as I think for the best, and we must leave the rest to Providence. We never know whether we do right or wrong."

"Never, Jack; things which promise well turn out bad, and things which look very bad often turn out just as well. I recollect an instance which was told me, which I'll give you as a proof that we never know what is best for us in this world. A man may plan, and scheme, and think in his blindness that he has arranged everything so nicely that nothing can fail, and down he lies on his bed and goes to sleep quite satisfied that affairs must turn out well as he has ordered them, forgetting that Providence disposes as it thinks fit. There was a gentleman by birth, of the name of Seton, who lived at Greenock; he was very poor, and although he had high friends and relations well-to-do, he was too proud to ask for assistance. His wife was equally proud; and at last one day he died, leaving her with hardly a penny, and two fine boys of the names of Archibald and Andrew. Well, the widow struggled on, how she lived no one knew, but she fed the boys and herself, and was just as stately as ever. Her relations did offer to educate the boys and send them to sea, but she refused all assistance. There was a foundation or chartered school at Greenock, to which she was entitled to send her children to be educated without expense, and to that school they went. I don't know why, but they say the master had had a quarrel with their father when he was alive, and the master had not forgotten it now he was dead, and in consequence he was very severe upon these two boys, and used to beat them without mercy: at all events it did them good, for they learnt faster than any of the others who were at all favoured, and they soon proved the best boys in the school. Well, time ran on till Archibald was thirteen and Andrew twelve years old, and, being very tired of school, they asked their mother what profession they were to be of, and she answered, 'Anything except

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going to sea, for there you will never get on.' But times became harder with the widow; she had not enough to give the boys to eat, and they complained bitterly; but it was of no use, so they got on how they could, until one day Archy says to Andrew, 'Why, brother, we have nothing but ferrule for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and I see little chance of our getting anything more. Mother, poor soul! has not enough for herself to eat, and she very often gives us her dinner and goes without. I can't stand it any longer; what shall we do? shall we seek our fortunes?' 'Yes,' says Andrew, 'and when we are gone mother will have enough for herself.'

"Well, they say anything is better than going to sea, but I don't know how we can do anything else.'

"Well, Archy, going to sea may be the worst of all, but it's better than taking the victuals out of poor mother's mouth.'

"That's very true, so we'll be off, Andrew.'

"They walked down to the pier, and then they fell in with the captain of a vessel going foreign, and they asked him whether he wanted any boys on board.

"Why,' says he, 'I wouldn't care, but you've never been to sea before.'

"No,' said Archy; 'but there must be a beginning to everything.'

"Well,' said the captain, 'I suppose you've run away from your friends, and, as I can't get apprentices now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you on board, and as soon as we get round to another port in the Channel, I'll bind you as apprentices for three years. Will you agree to that?'

"The boys said 'yes,' and the captain told them that he should sail the next morning about daylight, and that they must be down at the pier by that time; so they went back again to their mother, and said nothing about what had passed. There was no supper that night, which confirmed them in their resolution; they kissed their mother, and went up to bed, packed up all their clothes, and before she was downstairs the next morning they were on board of the vessel.

"Well, they were duly apprenticed when the ship ar-

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rived at Weymouth, and then off they went. The other men on board were, as usual, very much afraid of being pressed, and every plan was hit upon for stowing away when they were boarded by a man-of-war. Well, time passed, and after many voyages they had both nearly served their time; they were tall stout young men, and looked older than they really were. At last, one day when off the Western Isles, they were boarded by a frigate, and the officer who came in the boat asked Archy what he was, and he replied he was an apprentice.

“‘You an apprentice!’ cried he; ‘that won’t do.’

“‘But here are the indentures.’

“‘All forged,’ cried the officer; ‘just get into the boat, my lad.’ (You see that’s a very common trick of officers; if a boy’s grown up and fit for service, they don’t care about indentures.) ‘Well, Archy found it was of no use, so he gets his kit and steps into the boat, shaking hands with Andrew, who was shedding tears at the thoughts of parting with his brother.

“‘It’s no use crying, Andrew,’ says he; ‘I might have been second mate in three months, as the captain promised me when my time was up, and then I should have been protected, and might have risen from mate to captain; but now it’s all over with me. May you have better luck, and I hope the captain will give you the berth instead of me.’ Well, away went Archy on board of the man-of-war, looking very gloomy, as you may suppose. When he went aft on the quarter-deck the captain asked him his name and where he came from.

“‘Ah,’ said the captain, ‘and who are your friends?’ So Archy told him that he had only his mother left. The captain asked him a good many more questions as to whether he had been educated or not, and what he knew, and then rated him A.B., and put him into the main-top. Well, Archy remained there for about six months, and found that a man-of-war was not so bad a place after all; and he was well treated by the captain and officers, the more so as he was a good scholar. After the cruise was over the frigate ran into the Channel, and anchored in Portland Roads, where there were a great many vessels wind-bound. As usual, they sent round to press the men.

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Now Archy was one of those sent in the boats, and by this time, being a man-of-war's man all over, he was just as eager to get the men as the others were. They boarded several vessels, and got some men; about dark they boarded one which laid well in the offing. The captain was not on board, and the men were turned up, but they were very few, and all protected. Now Archy, who was up to the hiding-places on board a merchant vessel, goes down with his cutlass, and crawls about in the dark, until at last he gets hold of a man by the heels. 'Come out, you thief,' cries he, 'come out directly, or I'll give you an inch of my cutlass;' so the man, finding that he could not help himself, backs out, stern foremost. Archy collars him and takes him on deck, when who should it prove to be but his own brother Andrew!

"'Oh, Archy, Archy, I didn't think this of you!'"

"'Well, Andrew, I didn't know it was you, but there's no help for it; you must come and serve in the main-top along with me, and give up all chance of being a mate or captain of a merchant vessel. We're in bad luck, that's clear, but it can't be helped.' There was a good laugh on board of the man-of-war at Archy pressing his own brother, and the captain was very much amused. 'I'm very sorry for it,' said Archy.

"Now the captain was short of midshipmen, and, being obliged to sail immediately, he determined to put Archy on the quarter-deck, and so he did, while Andrew served in the main-top. But this did not last long: the captain, who liked Andrew quite as well, and who knew their family and connections, put Andrew also on the quarter-deck; and what was the consequence? Why, they are now both post-captains, commanding fine frigates: so you see, going on board of a man-of-war, which they conceived as their ruin, was the means of their rising to rank and riches, for they have been very lucky in the service. I heard Captain Archibald tell the story himself one day as I helped at dinner in the cabin when I was coxswain with Sir Hercules."

"Well, father, that's a good story to the point, but I do not see that I ever have any chance of being a post-captain."

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"Don't seem much like it, certainly; but you've a good chance of being a pilot."

"Yes, that I certainly have; and a pilot is always respected, go on board what ship he may."

"To be sure he is, because he is supposed to have more knowledge than any one on board."

"Then I am contented, father, with the prospect of being respectable; so there's an end of that business, except that I must write and thank the captain for his kindness."

"Just so, Tom. Do you dine with me?"

"No, father. I promised to meet Bramble at the 'Jolly Sailors.' We are going up to Mr. Wilson's."

"Ay, about the farm he wants to buy. Well, the clock is striking, so good-bye till this evening."

I must explain to the reader that Mr. Wilson, having heard of Bramble's intention to purchase the farm, very kindly interfered. He had a son who was a solicitor at Dover, and he recommended Bramble not to appear personally, but let his son manage the affair for him, which he promised should be done without expense. The next morning Bramble and I took our leave and quitted Greenwich, taking the coach to Dover; for Bramble, having a good deal of money in his pocket, thought it better to do so, than to wait till he could take a ship down the river. On our arrival at Dover we called upon Mr. Wilson's son, who had already made inquiries, and eventually obtained the farm for Bramble for two hundred pounds less than he expected to give for it, and, very handsomely, only charged him for the stamps of the conveyance. When we arrived at Deal we found Mrs. Maddox quite recovered, and sitting with little Bessy in the parlour below.

After Mrs. Maddox and Bessy went upstairs to bed, Bramble said to me, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "Tom, I've got this farm for Bessy for two hundred pounds less than I expected to give for it. Now, I've been thinking about this two hundred pounds, which I consider in a manner as her property, and what d'ye think I mean to do with it? I'll tell you. I'll give her education as well as money. This sum will keep her at a

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good school for a matter of four years, and I've made up my mind that she shall go. I don't like to part with her, that's certain; but it's for her good, so all's right. Don't you think so?"

"I do, indeed, father," replied I. "I shall miss her as much as you do; but, as you say, it's all right, and I'm very glad that you have so decided."

CHAPTER XXXII

In which there is a hop, skip, and a jump.

LIFE has often, and with great truth, been compared to a river. In infancy a little rill, gradually increasing to the pure and limpid brook, which winds through flowery meads, "giving a gentle kiss to every ridge it overtaketh in its pilgrimage." Next it increases in its volume and its power, now rushing rapidly, now moving along in deep and tranquil water, until it swells into a bold stream, coursing its way over the shallows, dashing through the impeding rocks, descending in rapids swift as thought, or pouring its boiling water over the cataract. And thus does it vary its velocity, its appearance, and its course, until it swells into a broad expanse, gradually checking its career as it approaches, and at last mingles with the ocean of Eternity. I have been led into this somewhat trite metaphor, to account to the reader for the contents of this chapter. As in the river, after many miles of chequered and boisterous career, you will find that its waters will for some time flow in a smooth and tranquil course as almost to render you unconscious of the never-ceasing stream; so in the life of man, after an eventful and adventurous career, it will be found that for a time he is permitted to glide gently and quietly along, as if a respite were given to his feelings preparatory to fresh scenes of excitement. Such was the case with me for some time. I had now been under Bramble's tuition for more than a year and a half, and was consequently

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between fifteen and sixteen years old. The years from 1800 to the end of 1804 were of this description in my stream of life, unmarked by any peculiar or stirring events worthy of occupying the attention of my readers. It is therefore my intention, in this chapter, to play the part of the chorus in the old plays, and sum up the events in few words, so as not to break the chain of history, at the same time that I shall prepare my readers for what subsequently took place.

I will first speak of myself. Up to the age of nineteen I continued my career under the care of Bramble; we seldom remained long on shore, for neither Bramble nor I found home so agreeable since little Bessy had been sent to school, and Mrs. Maddox, assisted by a little girl, had charge of the house; indeed, Bramble appeared resolved to make all the money he could, that he might the sooner be able to give up his profession. Mrs. Maddox I have spoken little of, because I had seen but little of her; now that she was downstairs, I will not say I saw, but I certainly heard too much of her, for she never ceased talking; not that she talked loud or screamed out—on the contrary, she was of a mild amiable temper, but could not hold her tongue. If she could not find any *one* to talk to she would talk to any *thing*; if she was making the fire she would apostrophise the sticks for not burning properly. I watched her one morning as she was kneeling down before the grate:—

“Now, stick, you must go in,” said she; “it’s no use your resisting, and what’s more, you must burn, and burn quickly too,—d’ye hear? or the kettle won’t boil in time for breakfast. Be quick, you little fellow—burn away and light the others, there’s a good boy.” Here she knocked down the tongs. “Tongs, be quiet; how dare you make that noise?” Then, as she replaced them, “Stand up, sir, in your place until you are wanted. Now, poker, your turn’s coming, we must have a stir directly. Bless me, smoke, what’s the matter with you now? can’t you go up the chimney? You can’t pretend to say the wind blows you down this fine morning, so none of your vagaries. Now, fender, it’s your turn—stand still till I give you a bit of a rub. There, now you’re all right.

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Table, you want your face washed—your master has spilt his grog last night—there now, you look as handsome as ever. Well, old chair, how are you this morning? You're older than I am, I reckon, and yet you're stouter on your legs. Why, candle, are you burning all this while? Why didn't you tell me? I would have put you out long ago. Come, now, don't be making a smell here—send it up the chimney."

Thus would she talk to everything. We only had two animals in the house—a cat and a canary bird: of course they were not neglected, but somehow or another the cat appeared to get tired of it, for it would rise and very gently walk into the back kitchen; and as for the canary bird, like all other canary birds, as soon as he was talked to he would begin to sing, and that so loud that Mrs. Maddox was beaten out of the field. Bramble bore with her very well, but at the same time he did not like it: he once said to me, "Well, if Bessy were at Deal, I think I would take a short spell now; but as for that poor good old soul, whose tongue is hung on the middle and works at both ends, she does tire one, and that's the truth." But she really was a good-natured, kind creature, ready to oblige in everything; and I believe that she thought that she was amusing you when she talked on in this way. Unfortunately she had no anecdote, for she had a very bad memory, and therefore there was nothing to be gained from her. By way of amusing me, she used to say, "Now, Tom, sit down here, and I'll tell you all about my bad leg." And then she would commence with the first symptoms, the degrees of pain, the various plasters, bandages, and poultices which had been applied, and what the doctor had said this day and that day. I bore this very patiently for four or five times; but at last, after several days of increasing impatience (somewhere about the fifteenth time, I believe), I could stand it no more, so I jumped off my chair and ran away just as she commenced the interesting detail.

"Mrs. Maddox," said I, "I cannot bear to hear of your sufferings; pray never mention them again."

"What a kind-hearted creature you are!" said she. "Well, I won't, then. It's not many who have such pity

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in them. Cotton, where have you got to—always running away? One would think you don't like to be knitted. Now, cotton, don't be foolish; where have you hid yourself? You make others as bad as yourself. Scissors have got away now;—there now, sit on my lap and be quiet."

However, if Mrs. Maddox got back cotton and scissors, she did not get me back, for I bolted out of the front door, and joined the men who were lolling against the gunnel of a galley hauled up on the shingle.

During the period of which I am speaking, I continued every day to add to my knowledge of my profession, and eventually I was competent to pass my examination at the Trinity House. When I went on board a vessel with Bramble, he would often give me charge of her, never interfering with me (although he watched me carefully) unless he considered that it was absolutely necessary, which I believe took place but twice. He used to tell the masters of the vessels that I was quite as good a pilot as he was, which certainly was not quite correct; however, it was of great consequence to me, as it gave me that confidence so necessary in my profession, and in due time I passed for a river pilot at the Trinity House. Some alteration occurred at the hospital during this interval. Anderson had been promoted from boatswain of the ward to inspecting boatswain, a place of trust, with very comfortable emoluments, his weekly allowance being increased to five shillings; and on his promotion my father was made a boatswain's mate of the Warriors' Ward. This was at first satisfactory to my mother, who was pleased that my father should wear lace upon his pensioner's coat; but, as she advanced in the world, she did not like the idea of my father being in the hospital, nor did she want him to be at her house—in fact, she could have done better without him; but as that could not be she made the best of it. It must be acknowledged that my father's boisterous and rude manner had been softening down ever since he had been in the hospital, and that he had become a very well-behaved, quiet, and sober person, and was very respectable in his appearance; but I shall say more about him when I talk of my mother again. Old Nanny went on much as usual, but on the whole she improved. I used to pick up for her anything I

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could, and put it in a large bag which I occasionally brought to Greenwich, and this bag, with its multifarious contents, would give her more pleasure than if I had brought her any single object more valuable. Old Anderson used to call upon her occasionally, but he did not do her much good. She appeared to think of hardly anything but getting money. She was always glad to see me, and I believe thought more of me than anybody else in the world, and I seldom failed to pay her a visit on the first day of my arrival.

Dr. Tadpole and his apprentice Tom went on pretty well together until the hundredweight of liquorice was expended, and then there was a fresh rising on the part of the injured and oppressed representative of the lower orders, which continued till a fresh supply from London appeased his radical feelings which had been called forth, and then the liquorice made everything go on smoothly as before; but two years afterwards Tom was out of his time, and then the doctor retained him as his assistant, with a salary added to his board, which enabled Tom to be independent of the shop, as far as liquorice was concerned, and to cut a very smart figure among the young men about Greenwich; for on Tom's promotion another boy was appointed to the carrying out of the medicine as well as the drudgery, and Tom took good care that this lad should clean his boots as well as the doctor's, and not make quite so free with the liquorice as he had done himself. I found out also that he had cut *Anny Whistle*.

Mrs. St. Felix continued to vend her tobacco, and I never failed seeing her on my visits to Greenwich. She appeared to look just as young as she did when I first knew her, and every one said that there was no apparent alteration. She was as kind and as cheerful as ever; and I may as well here remark that during this period a great intimacy had grown up between her and my sister Virginia, very much to the annoyance of my mother, who still retained her feelings of ill-will against Mrs. St. Felix,—why, I do not know, except that she was so good-looking a person, and such a favourite with everybody. But my father, who, when he chose, would not be contradicted, insisted upon Virginia's being on good terms with Mrs.

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St. Felix, and used to take her there himself; and Virginia, who had never forgotten the widow's kindness to me, was extremely partial to her, and was much more in her company than my mother had any idea of, for Virginia would not vex my mother unnecessarily by telling her she had been with the widow unless she was directly asked.

It was about four months after my father and I had given our money to my mother that I returned to Greenwich. A letter from Virginia had acquainted me with the street and the number of the house which my mother had taken, and I therefore walked from the beach right to it; and I must say that when I came to the new abode I was very much surprised at its neat and even handsome appearance. The ground-floor was fitted up as a shop with large panes of glass, and inside upon stands were arranged a variety of bonnets and caps, set off with looking-glass and silk curtains, in the arrangement of which no little taste was displayed. Behind the show goods was a curtain hanging on a brass rod, drawn so as to conceal the workpeople who were within. There was a private door as well as a shop door, and I hardly knew which I was to go in at: however, as the shop door required no knocking, I went into that, and found myself in the company of eight young damsels, very busy at their needles, sitting on each side of a long table covered with half-made dresses. I inquired of them whether my mother was at home, and was answered by one, who was apparently the eldest, that she was down below getting the breakfast ready.

"I suppose," continued she, "you are Mr. Tom Saunders, the pilot?"

"I suppose I am," replied I; "and pray who are you?"

"I am Miss Amelia Gozlin, apprentice to Mrs. Saunders, milliner,—at your service, sir: and, in consequence of my being so very quiet and sedate, I have charge of all these young ladies you see with me."

Here the others burst into a laugh.

"They are in very good hands, Miss Amelia," replied I, "and under your care, and with your example, I have no doubt but they will turn out very useful members of society."

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"Thank you, sir; but allow me to say that I cannot permit young men, especially such enchanting young men as Mr. Tom Saunders, to remain here; as, if I do, your amiable mother would give me what is genteelly termed a wiggling; so if you will be pleased, sir, just to remove yourself from our presence," continued she, with a mock curtsy, "and not make your appearance here again until you are certain your mother is gone out, you will oblige us very much."

I obeyed the wishes of Miss Amelia Gozlin, who certainly was a very handsome girl, with fine black eyes, apparently about fifteen years old. I walked into the passage, and found my way down into the kitchen, where my mother and Virginia were employed as they had told me above. My mother received me kindly, but said little, for she appeared to be fully occupied; and Virginia had no time to dedicate to me until the breakfast was ready, when she called the apprentices, and we all sat down together, Miss Amelia and her companions looking so demure, that, if I had not seen them before, I should have thought that they could not speak.

After breakfast was over Virginia showed me the house. The first floor was to let furnished, the second was occupied by my mother and Virginia, and the attics were appropriated to the apprentices. Everything appeared clean, neat, and well arranged, and I could not imagine how my mother had contrived to do so much with so little money; but Virginia told me that she thought Mr. Wilson had assisted her.

When I returned, which might have been in six months, I found a great improvement, and every appearance of my mother succeeding well in her speculations. She had now a maid-servant, and her apprentices were increased to twelve, and there was every appearance of brisk and full employment. In 1803 I found that Virginia, who was then fourteen years old, had left school. She had told my mother that, during the last half-year, she had only repeated over again what she had learnt the half-year before, and that she thought she could employ her time better at home and assisting her. My mother was of the same opinion, and Virginia now superintended the cutting-out department,

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and was very useful. She said that the increase of business had been very great, and that my mother could hardly execute the orders which she received. There were now two servants in the house, and additional workwomen. My mother also had very much altered in appearance: before, she was usually clean and neat, now she was well if not elegantly dressed, and appeared much younger and better looking. I must do her the justice to say that prosperity had not spoiled but improved her: she was more kind and more cheerful every time that I went to see her; and I may add that, with the exception of a little necessary castigation to Miss Amelia and her companions, she never scolded, and was kind to her servants. The last year she had been even more successful, and was now considered the first milliner in the town. I believed that she deserved her reputation, for she had a great deal of taste in dress; and when she had gone upstairs to decorate previous to the hour of arrival of her customers, and came down in a handsome silk dress and an elegant morning cap, I would often look at her with surprise, and say to myself, "Who would think that this was my mother, who used to shove the broom at me in the little parlour at Fisher's Alley?"

The reader may inquire how my father and mother got on after such an alteration in her circumstances. I can only reply that they got on better than they did before; for my mother, who did not wish my father's company in the house, pointed out to him that, with so many young people living with her, it would be very inconvenient if he came there in the evenings to smoke his pipe, and that it would be better if he could smoke and drink his beer anywhere else. My father perceived the propriety of this, and assented with a good grace: my mother was very liberal to him, and he was now enabled, when he chose, to ask a companion or two to join him, so that it suited both parties. My father, therefore, never came to the house, except after the hospital supper, when he remained a few minutes to see Virginia, and then departed. On Sundays he spent the whole day there, and was kindly welcomed, but he always left in the evening to smoke his pipe elsewhere. As for me, when I did come I was always

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kindly received, and slept in a spare bed on the same floor with my mother and Virginia. Before my time was out I was too well supplied by Bramble ever to want anything, and afterwards I made plenty of money, and seldom came home without bringing a present both to my mother and Virginia.

Having thus given a general outline of affairs, I shall in the next chapter enter more minutely into some particulars, without which the detail of events will not be complete.

CHAPTER XXXIII

In which the sine quâ non of all novels is, for the first time, introduced.

IN the last chapter I have said in few words that Bessy Goodwin had been sent to school, and had since returned home. She had been home nearly a year before the period to which I brought up my history, but now she no longer was employed in any menial service, the girl who had been hired during her absence being still retained. Bessy now superintended the household, but did nothing more; and there was a greater degree of comfort and expenditure than had formerly been the case. Whether this was on Bessy's account, or from Bessy's imbibed ideas, I cannot pretend to say; but certainly there was a great change in our style of living, which Bramble appeared to sanction. Mrs. Maddox remained as a mere pensioner, sitting by the fire, and perhaps finishing a pair of stockings about every five or six weeks, talking as usual at and to everybody and with everything. In another point, also, there was a change in Bramble's house: it was much oftener filled with company; this was, I presume, to be ascribed to Bessy's personal charms, which certainly were very great. She was of a peculiar and much admired style of beauty, a description which strikes some people at first sight, and not others—those not perceiving it at first eventually admiring it even more than the others. She was taller

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than the middle height, her person finely developed, yet not so much so as to take away from its grace: her complexion was pale and clear, her eyes and hair very dark; there was a coldness about her beauty when in repose, like statuary marble; but if the least excited or animated, the colour would mantle in her cheek; her eyes would beam, till they appeared as if, like bright planets, they could almost cast a shadow; and dimples, before concealed, would show themselves when indulged in her silvery laugh. Although her form was commanding, still she was very feminine: there was great attraction in her face, even when in repose—she was cold, but not chilling.

I had seen little of her for three years, during which she had sprung up to womanhood, for she was now seventeen, and appeared to be at least eighteen years old before. Before, when we were living together, we kissed as brother and sister: since we had again become inmates of the same house, we had been friends, but nothing more. Bessy certainly showed as great a preference to me as our relative situations would admit; but still it appeared as if the extreme intimacy of childhood had been broken off, and that it was necessary that a renewed intimacy under another aspect should take place, to restore us to our former relations. Here it was for me to make the first overtures; not for her, as maidenly reserve would not permit it. Bramble seemed to be most anxious that such should be the case—indeed, considered it as a matter of course: perhaps Bessy thought so too in her own bosom; and the continual raillery of Bramble did more harm than good, as it appeared to warrant her thinking that it ought to be so. Why it was not I will now explain to the reader.

I have already made mention of Mr. Wilson, the lawyer, whose acquaintance we procured through Sir Hercules and his lady. This intimacy had very much increased; and a Miss Janet Wilson had come home from a finishing seminary near town. Between this young lady and my sister Virginia a certain degree of intimacy had been formed, and of course I had seen a great deal of her at the times when I was at Greenwich. She was a very pretty and very diminutive girl, but beautifully proportioned, although

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so very small; indeed, she was considered quite a model in figure, at least my mother used to say so, and I never heard any one disagree with her. Janet had, moreover, large eyes, pencilled eyebrows, and a dimpled chin. Now, as Bessy was away at the time when I first made her acquaintance, if all these perfections were not enough for me to fall in love with, I must have been difficult to please at the age of eighteen, when one is not so very difficult; and the consequence was, I was her most devoted slave. Mr. Wilson laughed at us, and seemed either to think that it would end in nothing, or that if it did end in something he had no objection. Thus was I fixed; and with Virginia for a confidante, what was to prevent the course of true love running smooth? Janet received all my sighs, all my protestations, all my oaths, and all my presents—and many were the latter, although perhaps not equal to the former three. It was, therefore, not surprising that Bessy, who had been out of the way, had been forestalled by this diamond edition of Nature's handiwork. Such was the state of my heart at the commencement of the year 1805.

I have mentioned that my mother had taken a house in the principal street; but I must now add that in the year 1804 she found it necessary to remove into one much larger, and had therefore shifted more to the upper part of the town. Instead of being in a row, this house was detached, with a small garden in front and a good piece of ground at the back, which looked down towards the river. The situation not being so central did no harm to my mother, as she was so well known; on the contrary, it made her even more fashionable. She now kept no shop, but a show-room; and had not only accommodation for more workpeople, but very handsome apartments to let. In another point it was advantageous, which was on account of my father. At the end of the garden there was an octangular summer-house, looking upon the river: it was a good-sized room, boarded floor, and moreover, it had a fire-place in it, and when shut up was very warm and comfortable. My mother made this house over to my father as his own, to smoke and drink beer in; and my father preferred a place in which he could sit alone with his friends,

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to a public-house, especially as the garden had a gate at the end of it by which he could admit himself whenever he pleased. Here my father, Ben the Whaler, Anderson, and others would sit, having a commanding view of the Thames and the vessels passing and repassing—in the summer-time, with all the windows open, and enjoying the fresh air and the fresh smoke from their pipes—in winter-time surrounding the fire and telling their yarns. It was an admirable arrangement, and Virginia and I always knew where to find him.

I have said but little of my sister Virginia. I may be considered partial to her—perhaps I was; but to me she was, if not the handsomest, certainly one of the most captivating persons I ever saw: to prove that I thought so, I can only say that, deeply as I was smitten with Miss Janet Wilson, I often thought that I wished she was a facsimile of my sister. Virginia was now seventeen years old, slender and very graceful: she reminded me more of an antelope in her figure than anything I can compare her to; her head was so beautifully placed on her shoulders, that it was the first thing which attracted your notice when you saw her. Her eyes were of a deep hazel, fringed by long black eyelashes, and her arching and delicate eyebrows nearly met; her nose was perfectly straight, but rather small; and her face ended in a sharp oval, which added to the brilliancy and animation of her countenance; her mouth was small and beautifully formed, and her little teeth like seed pearl. Every one declared that she was the handsomest creature that ever they had seen; and what every one says must be true. She was so; but she was not always lively—she was only so at times: she appeared to be of a serious, reflective turn of mind, and she read a great deal; but at times she was mirth personified. To my mother she was always dutiful and attentive, and was very useful to her.

I could not at first imagine what made my mother so anxious to have lodgers in the house, as they must have proved a great nuisance to her, and her circumstances were above such an infliction. I was not long before I discovered the cause of this: it was no other but to make up some good match for my sister, whose beauty she considered would

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effect her purpose. Many were the applications for her lodgings, made by highly respectable gentlemen; but when she discovered, either that they were married, or that in other points they did not suit, she invariably refused, and for months her apartments continued vacant; but if anybody at all aristocratical, who was single, wished to inspect them, my mother was all smiles and eagerness. It may be supposed that she was not likely to meet with such people as she solicited at such a town as Greenwich, but such was not the case: before steamboats made Greenwich so come-at-able there were many families of distinction who resided there and in its environs—especially in the autumn of the year, when the river offered much amusement. It was just at that period that the whitebait parties became so much in vogue, and Greenwich was considered a pleasant retreat for a few months by many of the fashionable world.

Although Virginia never mentioned her surmises directly, I perceived, by her occasional remarks, that she had latterly become aware of what were my mother's views; indeed, how could she do otherwise, when my mother would refuse her lodgings one day to a gentleman because he was married, and let them the next time merely because he was a single man? And that she was disgusted with my mother's conduct I was convinced; at the same time, she certainly kept her thoughts to herself, merely telling me how very uncomfortable it was to have lodgers, and to be obliged to go into their rooms with messages from my mother. There was an Honourable Mr. —, I really forget his name—indeed, I should not have mentioned him, except that he was the introduction of another personage—who was several months in my mother's house, a harmless old bachelor. How old he was I cannot say, as he wore a very youthful wig and also false whiskers, but I should think about sixty. He was a great admirer of the fine arts, and a still greater admirer of his own performances in painting. He took lessons twice a day from two different masters, who came from London, and he was at it from morning to night. He came down to Greenwich, as he said, to study *tints*, and get up his colouring. I cannot say I thought his performances very good, but perhaps I was not a judge. My mother, who would, I believe, have sacrificed my sister to an ourang-

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outang, provided he was an Honourable, took every opportunity of sending Virginia in to him, that he might study the delicate tints on her cheeks ; but it would not do, even if Virginia had been a party to it. He looked at his palette instead of her pretty mouth, and his camel-hair pencils attracted his attention more than her pencilled eyebrows. He was wrapt up in his art, and overlooked the prettiest piece of nature in the world ; and Virginia, seeing this to be the case, had no longer any objection to go into his room. But this gentleman had a nephew, a very different sort of a personage, a young heir to a marquise, who used to pay attention to his bachelor uncle by paying him visits, at first because he was ordered so to do, and after once or twice because he had seen Virginia, and was struck with her appearance. He was a good-looking young man, about nineteen, but not very bright—indeed, I ought to say very silly, although at the same time not at all bashful. He made an acquaintance with my mother, who was delighted with his condescension, and declared that he was one of the most pleasant young men she had ever met with ; and he would have been very intimate with Virginia had she not repulsed him. As soon as the leaves dropped off the trees the old bachelor declared that there were no more tints worth remaining for, and he took his departure. About a month afterwards his nephew came down, accompanied by a young man who was his tutor, and hired the apartments, much to the joy of my mother, who now had hopes, and much to the annoyance of my sister, who had fears of being persecuted.

And now, having in this chapter brought up my history to the commencement of the year 1805, I shall again enter into a more detailed narrative.

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CHAPTER XXXIV

More cry than wool—Bramble would dig a pit for another and tumbles in along with him.

IT was in the month of March 1805, when the easterly winds prevailed, and vessels were detained in the Chops of the Channel, that I agreed with Bramble that we would return together and halve the pilotage. About eight leagues from the Lizard Point we boarded a small ship which had hoisted the signal, the weather at that time being fine and the wind variable. When we went on board it was but just daylight, and the captain was not yet on deck, but the mate received us: we were surprised to find that she mounted twelve brass guns, remarkably well fitted, and that everything was apparently ready for action, rammers and sponges, shot and wadding being all up and at hand.

"A prime morning, shipmate," said Bramble; then casting his eye over the deck, "A letter of marque, I presume?"

"Yes," replied the mate, "we have the papers, but still she has never run without convoy since I have been in her; we lost our convoy three days back, and the captain has been rather uneasy ever since."

"Uneasy! why, I should think that you could beat off a good stout privateer with these guns of yours?"

"Well, I don't know but what we might, but our cargo is valuable, and we might be overpowered."

"Very true, and the captain must be anxious. Where are you from?"

"Smyrna."

"What's your cargo?"

"Why, we have raw silk and drysalters' goods chiefly. D'ye think we shall have a fair wind? I don't care how soon, for we've at least twenty passengers on board, and our provisions and water are running rather short. Here's the skipper."

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The captain, who now made his appearance, was a tall good-looking young man about thirty, dressed rather fantastically, as I thought, having a laced cap on his head, and a parti-coloured silk sash round his waist, such as they wear in the Mediterranean.

"Well, pilot, what do you think of the wind?"

"Well, sir, I expect we'll have a slant which will enable us to fetch well to windward of the Lizard, at all events, and then, when the tide turns in-shore, we must stand out again."

"Mr. Stubbs, turn the hands up to make sail."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate.

The men came on deck, but the captain roared out for the idlers; these were the passengers who had agreed to work during the passage: at last they came up, a queer-looking set, and the captain sending down for his speaking trumpet, sail was made on the ship.

"Why, captain," said Bramble, "you do it in man-of-war fashion."

"Well, I've not served the King for seven years for nothing," replied he, "and I hope, sir, not heard the bullets whistling about my head like hail in a hailstorm without knowing how to take care of my ship. I like everything man-of-war fashion, and then one's always prepared. Where's the boatswain? Pipe to breakfast."

"You've plenty of hands on board, mate," said Bramble.

"Yes, plenty of them, such as they are; we've twenty of the ship's company, and twenty-five passengers from Malta."

After breakfast the captain ordered up the small-arm men; five seamen and fifteen of the passengers made their appearance with their muskets, which were examined, and they were dismissed. At eleven o'clock, as we neared the land, the men were ordered to quarters, the guns cast loose, and they were exercised as on board of a man-of-war, the captain giving his orders with his speaking-trumpet. "Double-shot your guns! Run out! Point your guns! Fire! Repel boarders on the bow! Repel boarders on the quarter!" &c. This continued for more than two hours, when the guns were again secured.

"Well, pilot," said the captain to Bramble, "what do

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you think? do you fancy a privateer could take us in a hurry?"

"Why, captain, if the men fight, I should say not; but, you see, these guns, handsome as they are, won't fight of themselves."

"I'll answer for the men fighting; they'll have but their choice,—fight, or the contents of my pistol through the first man's head who quits his gun. I'll nail the colours to the mast, and see who will be the man who will haul them down. Why, pilot, this vessel is insured at thirty thousand pounds."

"Then she'll be a famous prize, if they should contrive to take her, that's all," said Bramble. "Halloo! what vessel's that coming down? Tom, hand your glass here."

"I haven't got it with me."

"Well, give me that one on the skylight. I can't make her out, but I don't much like the looks of her."

"Heh! what's that?" said the captain. "Let me look:—oh, she's a square-rigged vessel, ain't she?"

"Can't tell," said Bramble.

The mate, who had fetched his glass from below, looked at her, and said it was a coasting schooner.

"Are you sure of that?" said the captain. "Let me see:—well, I don't know what to say—she does look rakish. I'll go forward and make her out."

"Why, it's a coaster, Bramble," said I, as the captain walked forward.

"I know that," replied Bramble, with a wink.

The captain returned, probably satisfied that it was only a coaster, but he did not choose to say so. "Well, I don't know what to make of her, but at all events there's nothing like being ready. She's coming down fast upon us; Mr. Stubbs, we'll beat to quarters."

Again the people were called up and the guns cast loose; the powder was handed up, and all was preparation. I did not think, however, that the passengers appeared at all zealous; but that I was not surprised at: the captain harangued them, calling them Britons, &c., and hoping that they would show what stuff they were made of; talked about the honour of Old England, and a great deal more,

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and then examined the vessel again with his glass. "We'll give her the starboard broadside, and then wear round his stern and give her the other. Hoist the colours!"

As soon as we hoisted the colours, the schooner hoisted English colours also.

"English colours, sir!" said the mate, grinning.

"English colours, heh? Very well; but that may be a feint—keep to your guns, my lads."

The vessel now ran by us; she was deeply laden, and as broad as she was long.

"No privateer this time, captain," said Bramble, laughing.

"No, all's right; secure the guns, my lads. We'd have given her a nice peppering if she'd been a French privateer."

The captain then went down below to put away his sword and pistols, which the cabin-boy had brought on deck.

"It's my opinion, Tom," said Bramble, "that this skipper ain't quite so fond of fighting as he pretends to be. I'll see if I can't frighten him a little."

As soon as the captain came on deck again, Bramble said, "We'll go about, if you please."

"What! about already? why, we're good three leagues from the shore."

"Yes, sir, but the tide has made, and we must now make a long stretch-out towards the French coast. We won't tack again till about dark."

"Not tack till dark, pilot? surely we will do better keeping on the English coast."

"No, no, sir; if we were not so well manned and so well armed I should do it; but, as we are a match for any privateer, why, we may as well make a long leg—we shall be up Channel sooner."

"Well, I don't know what to say; I've a heavy responsibility with such a valuable cargo."

"Well, tack if you please, sir," said Bramble shortly.

"Oh, certainly. Hands, about ship."

The vessel's head was put off-shore, and with a smart breeze we walked away fast from the land. At twelve o'clock the captain proposed standing in-shore again, but Bramble refused. At three o'clock he became very un-

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easy, and expostulated with Bramble, who replied, "Well, sir, I'm doing all for the best, but if you are afraid——"

"Afraid?" cried the captain; "afraid of what, I should like to know? No, I'm not afraid, but it appears to me that we ought to make the land again before night."

"I'll answer for knowing where we are, sir, if that is your reason, at all events, I wish to stand out till six o'clock."

"Well, do so, then, if you choose—I'm sure I don't care if you stand to within gun-shot of the French coast;" and the captain, evidently very much annoyed, went down into the cabin.

About half-past four o'clock the mate came aft and took up the glass, saying that there was an awkward-looking craft on the weather bow. He came aft again, and said, "Pilot, I wish you would take a squint at that craft, for I don't much like the look of her."

Bramble went forward, and I followed him. "I say, Tom, that's a French privateer, as sure as we stand here," said he. "Look at her. Well, now we shall see what these guns are made off."

"Don't put too much trust in them," said the mate. "I know what sort of people we have here. Had we only ten good men I wouldn't care for a privateer, but I'm afraid that we have not many we can trust to. However, we'll do our best, and we can do no more. I'll go down and tell the captain."

"It is a Frenchman," replied I, "and no mistake—every rope and every sail on her are French;" for the vessel, which was a lugger, was not more than four miles from us.

"Well," replied Bramble, "it would be odd if we were to be taken into a French port after all, wouldn't it? not very pleasant, though."

"We've men enough to beat her off, or two of her, if that's all," replied I.

"Yes, Tom, but I doubt the captain, and without example men don't fight well. However, we'll do our best, and if he flinches we won't."

The captain now came forward as red as a turkey-cock;

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he said nothing, looked at the vessel, and then turned as white as a sheet.

"She's more than our match, if she's an enemy," said he.

"I should rather think not, sir," replied Bramble. "All you have to do is to make your men fight, and nail your colours to the mast."

"That's very true when there's a fair chance of success, but it's useless sacrificing the men against so very superior a force," replied the captain.

"But it ain't superior, nor in guns is she your equal, if I know anything about a vessel. At all events, I suppose you'll have a trial for it. Won't you beat to quarters, captain?"

"Oh, to be sure. Mr. Stubbs, beat to quarters. I think it would not be a bad thing to fire off our broadsides now, and let them see that we are well armed."

The men were summoned up to quarters, and very unwillingly did they obey: some said that they did not come on board to fight, others that they had agreed to work the passage home, but not to stand to be shot at; and some were actually going down below again, when Bramble and the mate spoke to them and persuaded them to remain on deck. Still there was no willingness shown; and although Bramble told them how many privateers had been beaten off, and mentioned particularly the Leith smack having the other day fought with one an hour and a half, and knocked her all to pieces, they still appeared uneasy and wavering.

In the meantime the privateer was within a mile of us, and had hoisted French colours.

"We'll keep away and give her the first broadside," cried the captain.

"You'd better hoist your colours first," observed Bramble quietly.

"Hoist the colours, Mr. Stubbs! Port the helm! Look out, my men! Point the guns to the object! Fire!"

Off went all the guns, not only on the starboard side, in the direction of the privateer, but all those on the larboard side as well; and this circumstance probably gave the people on board of the privateer some idea of the state

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of confusion we were in. She now rounded too, and gave us her broadside of three guns: they were well directed, and did us some damage in the upper works and rigging; but still more in frightening the people, who were now running down below, notwithstanding the exertions of the mate, Bramble, one or two of the seamen, and myself; but our fate was soon decided by the captain, who cried out, "It's useless contending against such a superior force." With this observation he ran aft and hauled down the colours. As soon as the men perceived this they all left the guns; at another broadside from the privateer they all scampered down below, and at the same time the captain went down into his cabin. There was none but the mate, the boatswain, Bramble, and myself left on deck.

"Pleasant," said Bramble. "I thought as much. Well, Tom, here we are, in for it. Come with me to the helm, for these French fellows will board, and they make very free with their cutlasses, even after colours are hauled down. Well," said he, as he walked aft, "I did not think to see the English flag so disgraced. Poor Bessy, too! Well, never mind. I say, mate, just let go the weather main-braces and bowlines, and square the yards, for it's better to be as humble as possible, now that we can't help ourselves; and do you and the boatswain go down below, for they cut right and left, these fellows. They do pay a little more civility to pilots, as they aren't belonging to the ship."

This advice of Bramble's, which was very good, was followed by the mate and boatswain.

"Shall I run down and look after our kits?" said I to Bramble.

"No, Tom, don't have anything in your hand, or they will take it from you, and most likely give you a rap on the head with a cutlass at the same time; for privateermen of all nations are little better than pirates, and don't know how to behave in victory. Just keep where you are—look as if you had nothing to do with the ship except the steering of her. Here they come!"

As he spoke the lugger touched our weather side, at the same time lowering down her foresail and mainsail with no little noise and confusion; in a second or two there were

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thirty of their men on our decks, flourishing their cutlasses, and looking round with their pistols ready cocked in their left hands for somebody to let fly at. At last they came aft. "Pilot!" cried Bramble, taking off his hat. I did the same. With reiterated *sacres* and *diabls* of every description, some now rushed down into the cabin, while others went down the fore-hatchway, while more of the men from the lugger poured upon our decks; but none of them molested Bramble or me, as we continued standing at the wheel. In about ten minutes order was to a certain degree restored by the captain of the privateer, who had come on board. I perceived him express his surprise to his officers who were with him at the armament of the ship, and he appeared very much pleased: it was not necessary to understand French for that. He then came up to Bramble, and spoke to him in French; but Bramble only pointed to me and then to himself, and said "Pilot." The captain called for a young Frenchman who could speak English, and then asked Bramble what was the cargo.

Bramble, to please him, replied that it was silk and other goods to the value of thirty thousand pounds English.

"How many men?"

"Forty-five men."

The French captain rubbed his hands with ecstasy, as well he might. Just at this moment the English captain came upon deck, followed by two of the privateer's men, one of whom had taken possession of his laced cap, and the other of his silk sash. He brought his sword in his hand, and presented it to the captain of the privateer, saying, "It is no disgrace for one brave man to deliver up his sword to another."

"Que dit il?" said the captain of the privateer to the young man who interpreted. The young man translated this fine speech, upon which the French captain called the English one by a very contemptuous title, and turned away. The privateer's men now made their appearance from below, having helped themselves to everything they could find: the orders were then given for the prisoners to be brought upon deck; they were driven up, many of them bleeding from wounds received in attempts to rescue their personal property, and were handed over to the lugger. A prize-

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master with twenty men were put on board ; the lugger was hauled off, the only Englishmen allowed to remain in the captured vessel being Bramble and myself. As soon as the vessels were clear they made sail, running about two points free for the French coast.

CHAPTER XXXV

We have great hopes of not seeing the inside of a French prison, but we are disappointed.

WELL, Tom, this is a bad job," said Bramble to me, taking his seat upon the hencoop aft. "By to-morrow at noon, unless we fall in with a cruiser—and I see little chance of that—we shall be locked up in a French prison; ay, and Heaven knows how long we may stay there! What's to become of poor little Bessy? I'm sure I don't know. I must contrive to write over to lawyer Wilson, and put him in charge of everything. But I'm sorry for you, my poor lad; it's hard for you to be locked up, perhaps for years, when you might have been making money for yourself."

"Well, it can't be helped, father; we must make the best of it," replied I, with a deep sigh, for I was anything but happy at the prospect.

"If it had not been for that swaggering coward, this might not have happened," replied Bramble. "It's somewhat my own fault: I was so anxious to frighten him about nothing, but at last I run us into real danger, and I might have known that he never would have fought, although I certainly had no idea of falling in with a privateer. Well, Tom, we must not lose a chance."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that if there is any possibility of getting away, I shall; and you, of course, will not stay behind. I don't know where they are going to, but you see, Tom, our only chance of getting off is while we are on the coast; if once we are marched into the interior, why, then it will be almost hopeless. What we must try for is to get away at the port where we land. We shall see."

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"I am afraid that there's very little chance for us," replied I; "but I'm ready to attempt anything."

"We shall see, Tom—where there's a will there's a way; however, it's no use talking about it just now." Here Bramble filled his pipe, took out his flint and steel, and lighted it.

After smoking for ten minutes, during which I stood by him, he said, "I wonder where they will take us to—St. Malo's or Morlaix; for the course they are steering will fetch, I should think, thereabouts. One thing is certain—they've got a good prize, and they mean to keep it if they can; and, my eyes! if they won't make a fuss about it! A ship with twelve guns taken by a lugger with only six! They'll make the ship mount eighteen or twenty guns, and have a hundred and fifty men on board, and they'll swear they fought us for three hours. They have something to boast of, that's certain; and I suspect that French captain is a brave sort of chap, from the sneer he gave when our cowardly English lubber gave him so fine a speech. Well, it's our disgrace!"

Here Bramble was silent for some time, when I said to him, "You were stating to the men how a Leith smack beat off a privateer the other day; I never heard of it."

"Yes, I heard it when I was up above Greenwich. I met an old friend who was on board of her, for he took his passage in her from London.

"'Why,' says he to me, 'Bramble, I thought we never should have got away from the river, for the old captain, who was as big round as a puncheon, and not unlike one, declared that he would not sail until the powder came up from Woolwich; for the *Queen Charlotte* (that was the name of the smack) carried six eighteen-pound carronades. We waited nearly a week for the powder, and many a laugh we all had about it, thinking old Nesbitt was not much of a fighter, from his making so much fuss. Well, at last we boomed her off from the wharf, and about seven that night got clear of the Thames; it was a fine breeze all night, and we ran through the Swin by the lead, which is what every one won't attempt: next morning we were off Yarmouth Roads, with the water as yellow as pea-soup; never saw it otherwise, and I'm an old collier; reason why,

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the swells of the ocean thrashes up the sands off there—ay, and shifts them too occasionally, which is of more consequence. Well, Bramble,' says he, 'well, on we went; hauled in through Harborough Gut; then the sun had so much power—for it was in the Dog Days—that it eat up the wind, and we were obliged to content ourselves with getting four knots out of her. Just as we made the Dudgeon Light-Boat, old Nesbitt's son comes aft to his father, who was steering the craft, and says, "Father, do you see that 'ere brig crowding all sail after us? I think it be the New Custom House brig trying his rate of sailing with us."

"“Never you mind what she is, boy,” says the captain, “but away up and furl the gaff-topsail.”

"“Meanwhile the brig overhauled us fast, and old Nesbitt kept a-looking round at her every two or three minutes. At last he says to the mate, “Take the wheel a bit,” and he goes first and looks over the quarter. “I see,” says he; “I say, you sergeant and corporal” (for we had a recruiting party on board), “suppose now you just help us to load our guns and work them a little, for I expect this here craft will give us plenty to do.”

"“Well, Bramble, as I stand here, if six of them lobsters didn't say nothing, but just walk down below: but the sergeant was a trump of a fellow, and so was his wife; he threw off his coat and cap covered with ribands, tied a handkerchief round his head, and set to work with a will; and his wife backed him to the last, handing the powder and everything else. Well, we had with us ten men who all stood to guns; but the passengers went down below with the soldiers. Well, on comes the brig upon our star-board quarter as if to board; all her fore-rigging, and fore-chains, and fore-castle being full of men as bees in a swarm.

"““Are you all ready, my men?” said the captain.

"““Yes, all ready, sir.”

"““Yes, and I be ready too, massa!” cried the black cook, bringing out from the caboose the red-hot poker.

"““Well, then, up on the wind with her, and fire when the guns bear.”

"“The men kept their eyes on the guns; and when they

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cried "fire!" the cook set them all off, one after another, with the hot poker, and no small mischief did these three guns do. His fore-castle was cleared of men in no time; down came his gaff and fore-topsail, and being now right on our beam, he put his helm up to lay us on board; but we were too quick for him—we wore round too, and gave him the three other guns, which did him no good.

"Well, he came after us on the other tack, and pelted us with musketry in a cruel way. The mate was hit in the head, and taken down below; and poor old Nesbitt, who was at the wheel, steering the craft beautifully, had a bullet right into his bow-window, as they call it. "Well," the old fellow says, "here's a shot between wind and water, I reckon—we must have a plug"; so he puts his flippers into his waistband, and stuffs his flannel jacket into the hole. Then we throws her up in the wind again, and rakes him with our three guns well into him, and carries away more of his gear, and stops his sailing—and so we goes on for a whole hour and thirty-five minutes; and, to make a long story short, we beat him off, and he turned tail and ran for it with both pumps going.'

"Now you see, Tom, that's the account of the affair given to me by a man who I can trust; and there you see what can be done if men are resolute and determined to fight. Some little difference between that affair and this one, Tom."

"Did old Nesbitt die or recover?"

"I asked that question: he was doing well when my friend left; somehow or another no vital part was injured, and he has had many presents made him for his gallant conduct, and the sergeant was well rewarded also. Well, my pipe's out, and it's not far from midnight; I should think we may just as well try for a little sleep, Tom, for perhaps we may not get any for some time to come."

Bramble coiled himself up under the bulwark; I did the same; and in a few minutes we both had forgotten whether we were in our beds at our house at Deal or prisoners bound for the French coast.

At daylight the next morning Bramble roused me up.

"Here we are now, Tom! here's the French coast not four leagues from us; but it's hazy, and I cannot make it

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out very clear; however, the sun will soon drive all this away, and we shall have a fine day; but the wind has gone down, and I think we shall have still less of it."

And so it proved; for, as the sun rose, the wind became very light, so that we did not go through the water more than three knots. We were looking at the coast, when the report of a gun saluted our ears. It was from the privateer; we turned to that quarter, and found that there was a cutter about two miles from the privateer, crowding all sail towards us.

"Tom!" cried Bramble, "there's a chance for us yet—that's an English privateer, and she will try to retake us for the sake of the salvage. But here's a boat coming from the Frenchman—what can that be for?"

The boat rowed alongside of us, and out jumped the captain of the French privateer with twenty of his best men, and the boat was then dropped astern.

The Frenchmen immediately cast loose the guns, went down for the powder, and prepared for action.

"I see, Tom," said Bramble, "he's a clever fellow, this skipper; he knows that this ship and cargo is worth a dozen of his little privateer, and his object is to get her in—so he's come with all his best men on board of us, leaving his first officer to make the best fight with the privateer that he can. Well, he's right; and if it wasn't that I don't like to go to prison, I wish he may succeed, for he has got sense as well as courage, I think."

The ship was now kept away two points more, that she might go through the water as fast as she could; and in the meantime the action commenced between the English cutter and the French privateer, the latter evidently attempting to cripple the masts and rigging of the former. The cutter, however, steered right for us, and evidently came up fast; the French privateer, weak-handed as she must have been, behaved very well, throwing herself across the cutter's bows, and doing everything she could to prevent her coming up with us: both vessels were very much cut up before the cutter came within three cables' lengths of us, when the French captain ordered French colours to be hoisted, and, rounding to, poured in a well-directed broadside, which quite astonished the English privateer, who

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imagined that we were an unarmed merchantman. The action now became very warm; we standing on, and every now and then rounding to and raking the cutter, while the French privateer engaged her broadside to broadside. The French captain was abaft, giving his orders with the greatest coolness and ability, when a shot from the cutter came in on deck, and a large splinter which it tore off knocked him down on his back. Bramble and I both ran to him and helped him up—we could not help it, although he was an enemy. He was not hurt, and as soon as he was on his legs he laughed, and thanked us in French. The cutter still continued the fight until we were within three miles of the coast, when, all her spars and sails being cut to pieces, she hauled to the wind and stood out to the offing.

“Well, Tom, there’s all our hopes ended,” said Bramble; “so now I’ll light my pipe. Well, I say it’s been a good fight on both sides.”

Here the captain came up to us and said, “*Bien obligé*,—thank you.”

The cutter did not, however, stand out for more than a few minutes, when she hove to and repaired damages, evidently intending to renew the action. I pointed this out to Bramble. “I see, I see,” replied he; “she intends to try and cut us off from Morlaix, which is to windward, and oblige us to fight or run for St. Malo’s, which is a long way to leeward; in either case she will be able to attack us again, as she outsails us: perhaps the fight is not over yet.”

But the Frenchman also understood what he was about, and he now steered a course. When we were about two miles from the land, and about the same distance from the cutter, the latter kept away so as to oblige the ship to come to action again before she reached Morlaix; but, before she closed with us, we discovered that we were entering a small French port, which had not been visible to us, called (I think) Lanion, situated between Isle Bichat and Morlaix. When within a half a mile of the land, French over English was hoisted at our peak, and a French pennant over an English pennant at our main.

“I told you so,” said Bramble; “they have made a man-of-war out of us, and now there’ll be no end to the lies that they will tell; for though these French fellows do not

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fight quite so well as we do, at lying they'll beat us hollow, any day of the week. Never mind, Tom, we must keep a sharp look-out, and there's no saying—keep your eyes open as we go into the harbour—I never was here before, but I suspect it's nothing better than a poor fishing town."

In a quarter of an hour the ship and privateer were both made fast to an old stone pier which ran out from the town; but there were no other vessels in the harbour except two small coasting *chasses marées*, and about a dozen fishing-boats.

The harbour was formed by the mouth of a small river, which ran down through a very narrow alluvial flat, backed by precipitous rocks. On the right side of the river on entering, and on the level ground above mentioned, which extended back perhaps two hundred yards, until it was met by the rocky cliffs, was situated the village which, centuries back, must have been the town of Lanion. It consisted of perhaps one hundred to one hundred and twenty houses, few of them of any size, the major portion with walls built of mud and whitewashed over. The only remains of the former town were a stone-built market-place, the portion of the Hôtel de Ville in which the mayor resided, and the old church, which, although perfect in its walls, was sadly dilapidated in the roof. It had long been deserted, and a small chapel had been built in lieu of it, in which the only curé of the place performed the service. The massive stones of which the now neglected pier had once been built proved that at one time considerable expense had been incurred in the formation of this small harbour.

A battery mounting two guns at the end of the pier protected the mouth of the harbour; and there was a guard of a sergeant and twelve invalids, who were stationed there to man the guns upon the approach of an enemy.

It would be difficult to describe the confusion which took place as soon as the two vessels were fairly alongside the wharf, and made fast with hawsers to the massive iron rings which had for centuries been fixed in the ponderous stones of which the pier was composed. There was the mayor with his cocked hat on, but his leather apron still tied in front, for he had been working at his calling; there

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was the sergeant of the invalids, who, perhaps, was a greater man than the mayor, all beard and mustachios, but so thin in his person, that he looked as if a stout breeze would have blown him away; and there were the soldiers leaning on their muskets. These were the most important personages, but they were backed by the whole population of the town, amounting to about three hundred men, women, and children, all talking, jabbering, and screaming; add to them the captain of the privateer, so important that he could not attend to even the mayor or the sergeant; and the privateer's men, dressed in every fashion, armed to the teeth, all explaining, or pushing away, or running here and there obeying orders; then the wounded men—for they had several men killed and others hurt in the conflict with the cutter—handed up one by one, bandaged here and there, and exciting the compassion and even screams of the women; the prisoners, who had been ordered to come on deck, half dressed and chapfallen; the sails of the vessels only clewed up, and still fluttering; ensigns and pennants hoisted upon every mast, and waving over the heads of the crowd assembled at the pier,—and you may have some idea of the confused and bustling scene.

At last, as there appeared no chance of anything being arranged while the people crowded round, the captain of the privateer ordered his men to draw their weapons and drive back the crowd, which was soon effected, notwithstanding many oaths, and more screaming on the part of the fairer sex; and when the crowd had been thus driven the men were stationed so as to keep them back. At first this gave offence to all parties—to the crowd, because they didn't like to be driven away—to the mayor, who remained with the sergeant and invalids in the area which had been cleared by the privateer's people, because he thought that they had interfered with his civil authority—and to the sergeant of invalids, because he thought that the marine force had interfered with his military authority; but the captain of the privateer having taken off his hat and bowed, first to the mayor and then to the sergeant, and saying how much he was obliged to them for their assistance, both parties were satisfied; and now a consultation was held between them

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how to proceed, while the privateer's men, who kept back the crowd, amused them by giving a detail of the two desperate actions which had been fought—no two accounts agreeing, certainly, but that was of no consequence.

The first question to be canvassed was, what was to be done with the prisoners? Morlaix was the nearest town in which they would be under safe keeping, but that was twenty miles distant, and it would be necessary to send over an express, so that a sufficient force might be despatched to Lanion to escort the prisoners there. This Mr. Mayor undertook to do immediately; a boy was summoned to take over the communication, and the mayor went up to write his letter to the authorities, while the wounded men were carried away, and by the direction of the curé, who had just arrived and joined the consultation, billeted upon different houses in the town. The express having been despatched, and the wounded safely housed and under the care of the village Æsculapius, who never had such a job in his whole life, the next point of consultation was how to dispose of the prisoners until the force should arrive from Morlaix. Here the sergeant became the principal person, being military commandant: forty-seven prisoners were a heavy charge for twelve invalids; and as for the privateer's men, there was no dependence upon them, for, as the captain said, they had had enough to do to take them, and it was the business of the authorities to look after them now, while the privateer's men made merry.

CHAPTER XXXVI

With those powerful agents, fire and water, we contrive to escape from a French prison.

AFTER more than an hour of confusion and loud talking it was at last proposed and agreed to, *nem. con.*, that the prisoners should be confined in the old church; the twelve invalids to be divided into two parties, who were to be sentinels over them, relieving each other every four hours. The mayor immediately went forward with the village black-

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smith to examine the state of the church doors, and ascertain how they might be secured; while the prisoners, having been summoned out of the privateer, were escorted up between two files of the privateer's men with their swords drawn, and followed by the whole population. As soon as we arrived at the church door the name of every prisoner was taken down by the mayor, attended by a notary, and then he was passed into the church. Bramble and I of course were marched up with the others, the captain of the privateer talking with us the whole way, through the young man who interpreted, informing us that an express had been sent over to Morlaix, to which town we should be escorted the next day, and then have better accommodation. As we stood at the huge doors of the church, which were opened for our reception, we perceived that the altar and all the decorations had been removed, and that, with the exception of the large wooden screen of carved oak near the altar, the church was completely bare. Bramble spoke to the interpreter, and said that he hoped the captain would request the mayor to allow the prisoners to have straw to lie down upon, as the pavement would be very cold. Although the mayor at first demurred at this demand, yet the captain of the privateer, probably out of good-will to Bramble, insisted, and the straw was ordered to be sent in. At last the mayor became impatient, we could delay no longer, and the doors were closed.

I had surveyed the church as we were escorted up to it: it was very large, capable, I should think, of holding more than two thousand people. The walls of the church were very massive, and the windows had but very few panes of glass remaining in them, but they were so very high as to prevent our climbing out of them, even if there had not been six sentinels guarding us outside. At one corner, to the right of the end of the church where the altar-piece had been, was a narrow stone tower, apparently an addition made to the Lady's Chapel long after the church had been originally built. When we were shut up we were enabled to survey the interior at our leisure. The whole was completely bare to the pavement until you came to the chancel part, near to which the altar had been, where the wooden screens and seats still

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remained, in a sad dilapidated state ; but they must have once been very handsome, for the carving, where it was perfect, was very beautiful. A small thick wooden door, loaded with ironwork, communicated with the narrow tower, which had a flight of stone steps running up to the top, and narrow loop-holes to give light as you ascended. While the majority of the prisoners were sitting down here and there on the pavement, few of them entering into conversation, Bramble had, with me, taken a full survey of our locality.

"I tell you what, Tom, if we once get to Morlaix, all chance is over," said he ; "we must either get out of this church this very night, or we must make up our minds to remain in prison Heaven knows how long."

"Have we any chance?"

"I'll tell you more about that in a little while."

The door of the church now opened, and the people brought in the straw for the beds, which they threw all in a heap in the centre of the church, and the doors were again closed.

"I see daylight now," said Bramble. "Tom, find the mate and boatswain, and bring them here to me quickly."

I did so, and Bramble asked them whether they were inclined to make an attempt to get clear.

They replied that they would join us in anything—they did not care what it was, and against any odds.

"Well, then," said Bramble, "my idea is this. You see there are but twelve old soldiers to guard us ; for you may be certain that, before long, all the privateer's men will be as drunk as owls—that's but natural ; not that I think of coming to any fight with them, but I make the observation because, if we get out, we shall have little to fear afterwards. Now, you see, I asked for the straw because the idea came in my head that it might be useful. You see, what I propose is, as there is plenty of wood in this part of the church, that we should wait till about three hours after dark—that is, until ten or eleven o'clock—and then set fire to the church. They must come and let us out, you know ; at least I take it for granted that they will before the roof comes down ; if they don't, we must force the doors ourselves—I've looked at them—and until we do, there is no fear of suffocating, for there are no panes to the

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windows; so, after all, it will only be a bonfire, without danger to anybody."

"Well, but what shall we gain by it?" said the mate; "we shall be walked out with the other prisoners, and how shall we then escape?"

"There it is: we will not be walked out with the other prisoners; and, in the confusion and hurry of taking them away to one place or another, they will not be likely to miss us. We will all go up this narrow tower, where we may remain, till the church falls in, with perfect safety; and then, when all is quiet again, and the people have left the spot, we will make for the pier, get one of the fishing-boats and be off. How do you like the idea?"

We all agreed that the plan was very feasible, and would attempt it.

"Well, then, we must remain quiet for the present; all you have to do is to fetch as much straw this way as you can by degrees: I expect they will bring us something to eat before long."

We removed a large portion of the straw to the chancel; in half-an-hour afterwards the doors were opened and rations of bread were brought in. What still more assisted our plans was, that the captain of the privateer at the same time, very good-naturedly, brought a demijohn of brandy, which he gave to Bramble.

Bramble thanked him through the interpreter, and told him that he would get well drunk that night.

"Yes, drive away care, captain says," replied the interpreter.

Once more the doors were closed, and we had no chance of further interruption.

By Bramble's direction, the mate, assisted by me and the boatswain, cast loose the remaining bundles of straw and shook them down as beds for the prisoners at the end of the church nearest to the door; and as soon as they had eaten their bread, Bramble gave them all a portion of the brandy, advising them to turn in soon, as we were to march very early the next morning. We remained with them at first, having taken our seats on the straw as if we also intended to repose. At last it became dusk, and then dark;

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the prisoners settled themselves to sleep; we left them and joined Bramble. Having arranged our straw so as to secure ignition, and leaving the mate and boatswain down below, Bramble and I, now that there was no chance of our being seen by the sentinels, ascended the tower. It commanded a view of the town and harbour: we looked down upon the main street—all was mirth and revelry; fiddling and dancing and singing were to be heard from more than one house; women in the street laughing, and now and then running and screaming when pursued by the men.

"This is all right," observed Bramble; "in an hour or two you'll see how quiet everything will be; but I shall not let them all go to bed before I set fire, for there may be some difficulty in waking them. I don't see that there's any lights down at the pier, where the vessels lie."

We stayed up there till about eleven o'clock, Bramble watching the lights and sounds; and when he considered that they had sufficiently decreased, he said, "Now we'll try it, Tom, and may success attend us!"

We descended and found the mate and boatswain anxiously waiting for us. Bramble struck a light with his flint, and we carried it to the screen where we had piled the straw under the seats and against the panels.

"Now then, messmates," said Bramble, "as long as the others sleep the better; but if they waken in the confusion, bring here all the straw you can collect, for we must not fail for want of fuel."

But of this there was no chance, for the wood of the screen and benches was so dry that it was alight immediately. For ten minutes the other prisoners and the guard outside did not appear to be aware of what was going on; but at last the church was so filled with smoke that they were roused up: still the principal smoke was in that portion of the church where we were; at the other end they were not much inconvenienced, as it found vent by the windows. What the invalids were about outside I do not know, but they did not perceive it; probably they had left their guard to go and carouse. At all events the flames had climbed up from the screen and had caught a portion of the roof before the Frenchmen knew that the church was on fire;

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the smoke was now exchanged for a bright clear flame, which had already found its way through the slating, and the prisoners were halloaing and screaming as loud as they could. We went to the part of the church where the others were, and joined the outcry. The voices of the people outside were now to be heard, for men and women had been summoned by the cry of the church being on fire: still there was no danger until the roof fell in, and that would not be the case for perhaps an hour, although it was now burning furiously, and the sparks and cinders were borne away to leeward by the breeze. The screams of the prisoners now became dreadful: frightened out of their wits, they fully expected to be burnt alive; still the door was not opened, although we heard a loud consultation of many voices without.

"Well," said Bramble, "I hope they really don't mean to let us burn here; at all events, if they do, I can save the poor devils, for there's room enough on the stairs of the tower for twice as many. At all events, we must hold on till the last moment."

As he said this we heard them outside put the key in the door, and immediately Bramble, the boatswain, mate, and I retreated from the crowd and gained the other portion of the church, which was most in flames. As the door opened we hastened to the tower door, and closing it after us, gained the staircase near the top, where we remained quiet; there was no want of smoke there, but still we could breathe pretty freely, as the fire from the roof was borne down by the wind from us and towards the people, who were at the front of the church. How they disposed of the other prisoners we do not know, as we dared not show ourselves; but in about half-an-hour the whole of the roof fell down upon the pavement, and nothing but the bare walls of the church were left standing.

After the roof fell in the light from the flames was so small that we ventured to the top of the tower to look out. There were still many people standing about, but the major part of them were gone. As the fire sank down so did the people go away; at last there was no one to be seen: we remained more than half-an-hour watching; light after light disappeared, and all was quiet as death.

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"Now's our time," said Bramble, "but still we must be cautious; let us follow one another at about ten yards apart; if we meet with any one, pretend to be reeling as if drunk, and they may think we are privateer's-men not yet gone to bed."

We followed him down the stairs, gained the church, and trod over the still burning embers; as soon as we were clear of the walls we turned to the right in our way down to the harbour, keeping in the gloom as much as possible. We arrived safely at the pier, for there was not a soul stirring; all our fear was that we should find some one keeping watch on board of the vessels, which we must pass after we had possession of one of the fishing-boats, as they lay inside of them. But fortune favoured us every way; the boat we selected had her sails bent, and was not fastened with a chain, we were, therefore, in the stream in a moment; the tide was also running out strong, and we passed the vessels without having occasion to use our oars. The battery at the entrance of the harbour was also without its usual sentry, for the men had been called up to guard the prisoners. In half-an-hour we were clear of the harbour, and steering with a fine breeze for the English coast; and when daylight broke the French land was but just perceptible.

"Well," said Bramble, "praised be Heaven for all things. I expected to have lost my precious liberty for years, and I have only lost two shirts, one pair of trousers, and three pairs of worsted stockings."

We had nothing to eat or drink, but that we cared little for, as the wind was fair. About ten o'clock that night we landed at Cawsand Bay, near Plymouth, where we sat down to a hearty supper; and when we went to bed, I did not forget to thank Providence for my unexpected escape.

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CHAPTER XXXVII

Another escape, more fortunate than the one recorded in the preceding chapter.

FROM the time that I had passed my examination, and worked as a pilot on my own account, until the period of our escape, which I have narrated in the preceding chapter, I had continued to live in the cottage with Bramble, without contributing any share to the expenses. I had at first proposed it, but Bramble would not listen to any such arrangement; he considered me, he said, as his son, and who knowed, he added, but that the cottage would be mine after he was gone. The fact was that Bramble ardently wished that Bessy and I should be united. He continually hinted at it, joked with Bessy about me; and I believe that, in consequence, Bessy's feelings towards me had taken the same bent. She was prepared for the issue; the regard naturally felt for me from her long intimacy, now that the indulgence of it was so openly sanctioned by him whom she considered as her father, was not checked on her part; indeed, there was no doubt but that it had ripened into love. She showed it in every little way that her maiden modesty did not interfere with, and old Bramble would at times throw out such strong hints of our eventual union as to make me feel very uncomfortable. They neither of them had any idea of my heart having been pre-engaged, and the strangeness of my manner was ascribed by Bramble to my feelings towards Bessy. Bessy, however, was not so easily deceived; my conduct towards her appeared, to say the best of it, very inconsistent. So often had I had opportunities, especially when I was at home and Bramble was away, of speaking on the subject, and so often had these opportunities been neglected, that it filled her mind with doubt and anxiety. After having accepted my addresses at first, Janet had once or twice written to me; latterly, however, she had not written herself—all her messages were through Virginia's letters, or, perhaps, she would add a little postscript. Had letters arrived for me in any other hand-

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writing than that of Virginia, Bessy, after her suspicions were roused, might have easily guessed the truth ; but it was the absence of any clue to guide her as to the state of my feelings which so much puzzled her. She was fully convinced that my heart was not hers, but she had no reason to suppose that it was in the possession of another. Thus did my passion for Janet Wilson in every way prove to me a source of anxiety. I knew that it was my duty to undeceive Bramble and Bessy, yet the task was too painful, and I could not make up my mind to make them unhappy. I felt that I had no right to remain under Bramble's roof and live at his expense, and, at the same time, I could not find an opportunity of telling him what my feelings and wishes were, the very mention of which would at once explain to him that the desire of his old age would never be accomplished. I often accused myself of ingratitude, and felt as if it were my duty to make every sacrifice to one who had been so kind a protector ; but I was bound by vows to Janet Wilson, and how was it possible that I could retract ?

Virginia's letters were not satisfactory : at first she told me how much she had been annoyed by the attentions of the young nobleman, and how very indelicate my mother had been in her conduct ; eventually she informed me that she had been insulted by him, and that, upon complaining to my mother, the latter had, much to her surprise and indignation, not only laughed at his extreme forwardness, but pointed out to Virginia a line of conduct by which he might be entrapped into marriage ; that her refusal to accede to such unworthy devices had created a serious breach between her mother and herself. She stated the young man to be extremely silly and weak, and that my mother had gained great influence over him ; and were it not that the presence of the tutor, who seldom quitted the house, had proved a check, that there was little doubt but, as far as the young man was concerned, the disproportionate match would be readily acceded to ; that the only person she had ventured to consult was her dear friend Mrs. St. Felix, who had promised her, if the persecution did not cease, that she would make Mr. Sommerville the tutor aware of what was going on. Virginia described the latter as an amiable, modest young man, who did all in his power to instruct

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his pupil, but who was treated with anything but deference in return.

Relative to Janet she said little, except that she generally called there every day to make inquiries after me: once or twice she did say that it was a pity that I was not able to come oftener to Greenwich, as Janet was not very steady; indeed, considering how young she was, without a mother, and so little controlled by her father, it was not to be wondered at.

Such was the state of affairs when I made up my mind that I would speak to Bramble about my paying my share of the expenses, which I thought would open his eyes to the real state of my feeling towards Bessy: I did so; I pointed out to him that I was now earning money fast, and that I considered it but fair that I should support myself, and not put him to further expense; that perhaps it would be better that I should take a house for myself, as I must give a great deal of trouble to Bessy and Mrs. Maddox.

"Well, Tom," said Bramble, "you've been at me about this before, and I believe it's a proper feeling, after all. It certainly does seem to me to be a matter of little consequence, as things stand; however, I can't consent to your leaving us. You have been with me ever since you were a lad, and I should feel like a fish out of water if I were to be without you or Bessy; so pay just what you please—I'll take it since you wish it—and there's an end of the matter."

This was not the end to which I was driving; but Bramble's eyes would not be opened, and I could not help it. He had never directly spoken to me about an union with Bessy, and therefore it was impossible for me to say any more. Bramble, however, did not fail to communicate what I had said to her; and one evening when we were standing on the shingle beach, she said to me, "So Emerson has been convicted for smuggling, and sentenced beyond the seas."

"I am sorry for it," replied I.

"His house is to be let now, Tom; would it not suit you? for my father told me that you wished to leave us."

"Why should I live upon you when I am able to support myself?"

"Certainly not. If it were not that I could not bear to

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see father miserable, I think it would be better if you did take Emerson's house; but it would vex him, poor good man."

"But not you, Bessy; is it that you mean?"

"Perhaps it is. Tell me yourself, Tom, would it not be better?"

I made no reply.

"Well," replied Bessy, "think of me as you please; I will speak now, Tom. I am not considering you, Tom, nor am I thinking of myself; I am only induced so to do on account of my father. We have been brought up together as children, Tom, and, as children, we were great friends, and, I believe, sincerely attached to each other. I believe it to be very true that those who are brought up together as brothers and sisters do not change that affection for any other more serious in after life. It is therefore not our faults if we cannot feel as, you must know, Tom, my father wishes we should. Am I not right?"

"You are, I believe, Bessy," replied I.

"My father, therefore, is deceiving himself with the hopes of what never can take place, but I know him even better than you do, Tom; it is the object of his daily thoughts—his only wish before he sinks into his grave. I cannot bear to undeceive him; no more can you, if I have truly judged your feelings."

"You have judged right, Bessy."

"The very circumstance of our knowing his wishes, the hints which he throws out, his joking on the subject, have been a source of annoyance to both of us; and not only a source of annoyance, Tom, it has estranged us—we no longer feel that affection which we should feel for each other, that kindness as between brother and sister which might exist; on the contrary, not being exactly aware of each other's feelings, we avoid each other, and fearful that the least kindness might be misconstrued, we do not really treat each as we otherwise would; in fact, it has destroyed our mutual confidence. Is it not so?"

"It is, I acknowledge, but too true, Bessy, and I thank you for having entered into this explanation——"

"Which, as I said before," continued Bessy, "I should not have done except for the sake of my father; but now that

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I have done so" (and here Bessy's voice became tremulous), "let us consult at once how we shall act so as to secure his happiness, and that in future we may return to the former confidence and regard which should exist between us as brother and sister."

"Point out how this is to be done, Bessy, and I will cheerfully enter into you wishes."

"We must laugh when he laughs, Tom, even if not inclined; we must gain time—that is very easy: I may refuse as long as he lives—you may put it off; and then, Tom, circumstances may help us—who knows what even a day may bring forth?"

"Very true," replied I, "there's only one thing——"

"What is that?"

"Suppose I was to marry?"

"Then," replied Bessy, in a voice half choked, as she turned away, "my father would be very unhappy."

I looked round to reply, but she had gone into the cottage. This conversation gave me great satisfaction. I felt convinced that if I had at one time formed the idea that Bessy was attached to me, I had been mistaken, and I was as indifferent to her as she was to me. I was just as anxious as she was not to vex Bramble, and equally glad that confidence was restored between us. Alas! I must have been very blind not to have perceived what was the true state of her feelings, but I did not, and after some reflection I determined that I would make her a confidant of my passion for Janet Wilson; and then I walked to the post-office to see if there were any letters from Virginia. There was a letter for me—a double one. As soon as I had paid the money, I opened it; it was very closely written, and evidently Virginia had much to communicate to me. I forgot for the moment Bessy and Bramble, thought only of Janet, and put the letter to my lips as I walked away, that I might go home and read it. I hurried past Bessy, who was in the parlour, and went up the stairs into my bedroom, where I took my letter out of my pocket and commenced it.

"15th April.

"MY DEAR TOM,—I shall begin a letter to you now, and fill it up as a sort of a diary; as it is the best plan, I think,

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to narrate circumstances as they actually take place. It is unpleasant to say anything against my mother, the more so as I believe that she thinks she has been doing right, and has my interest sincerely at heart: she appears to consider that an alliance with people of rank cannot be purchased too dear, and that every attempt is justifiable to secure for me such an advantage. Little does she know me: if she forgets, I never shall, that I am the daughter of a Greenwich pensioner, and never would ally myself with those whose relations would look upon me as a disgrace to their family. No, Tom; even if I were so heedless as to allow my affections to be enthralled, I would at any sacrifice refuse to enter into a family much beyond my condition. I have thought of this often, and I confess that I am sometimes unhappy. I have been brought up and educated above my situation in life, and I do not think I ever could marry a person who was not more refined and educated than those who are really and truly my equals. But as, at the same time, I never will enter into a family who might look down upon my parentage, I presume your little Virginia must remain unmarried. If so, I am content—I have no wish to alter my present condition. I am happy and respected; and with the exception of the trifling annoyances which we all must expect and must submit to, I have no reason to be dissatisfied; on the contrary, I have to be grateful for many blessings, and I trust that I am so. My poor mother is the cause of all my present vexations. She tells me that my beauty, as she is partially pleased to call it, is sufficient for my aspiring to the hand of a duke, and that it will be my own fault if I do not make a high connection. Every night she has been overwhelming me with alternate reproaches and entreaties to permit the attentions of the gay gentleman who is now lodging at our house, stating that it was on my account only that he took the apartments, and that, if I play my cards well, he will be caught in his own trap, which, I presume, is as much as to say that he came here with different intentions, and finding that he cannot succeed, will secure his intended prize or victim by marriage rather than not obtain her at all. Very flattering, truly! and this is the man to whom my mother would induce me to confide my future happiness—a man who, independent of his want

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of probity, is a fool into the bargain. But the persecution on his part and on that of my mother now becomes so annoying, that I have requested Mrs. St. Felix to speak to Mr. Sommerville the tutor, who, if he does his duty—and I have every reason to believe that he will do so—will take some measures to remove his pupil from our house.

“17th. Mrs. St. Felix and Mr. Sommerville have had a meeting. He generally walks out every afternoon in the park; and Mrs. St. Felix and he have already been introduced: she therefore went out and met him, and after exchanging a few words she introduced the subject, stating that she did so at my request. Mr. Sommerville, although he had not been blind, had had no idea that things had proceeded so far; and he promised Mrs. St. Felix that he would soon put an end to the persecution, or remove him from our house. Janet has been here to-day, and I told her what had passed; she very much approved of the steps which I had taken. I must, however, say that latterly she has not appeared to take that interest about you that she used to do, and I fear that your continual absence is injurious to your prospects. She is very young and very giddy, Tom: I wish she had been older, as, even when she is your wife, she will require much looking after, and a firm hand to settle her down into what a married woman in my opinion ought to be. Mr. Sommerville has requested me to favour him with a few minutes’ conversation; and as I cannot do it in our house, for my mother never leaves me a minute to myself, I told him that I should be at Mrs. St. Felix’s this afternoon, and he could speak to me then. He knows that I have no secrets from Mrs. St. Felix; and although it is not pleasant to resort to such means, still there can be no impropriety in my hearing what he has to tell me in her presence.

“I have seen Mr. Sommerville—he thanked me very much for having communicated, through Mrs. St. Felix, my mother’s plot against his *protégé*, and paid me many compliments upon my behaviour, which were quite unnecessary. He told me that he had spoken to his pupil, who had most positively denied his having any such intention, and stated that he was merely amusing himself, and he had pledged himself not to take the least notice of me for the future. ‘I am well aware,’ said he, ‘that what he has stated is not

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correct ; he has not deceived me by his assertions ; and were it not that I feel confidence in you, Miss Virginia,' continued he, 'I would write to his father that he might be immediately removed. I hardly need say, that should anything of this kind take place, I should be most severely blamed: it is not the first time that I have been compelled to interfere, for my pupil is of a very susceptible disposition, and has fancied himself in love with at least five young people since he has been under my charge. In this instance,' continued he, making me a bow, 'he has some extenuation to offer. Will you oblige me by informing me if he adheres to his promise? or do you wish that I should speak to your mother?'

"Mrs. St. Felix replied that it would be unnecessary; indeed, that if Lord —— left the house I should only be subject to fresh persecution. Mr. Sommerville, at her request, stayed to drink tea, and is certainly a very pleasant, well-informed, amiable young man.

"23rd. I have received no molestation since the explanation with Mr. Sommerville, except from my mother, who accuses me of having affronted Lord ——; and although I deny it, she asserts that he never could have so changed his conduct towards both of us if I had not so done. I have not seen Janet this week—I cannot imagine what has become of her.

"24th. You may imagine my joy, my dear Tom: Mr. Sommerville has received a letter, stating that his lordship is to go down to his father's seat in the country, as he will be of age in a month, and he is to make acquaintance with the tenants;—there are to be great rejoicings there upon his coming of age. I am sure no one can rejoice more than I shall when he leaves, which is to be next Saturday. I am also very glad to say that the Marquess has presented Mr. Sommerville with a valuable living, now that he gives up his tutorship. I really think he will do justice to his profession, for I have seen more of him lately, and esteem him very much.

"27th. They are gone, much to my mother's mortification, and to my delight; and now, as I have written so much about myself, I shall leave this letter open till I see Janet, that I may tell you something about her, otherwise I know my letter will not be interesting to you.

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"31st. My dear Tom, you must prepare yourself for painful intelligence.

"Janet has disappeared. She left her father's house last night after the family had retired, but no one knows where: she left a few lines on her table, stating that they would hear from her soon. Poor Mr. Wilson was here to-day—he is half distracted—and the whole town is full of the scandal. Mrs. St. Felix told me this morning that she has discovered that within the last week she had been seen walking on the London Road with Lord ——. Is it possible?

"2nd May. It is all true—Mrs. St. Felix has a letter from Mr. Sommerville, stating that Janet was brought up to town and married to Lord — two days ago. It appears, that from the time that I repulsed his attentions, he fixed them upon Janet; that she encouraged him, and used to meet him every night, as Mrs. St. Felix was informed. Mr. Sommerville has seen his father, and fully exculpated himself; but the Marquess declares, as his son is a minor, that the marriage shall not be binding. How it will end Heaven only knows; but she is much to be pitied. This will account for her not coming to me as usual. Now, Tom, I do not suppose you will pay attention to me at present, but from what I knew of Janet, and which her conduct has fully proved, she was not worthy to be your wife, and could not have contributed to your happiness. I pity you from my heart, as I know what you will feel; but still I congratulate you, and eventually you will congratulate yourself at your fortunate escape.

"I will say no more at present, except that I am, and ever will be, your truly attached sister,
VIRGINIA."

I had courage to finish the letter, and then it dropped from my hands. I was bewildered, stupefied, maddened. As my sister said, I did indeed feel. Was it possible? Janet, who had—mercy on me! I threw myself on the bed, and there I remained till the next morning in a state most pitiable.

It is only those who have been deceived in their first attachment who can appreciate my agony of feeling. For the first few hours I hated the whole world, and, had then the means been at hand, should in all probability have hastened into another; but gradually my excitement

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abated; I found relief in tears of sorrow and indignation. I arose at daylight the next morning, worn out with contending feelings, heavy and prostrated in mind. I went out—stood on the beach, the keen breeze cooled my fevered cheek. For hours I leant motionless upon an anchor, all hope of future happiness abandoned for ever.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Which is all about love—Bramble confides to me all his acquaintance with the tender passion.

TO conceal from Bramble or Bessy the state of mind to which I was reduced was impossible. I was in a condition of prostration against which I could not rally; and I believe that there never was a person who had been disappointed in his first love who did not feel as I did—that is, if he really loved with a sincere, pure, and holy feeling; for I do not refer to the fancied attachments of youth, which may be said to be like the mere flaws of wind which precede the steady gale. I could not, for several days, trust myself to speak, I sat silent and brooding over the words, the looks, the smiles, the scenes which had promised me a store of future happiness—such as would probably have been the case, as far as we can be happy in this world, had I fixed my affections upon a true and honest, instead of a fickle and vain, woman; had I built my house upon a rock, instead of one upon the sand—which, as pointed out by the Scriptures, had been washed away, and had disappeared for ever! Bramble and Bessy in vain attempted to gain from me the cause of my dejection; I believe that they had many conversations upon it when I was absent, but whatever may have been their surmises, they treated me with every kindness and consideration. About a week after I had received the letter, Bramble said to me, “Come, Tom, we have had an easterly wind for ten days now, they are going off in a galley to-morrow—suppose we go too; it’s no use staying here moping and doing nothing. You’ve been out of sorts lately, and it will do you good.” I

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thought so too, and consented ; but the other pilots were not ready, and our departure was deferred till the day after. Bramble had acquainted me in the morning with this delay ; I was annoyed at it, for I was restless, and wished for change. My bundle had been prepared ; I had passed the best part of the night in writing to Virginia, and was, as people very often are when under such oppressed feelings, in anything but a good humour at being obliged to remain another day at Deal. I had walked out to the beach after we had breakfasted, and had remained there some time. Bramble had gone out in the direction of the post-office, and I asked him to inquire if there was a letter for me, for I thought it very likely that Virginia might have written to me again. I had remained for an hour on the beach, when I recollected that my knife required to be sharpened, and I walked round the cottage to the backyard, where there was a small grindstone. I had not put my knife to it, when I heard Bramble come in and say to Bessy—

“ Well, girl, I’ve found it all out ; for, you see, I thought old Anderson might know something about it, or, if he did not, he could inquire,—and I’ve got the whole story. Here’s Anderson’s letter. I thought there must be something of that sort.”

Here there was a pause, as if Bessy was reading the letter.

“ Only to think—she’s run away with a young lord,” said Bramble.

“ So it seems,” replied Bessy. “ I’m sorry for poor Tom, for he feels it severely.”

“ I’m not sorry,” rejoined Bramble ; “ she wasn’t deserving of him ; and, Bessy, I’m glad for your sake.”

“ Don’t say that, father ; Tom will never think of me, nor do I care about him.”

“ I don’t exactly believe that, Bessy, for all you say so. It’s my wish, and you know it, Bessy, to see you and Tom spliced before I die ; and I thank Heaven that this false girl is out of the way—I’ve more hopes now.”

“ Marriages are made in heaven, father,” replied Bessy ; “ so, pray don’t say anything more about it. It will be time enough for me to think of Tom when Tom appears to think of me. I shall always love him as a brother.”

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"Well, God's will be done! We must now try and console him, poor fellow: and I'm very glad that we're off to-morrow. Salt water cures love, they say, sooner than anything else."

"It may, perhaps," replied Bessy; "but I feel that if I were once really in love the whole ocean itself could not wash my love out. However, women are not men."

"That's true. You hug your love as you do your babies, all day long, and never tire. Now, you see, a man gets tired of nursing in no time;—I never was in love but once."

"Oh, father, I've heard that story so often."

"Well, then, you shan't hear it again. Now, I'll go out and see where Tom may be. I suppose he's looking at the wind, and thinking how it changes like a woman. But I'll light my pipe first."

"Do, father; and while Tom looks at the wind and thinks of women, do you just watch the smoke out of your pipe, and think of men and their constancy."

"Well, I will, if it pleases you. Put the letter by, Bessy, for I shouldn't like Tom to see it. What have you got for dinner?"

"I left that to Mrs. Maddox, so I can't tell. But there's cold pudding in the larder; I'll put it out for Tom."

"Nay, Bessy, you must not jest with him."

"Am I likely, think you, father?" replied Bessy; "can't I feel for him?"

"Come, come, dearest, I didn't mean to make you cry."

"I'm not crying, but I'm very sorry for Tom, and that's the truth. Now go away with your pipe, and leave me alone."

It was impossible for me to have returned without being perceived, and I therefore remained during the whole of this conversation. I was annoyed to discover that they knew my secret; and still more vexed at the remainder of this colloquy, by which I discovered that Bramble had so completely set his heart upon an union between me and Bessy, which I considered as impossible. I felt, as all do at the time, as if I never could love again. I walked away, and did not return home till dinner-time. Bramble and Bessy were very kind,

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although they did not talk much; and when I went away the next day I was moved with the affectionate farewell of the latter.

It was a beautiful night, and we were running before the east wind, the Portland Light upon our starboard beam; the other men in the boat had laid down in their gregos and pilot-jackets, and were fast asleep, while Bramble was at the helm steering; and I, who was too restless in my mind to feel any inclination to repose, was sitting on the stern-sheets beside him.

"Do you see the line of the Race?" said Bramble; "it seems strong to-night."

Bramble referred to what is called by the mariners the Race of Portland, where the uneven ground over which the water runs creates a very heavy sea even in a calm. Small smuggling vessels and boats, forced into it in bad weather, have often foundered. The tide, however, runs so rapidly over it that you are generally swept through it in a few minutes, and then find yourself again in comparatively smooth water.

"Yes," replied I; "it is very strong to-night, from the long continuance of the easterly wind."

"Exactly so, Tom," continued Bramble. "I've often thought that getting into that Race is just like falling in love."

"Why so?" replied I, rather pettishly, for I was not pleased at his referring to the subject.

"I'll tell you why, Tom," said Bramble; "because, you see, when we get into the Race, it's all boiling and bubbling and tossing about—rudder and sails are of no use; and you are carried along by a fierce tide, which there's no resisting, with no small damage to the upper works, until you are fairly out again, and find breath to thank God for it. Now, aren't that like love?"

"I suppose it is as you say so; you know best."

"Well, I think I do know best; because, you see, I have long been clear of it. I never was in love but once, Tom; did I ever tell you about it?"

"Never," replied I.

"Well, then, as 'twill pass time away, I'll just give you the long and the short of it, as the saying is. When I was

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just about twenty, and a smart lad in my own opinion, I was on board of a transport, and we had gone round to Portsmouth with a load of timber for the dockyard. It was not my first trip there, for, you see, the transport was employed wholly on that service; and during my cruising on shore I had taken up my quarters at the Chequer Board, a house a little way from the common Hard, in the street facing the dockyard wall; for, you see, Tom, it was handy to us, as our ship laid at the wharf, off the mast pond, it being just outside the dockyard gates. The old fellow who kept the house was as round as a ball, for he never started out by any chance from one year's end to another; his wife was dead; and he had an only daughter, who served at the bar, in a white cap with blue streamers; and when her hair was out of papers, and she put on clean shoes and stockings, which she did every day after dinner, she was a very smart neat-built little heifer; and, being an only daughter, she was considered as a great catch to any one who could get hold of her. She had quite the upper hand of her father, who dared not say a word; and with others she would give herself no few airs. At one time she would be as sweet as sugar, and the next, without any cause, she'd 'wonder at your imperance.' It was difficult to know how to take her: it's a bad thing for a girl to have a great fortune; they get so much flattery that it turns their heads. Well, Tom, I wasn't looking after the money, as you'll believe when I tell you so; but as she was very chatty with me, and allowed me to come inside the bar, which was considered as a great favour, to help rinse the glasses, and so on, and as the other men used to joke with me, and tell me that I should carry off the prize, I began to think that she was fond of me, and so very naturally I became fond of her; and we met and we parted (and she would allow me to kiss her when we parted), until I was quite gone altogether, and did nothing but think of her all day and dream of her all night. Well, the last time that I was in the transport to Portsmouth, I had made up my mind to clench the business, and as soon as the sails were furled, I dressed myself in my best toggery, and made all sail for the old house. When I came in I found Peggy in the bar, and a very fancy sort of young chap alongside of her. I did not think so much of that, and I was going inside the bar to

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shake hands as usual, when says she, 'Well, I should not wonder,' pulling to the half-door, as if she were surprised at my attempting to come in.

"'Oh, ho!'" says I, 'are you on that tack? what next?' and then I looked more at the chap, and he was a very nice young man, as the saying is. As I afterwards found out, he was in the smuggling line between Cherbourg and our coast, and he had Frenchified manners, and he talked little bits of French, and he had French gloves for presents, and had earrings in his ears, and lots of rings on his fingers. So I took my seat at the wooden benches near the fire, just as sulky as a bear with a sore head, watching their manœuvres: at last he walked out, kissing his hand as she smiles. As the coast was clear I went up to the bar.

"'Well,' says I, 'Peggy, so the wind's shifted, is it?'"

"'What do you mean?'" says she. 'I suppose I may be civil to another person as well as to you.'

"'Yes, I see no objection,' says I; 'but why was he to be inside the bar, and I put out?'"

"'Oh,' replied she, 'one at a time, you know, Mr. Philip. I haven't made any promises to you that I know of.'

"'That's very true,' replied I, 'but——'"

"'Oh, you mustn't fret here,' interrupted she. 'I'm my own mistress, I suppose. However, I'll tell you this much, that I don't care a bit about him, and that's the truth of it—but I did not like your coming inside the bar so quietly, as if you had a right there, for I don't want people to make remarks.'

"Well, the end of it was that she pacified me, and we were as great friends almost as ever: I say almost, for I had my eyes upon her and that chap, and did not much like it. A week after my arrival there was to be a fair over at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and I asked Peggy whether she would go with me; but she refused, saying that she was obliged to go to her aunt's out at Limberhook, who was very old, and had sent for her, so I thought nothing more about the matter. Well, the day before the fair, as we were busy in the forenoon getting the timber out of the vessel, one of my shipmates, who went to the same house, says to me, 'I say, Tom, when I was at the Chequers

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last night, I overheard Peggy promise to go to the Ryde Fair with that Frenchified smuggling chap.'

"'Did you?' said I.

"'Yes,' replied he, 'and they agreed to start at twelve o'clock, just after the dockyard bell rang: I thought at the time it was just to give you the slip before you left the ship, and that she is turning you over.'

"Well, when I heard this, did not my blood boil? for the hussy had told me a lie in saying that she was going to her aunt's; and it was evident that she had done so, that she might go with this other fellow to the fair. I thought the matter over and over again, for, to tell you the truth, all I wanted then was revenge. I felt nothing but scorn for a woman who could act in so base a manner; at the same time I wished to punish both her and him by spoiling their day's sport; so at last I determined that I would start right away for the fair myself, and not only put her to shame, but give her fancy man a good drubbing, which I was well able to do. So I walks down to Point and gets into a wherry, keeping a sharp look-out for their coming down from the Hard. At last I spied them, and then I made the waterman pull away, so as to keep about three cables' length ahead of them, and thus I continued watching their billing and cooing, and grinding my teeth with rage, until we had come over to the other side. Now, you see, Tom, at that time there was no wooden pier at Ryde as there is now, and when the tide was out there was such a long flat of mud that there was no landing; so the way it was managed was, the wherries came in as far as they could, and were met by a horse and cart, which took out the passengers and carried them through the mud and water to the hard ground. Well, when I pulled in, the man was there with his horse and cart, and I paid my fare, and stepped out of the wherry, expecting the man to drive off and put me on shore; but he seeing that there was another wherry close at hand, says he must wait for her passengers, and make one trip of it. I did not care how soon we met, and waited very patiently until they pulled up to us. They were not a little surprised to see me, and not a little annoyed either. As for Peggy, she coloured to her elbows, and then tried to put up an impudent face on the matter.

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He looked both foolish and angry. They were both very smart. She had on a white gown, with a yellow handkerchief on her shoulders, a green silk bonnet and blue feathers, and he was figged out as fine as fivepence, with white jean trousers, and rings and chains, and Lord knows what.

“‘Well,’ says Peggy, as bold as brass, ‘who’d have thought to have seen you here?’

“‘I did not say that I was going to see my aunt,’ replied I; ‘but as you did, who would have expected to see you here?’

“‘Don’t talk to me, young man,’ said she, as red as fire, and turning away to her beau.

“Just as she said this, the cart drove off, the horse floundering through the mud, which was about three feet deep, with a matter of six inches of water above it. As she turned away aft, I turned forward, thinking what I should do next, and then I cast my eyes down, and observed that it was a tilting cart as they use for carrying out manure, and that if I took the two pegs out it would fall right back. I thought this a capital trick. The carman was sitting on his horse, and it couldn’t matter to him, so I stepped out on the front of the cart, and standing on the shafts, I first pulled out one peg and then another, while they were busy talking to each other, with their heads so close that his face was under her bonnet. As soon as the second peg was out, I helped up the front of the cart a little, and back it went, shooting them out right headforemost in the mud. You never saw such a scramble, for they had caught hold of each other in their fright, and they rolled and floundered, and were half smothered before they could recover their feet; and then a pretty pickle they were in, wet to the skin, and covered with mud from one end to the other; they could not see out of their eyes. Peggy did nothing but scream and flounder—she was frightened out of her wits—while the carman and I laughed ready to split. I gave him half-a-crown to drive on shore without them, which he did, and we left them to make their way out how they could; and a pretty pickle they did come out at last. Thus was their day’s pleasure as well as their clothes all spoilt; and instead of dancing at the fair and seeing all the sights,

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they were shivering in their wet clothes, and the laughing-stocks to all that saw them.

"Depend upon it, I did not leave them after they had crawled out to the beach. The fellow was, as you may suppose, as savage as a bull, and very saucy, so I took off my jacket that I might not dirty myself, and gave him a couple of black eyes and a bloody nose for his trouble; and as for Peggy, I pretended to be so sorry for her, and condoled with her so much, that at last she flew at me like a tigress,—and as I knew that there was no honour, and plenty of mud, to be gained by the conflict, I took to my heels and ran off to the fair, where I met some of my friends and told them what had happened, and then we had a very merry day of it, and I felt quite cured of my love: for, you see, Peggy looked so ugly and miserable when she was in the state I left her, that I had only to think of her as when I last saw her, and all my love was gone."

"Did you ever meet her again?"

"I met her that very night; for, you see, she had gone to a cottage and taken off her clothes, having insisted upon her fancy man going back to Portsmouth to fetch her others to go home in. He dared not refuse, so off he went in the pickle that he was. But he didn't come back again, for, you see, there was a warrant out against him for an affray at Bear Haven, in which a King's officer was killed; and after he had changed his own clothes, and was proceeding to get some for her from the Chequers, he was met by the constable who had the warrant, and carried off handcuffed to gaol, and afterwards he was transported,—so she never saw him again. Well, Peggy, poor creature, had been waiting for him for hours, expecting his return; and it was past ten o'clock when I was coming down with some others, and saw her at the door of the cottage weeping.

"'Good-night, Peggy,' says I.

"'Oh, Philip, do be kind, do come to me; I'm frightened out of my life. I shall have to stay here all night.'

"So, you see, I did feel some little pity for her, and I went up to her, and she told me how she had sent him, and he had never come back again.

"'The fact is,' says I, 'Peggy, you aren't smart enough

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for such a Frenchified chap as he is. He don't like to be seen in your company. Come, get up, and I will see you home, at all events ;' so I took charge of her, and saw her safe to her father's door.

" ' Won't you come in ? ' said she.

" ' No, thank you,' says I.

" ' Won't you forgive me, Philip ? ' said she.

" ' Yes,' says I, ' I'll forgive you, for old acquaintance' sake, and for one more reason.'

" ' What's that ? ' says Peggy.

" ' Why,' says I, ' for the lesson which you've learnt me. I've been made a fool of once, and it's your fault ; but if ever a woman makes a fool of me again, why, then it's mine. And so, Peggy, good-bye for ever.'

" So I turned away on my heel, and as I left the transport the next trip, I never saw her again."

" Well, Bramble," replied I, " I agree with you ; and if ever a woman makes a fool of me *again*, it will be my fault. You know what's happened, so I don't mind saying so."

" Why, Tom, in your present humour, you think so ; but all do not keep to the same way of thinking as I did till it was too late to think about marrying ; but still I do not think that I should have been happy as a single man, if it had not been for my falling in with Bessy. I should have been very lonely, I expect, for I began to feel so. When you come to your own door, Tom, home looks cheerless if there is no bright eye to welcome you, and the older a man gets the more he feels that he was not intended to live single. My yearning after something to love and to love me, which is in our nature, was satisfied, first by having Bessy, and then by having you—and I'm thankful."

" You might have married, and have been very unhappy."

" I might, and I might have been very happy, had I chosen a wife as a man should do."

" And how is that, pray, Bramble ? "

" Why, Tom, I've often thought upon it. In the first place look out for good temper : if you find that, you may be happy, even if your wife is a silly woman ; assure yourself first of her temper, and then you must judge her by

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the way in which she does those duties which have fallen to her lot ; for if a girl is a dutiful and affectionate daughter there is little fear but that she will prove a loving and obedient wife. But I think we have had our spell here, Tom, and it's rather cold : rouse up one of those chaps, and tell him to come to the helm. I'll coil myself up and have a snooze till the morning, and do you do the same."

CHAPTER XXXIX

In which I receive a very severe blow from a party or parties unknown.

THE day after this conversation we fell in with several vessels windbound at the entrance of the Channel. I took charge of one, and the wind shifting to the SW., and blowing strong, I carried her up to the Pool. As soon as I could leave her I took a boat to go down to Greenwich, as I was most anxious to have a long conversation with Virginia. It was a dark squally night, with rain at intervals between the gusts of wind, and I was wet through long before I landed at the stairs, which was not until past eleven o'clock. I paid the waterman, and hastened up to my mother's house, being aware that they would either be all in bed or about to retire. It so happened that I did not go the usual way, but passed by the house of old Nanny ; and as I walked by with a quick step, and was thinking of her and her misfortunes, I fell over something which, in the dark, I did not perceive, and which proved to be some iron railings, which the workmen who were fixing them up had carelessly left on the ground, previous to their returning to their work on the ensuing morning. Fortunately the spikes at the ends of them were from me, and I received no injury, except a severe blow on the shin : and as I stopped a moment to rub it, I thought that I heard a cry from the direction of old Nanny's house ; but the wind was very high, and I was not certain. I stopped and listened, and it was repeated.

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I gained the door; it was so dark that I groped for the latch. The door was open, and when I went in I heard a gurgling kind of noise and a rustling in her chamber. "Who's there?—What's this?" cried I; for I had a foreboding that something was wrong. I tumbled over some old iron, knocked down the range of keys, and made a terrible din, when, of a sudden, just as I had recovered my legs, I was thrown down again by somebody who rushed by me and darted out of the door. As the person rushed by me I attempted to seize his arm, but I received a severe blow on the mouth, which cut my lip through, and at first I thought I had lost all my front teeth.

I rose up. I heard a heavy groaning; so, instead of pursuing the robber, I felt my way into Nanny's chamber. "Nanny," said I, "mother, what's the matter?" but there was no reply, except another groan. I knew where she kept her tinder-box and matches; I found them, and struck a light; and by the light of the match I perceived the candle and candlestick lying on the floor. I picked it up, lighted it, and then turned to the bed; the flock mattress was above all, and the groans proceeded from beneath. I threw it off, and found old Nanny still breathing, but in a state of exhaustion, and quite insensible. By throwing water on her face, after some little while I brought her to her senses. The flaring of the candle reminded me that the shop door was open; I went and made it fast, and then spoke to her. It was a long while before I could obtain any rational answer. She continued to groan and cry at intervals, "Don't leave me, Jack, don't leave me." At last she fell into a sort of slumber from exhaustion, and in this state she remained for more than an hour. One thing was evident to me, which was, that the party, whoever it might be, had attempted to smother the poor old woman, and that in a few seconds more he would have perpetrated the deed.

At last old Nanny roused up, and turning to me, said, "It's Jack, is it not? I thought so. Oh, my poor head! What has happened?"

"That's what I want to know from you, mother," replied I; "but first I will tell you what I know of the business." Which I did, to give her time to collect her thoughts.

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"Yes," said she, "so it was. I was just in bed, and my candle was not out, when I heard a noise at the door, as if they were turning a key in it, and then a man entered; but he had something over his face, I thought, or he had blacked it. 'What do you want?' cried I. 'I come for a light, old woman,' said he. I cried, 'Thieves! murder!' as loud as I could, and he ran up to me just as I was getting out of bed, and tried to smother me. I don't recollect anything more till I heard your voice. Thank you, Jack, and God bless you; if you hadn't come to the assistance of a poor old wretch like me, I should have been dead by this time."

I felt that what she said was true, and I then asked her many questions, so as to lead to the discovery of the party.

"How was he dressed?" inquired I.

"I can't exactly say. But, do you know, Jack, I fancied that he had a pensioner's coat on; indeed, I am almost sure of it. I think I tore off one of his buttons, I recollect its giving way; I may be wrong,—my head wanders."

But I thought that most likely Nanny was right, so I looked down on the floor with the candle, and there I picked up a pensioner's button.

"You're right, Nanny; here is the button."

"Well, now, Jack, I can't talk any more; you won't leave me to-night, I'm sure."

"No, no, mother, that I will not. Try to go to sleep."

Hardly had Nanny laid her head down again, when it came across my mind like a flash of lightning that it must have been Spicer who had attempted the deed; and my reason for so thinking was that the blow I had received on the mouth was not like that from the hand of a man, but from the wooden socket fixed to the stump of his right arm. The more I reflected upon it, the more I was convinced. He was a clever armourer, and had picked the lock; and I now recalled to mind what had never struck me before, that he had often asked me questions about old Nanny, and whether I thought the report that she had money was correct.

It was daylight before old Nanny woke up, and then she appeared to be quite recovered. I told her my suspicions, and my intentions to ascertain the truth of them as far as I possibly could.

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"Well, and what then?" said old Nanny.

"Why, then, if we bring it home to him, he will be hanged, as he deserves."

"Now, Jack, hear me," said old Nanny. "You won't do anything I don't wish, I'm sure; and now I'll tell you that I never would give evidence against him, or any other man, to have him hanged. So, if you find out that it is him, do not say a word about it. Promise me, Jack."

"Why, mother, I can't exactly say that I will; but I will talk to Peter Anderson about it."

"It's no use talking to him; and, if you do, it must be under promise of secrecy, or I will not consent to it. Jack, Jack, recollect that my poor boy was hanged from my fault. Do you think I will hang another? Oh no. Perhaps this very man had a foolish wicked mother, like me, and has, like my boy, been led into guilt. Jack, you must do as I wish—you shall, Jack."

"Well, mother, I have no animosity against the man himself; and, if you forgive him, I do not see why I should do anything."

"I don't forgive him, Jack; but I think of my own poor boy."

"Well, mother, since you wish it, it shall be so; and if I do prove that the man I suspect is the party, I will say nothing, and make Anderson promise the same, as I think he will. But how is it that people come to rob a poor old woman like you? How is it, mother, that there is a report going about that you have money?"

"Is there such a report, Jack?"

"Yes, mother, every one says so; why, I do not know; and as long as it is supposed, you will always be subject to attacks like this, unless, indeed, if you have money, you were to put it away safely, and let everybody know that you have done so. Tell me truly, mother, have you any money?"

"Jack, what a boy you are to ask questions. Well, perhaps I have a little—a very little; but no one will ever find out where I have hidden it."

"But they will try, mother, as this man has done, and you will always be in peril of your life. Why not place it into the hands of some safe person?"

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"Safe person ! Who's safe nowadays ?"

"Why, for instance, there's Mr. Wilson."

"Wilson ! what do you know about him, Jack, except that he has a smooth face and a bald head ? You're young, Jack, and don't know the world. The money's safe where it is, and no one will ever find it."

"If so, who is to find it after——" I stopped, for I did not like to say, after she was dead.

"I know what you would have said, Jack ; who's to find it after my death ? That's very true. I never thought of that, and I must will it away. I never thought of that, Jack, it's very true, and I'm glad that you have mentioned it. But who dare I tell ? who can I trust ?—Can I trust you, Jack ?—can I ?—I ought, for it's all for you, Jack, when I die."

"Mother, whoever it may be for, you may, I hope, trust me."

"Well, I think I can. I'll tell you where it is, Jack, and that will prove that it is for you, for nobody else will know where to find it. But, Jack, dear, dear Jack, don't you rob me, as my son did ; don't rob me, and leave me penniless, as he did ; promise me ?"

"I never will, mother ; you need not be afraid."

"Yes ; so you say, and so he said ; he swore and he cried too, Jack, and then he took it all, and left his mother without a farthing."

"Well, mother, then don't tell me ; I'd rather not know : you will only be uncomfortable, and so let the money go."

"No, Jack, that won't do either ; I will tell you, for I can trust you. But first, Jack, go out and look behind the house, that there is no one listening at the window ; for if any one should hear—go, look round carefully, and then come back."

I did as she wished, and then Nanny bid me hold my head closer to her, while she whispered, "You must take the back out of the fireplace, and then pull out three bricks, and then put your hand into the hole, and you will find a small box ; and there you will find a little money,—a very little, Jack, hardly worth having, but still it may be of some use : and it's all yours when I die, Jack,—I give it to you."

"Mother, I'm thankful for your kindness, but I cannot

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touch it if you do die without you leave it to me by your will."

"Ah! that's true, Jack. Well, tell Anderson to come here, and I'll tell him I'll leave the money to you; but I won't tell him where it is, I'll only say that I leave you everything I have. They'll suppose that it's the shop and all the pretty things." Here she chuckled for some time.

It was now broad daylight, and Nanny told me that she would like to get up, and see about a padlock being put to her door before night; so I wished her good-bye, and left her.

CHAPTER XL

Showing the great advantages to be derived from patronage.

I LEFT old Nanny, and arrived at my mother's house in time for breakfast. I did not, however, find her in a very good humour; something had evidently ruffled her. Virginia also, who welcomed me most cordially, was taciturn and grave. My mother made but one observation during our repast.

"Well, Tom," said she, "you've found out what it is to wish to marry for love; I only wish it may be a lesson to others."

To this evident attack upon Virginia, at the expense of my feelings, I made no reply, and soon afterwards my mother went to superintend her establishment, leaving me and my sister alone.

"Tom," said she, "I hope by this time you are no longer suffering from your late cruel disappointment. I have felt for you, I assure you, and, assuring you of that, will not again revert to the subject. Let her be blotted from your memory as soon as possible."

"Be it so, my dear Virginia; but you are grave, and my mother is evidently out of humour. You must explain this."

"That is easily done. I have made a sad mistake. I was

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so much annoyed at my mother's system towards me that I ventured, without her knowledge, to write to Lady Hercules, requesting her protection and influence to procure me some situation as a companion to a lady, amanuensis, or reader. It appears that her ladyship was not very sincere in her professions when we had an interview with her; at all events, her reply was anything but satisfactory, and, unfortunately, it was addressed to my mother, and not to me. You can have no idea of my mother's indignation upon the receipt of it, and she has not been sparing in her reproaches to me for having written without her knowledge, and having, by so doing, subjected her to such a mortification. I certainly am sorry to have done so. As for her ladyship's answer, it would have been to me more a subject of mirth than any other feeling. It has, however, proved the cause of much annoyance from my mother's continually harping upon it."

"Have you the letter of Lady Hercules?"

"I have a copy of it, which I took, intending to have sent it to you the next time that I wrote. I will bring it down if you will wait a minute."

When Virginia returned she put the following epistle into my hand:—

"MRS. SAUNDERS,—I have received a letter from your daughter, which, I presume, was forwarded as a specimen of her penmanship; otherwise it was your duty to have addressed me yourself. I said to your when I met you at Greenwich, that you were educating your daughter above her condition in life, and I now repeat it. My patronage is extended only to those who are not above their situations, which, I am sorry to observe, most people are now. Nevertheless, as I did say that I would exert my influence in your daughter's behalf, in consequence of your having been a decent, well-behaved menial to me, I have made inquiry among my acquaintances, and find that I may be, *possibly*, able to place her with my friend, Lady Towser, as a 'boudoir assistant.' I have said *possibly*, as I am by no means sure that she will be equal to the situation, and the number of applicants are very numerous. The enclosed paper from Lady Towser will give you an idea of what will be requisite :

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"Morning, up at six, and nicely dressed ; come in in list shoes, and wait at bedside, in case Lady Towser should be troubled with her morning cough, to hand the emulsion, &c. At nine, to call and assist to dress Lady Towser's head tirewoman ; follow her to Lady T.'s chamber, and obey orders. Breakfast in housekeeper's room. After breakfast assist housemaid to dust ornaments, and on Saturdays and Wednesdays *wash*, comb, and examine dogs ; other days comb and examine them only ; clean and feed macaw, cockatoo, and parrot, also canary and other birds ; bring up dogs' dinners, and prevent them fighting at meals. After dogs' dinners read to Lady T. if required ; if not, get up collars and flounces, laces, &c., for Lady T. and Lady T.'s tirewoman. After your own dinner assist housekeeper as required in the still-room ; fine needlework ; repair clothes before they go to wash ; dress and brush Lady T.'s perukes ; walk out with dogs if weather is fine, and be careful to prevent their making any acquaintances whatever.

"Evening.—Read to Lady T., write notes, look over bills, and keep general accounts ; if not wanted, to make herself useful in housekeeper's room, and obey all orders received from her or head tirewoman. At night see that the hot water is ready for Lady T.'s feet, and wait for her retiring to bed ; wash Lady T.'s feet, and cut corns, as required ; read Lady T. to sleep, or, if not required to read, wait till she is certain that Lady T. is so.

"Now the only points in which I think your daughter may fail is in properly washing, combing, and examining the dogs, and cutting her ladyship's corns ; but surely she can practise a little of both, as she will not be wanted for a month. There can be no difficulty about the first ; and as for the latter, as all people in your rank of life have corns, she may practise upon yours or her father's. At all events, there can be no want of corns in Greenwich Hospital among the pensioners. I am desired to say that Lady T. gives no wages the first year ; and you will be expected to send your daughter neatly fitted out, that she may be able to remain in the room when there is company. If this offer will not suit, I can do nothing more ; the difficulty of patronage increases every day. You will send an answer.

"VIRGINIA HAWKINGTREFYLYAN.

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"I was just closing my letter when Lady Scrimmage came in; she tells me that Lady Towser is suited, and that you have no hopes of this situation. I have done my best. Lady Scrimmage has, however, informed me that she thinks she can, upon my recommendation, do something for you in Greenwich, as she deals largely with a highly respectable and fashionable milliner of the same name as your own, and with whom it would be of the greatest advantage to your daughter to be placed as an apprentice, or something of that sort. This is an opportunity not to be lost, and I therefore have requested Lady S. to write immediately, and I trust, by *my patronage*, she will gain a *most enviable situation*."

"That postscript is admirable," observed I, "and ought to have put my mother in a good-humour. Is she not called by Lady Hercules 'highly respectable and fashionable'?"

"Very true," replied Virginia; "but my mother cannot get over the first part of the letter, in which she is mentioned as 'a decent and well-behaved menial.' She has since received a note from Lady Scrimmage, requesting her to take me in some capacity or another, adding, by way of postscript, 'You know you need not keep her if you do not like—it is very easy to send her away for idleness or impertinence; but I wish to oblige Lady Hercules, and so, pray, at all events, write and say that you will try her.'"

"And what has my mother said in reply?"

"She did not show me the answer; but, from what I have collected from her conversation, she has written a most haughty, and, I presume it will be said, a most impertinent letter to both the ladies; the one to Lady Scrimmage accompanied with her bill, which has not been paid these three years. I am sorry that my mother has been annoyed. My father, to whom I related what had taken place, told me that my mother was very ill treated by Lady Hercules, and that she had smothered her resentment with the hopes of benefiting her children by her patronage; but that was at a time when she little expected to be so prosperous as she is now."

"It is all true, my dear girl; I recollect my father telling

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me the whole story. However, I presume my mother, now that she can venture upon defiance, has not failed to resort to it."

"That I am convinced of. I only hope that she will carry her indignation against great people so far as not to court them as she has done, and abandon all her ridiculous ideas of making a match for me. After all, she has my welfare sincerely at heart, and, although mistaken in the means of securing it, I cannot but feel that she is actuated solely by her love for me."

We then changed the conversation to Janet, about whom I could now speak calmly; after which I narrated to her what had occurred during the night, and my intention to consult with my father and Anderson upon the subject.

Virginia then left me that she might assist her mother, and I hastened to my father's ward, where I found him, and, after our first greeting, requested that he would accompany me to Anderson's office, as I had something to communicate to them both. As I walked along with my father I perceived Spicer at a corner with his foot on a stone step and his hand to his knee, as if in pain. At last he turned round and saw us. I walked up to him, and he appeared a little confused as he said, "Ah! Tom, is that you? I did not know you were at Greenwich."

"I came here last night," replied I; "and I must be off again soon. Are you lame?"

"Lame! No; what should make me lame?" replied he, walking by the side of us as if he were not so.

I looked at his coat, and perceived that the third button on the right side was missing.

"You've lost a button, Spicer," observed I.

"So I have," replied he; and, as we had now arrived at Anderson's door, my father and I turned from him to walk in and wished him good-bye.

Anderson was in his office, and as soon as the door was closed I communicated to them what had occurred during the night, expressing my conviction that Spicer was the party who had attempted the murder. In corroboration I reminded my father of the loss of the button from Spicer's coat, and produced the one which Nanny had torn off.

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"This is something more than suspicion," observed Anderson; "but if, as you say, old Nanny will not give evidence against him, I know not what can be done. Did you say that the old woman wanted to speak with me?"

"Yes, and I really wish that you would call there oftener."

"Well," replied Anderson, "I'll go, Tom; but, to be plain with you, I do not think that I can be of much use there. I have been several times: she will gossip as long as you please; but if you would talk seriously, she turns a deaf ear. You see, Tom, there's little to be gained when you have to contend with such a besetting sin as avarice. It is so powerful, especially in old age, that it absorbs all other feelings. Still it is my duty, and it is also my sincere wish, to call her to a proper sense of her condition. The poor old creature is, like myself, not very far from the grave; and, when once in it, it will be too late. I will go, Tom, and most thankful shall I be if, with God's help, I may prove of service to her."

We then left old Anderson to his duties, and my father went home with me. We had a long conversation relative to my sister, as well as about my own affairs. I had intended to have remained some days at Greenwich, but this was the first time that I had been there since Janet's desertion, and the sight of everything so reminded me of her, and made everything so hateful to me, that I became very melancholy. My mother was, moreover, very cross, and my sister anything but comfortable; and, on the third day, having received a letter from Bramble, stating that he had arrived at Deal, and that the easterly winds having again set in, they talked of setting out again in the galley, I made this an excuse for leaving; and for the first time did I quit Greenwich without regret.

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CHAPTER XLI

In which it is proved that sailors have very correct ideas as to metempsychosis.

THE day after my return to Deal I again embarked with Bramble and three others, to follow up our vocation. The second day we were abreast of the Ram Head, when the men in another pilot boat, which had come out of Plymouth and was close to us, waved their hats and kept away to speak to us. We hove-to for them.

"Have you heard the news?" cried one of the men.

"No."

"Lord Nelson has beat the French and Spanish fleet."

"Glad to hear it—huzza!"

"Lord Nelson's killed."

"Lord Nelson's killed!!" The intelligence was repeated from mouth to mouth, and then every voice was hushed; the other boat hauled her wind without further communication, nor did we at the time think of asking for any more. The shock which was given to the whole country was equally felt by those who were seeking their bread in a small boat, and for some little while we steered our course in silence.

"What d'ye say, my lads?" said Bramble, who first broke silence; "shall we haul up for Cawsand, and get a paper? I shan't be content till I know the whole history."

This was consented to unanimously; no one thought of piloting vessels for the moment, and earning food for their families. When the country awarded a public funeral to our naval hero, it did not pay him a more sincere tribute than was done in this instance by five pilots in a galley. At Cawsand we obtained the newspaper, and after a few pots of beer, we again made sail for the mouth of the Channel. It hardly need be observed, that the account of this winding-up, as it proved, of our naval triumphs, with the death of Nelson, was the subject of conversation for more than one day. On the third, we were all separated, having fallen in

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with many wind-bound vessels who required our services. The one I took charge of was a West Indiaman, deeply laden with rum and sugar, one of a convoy which were beating about in the Chops of the Channel. As we were standing out from the English coast, the captain and one of the passengers were at the taffrail close to me.

"What do you think of the weather, pilot?" said the captain.

"I think we shall have a change of wind, and dirty weather before twelve hours are over our heads," replied I.

"Well," said he, "that's my opinion; there is a cloud rising in the south-west; and, look, there are some Mother Carey's chickens dipping in the water astern."

"Where?" said the passenger, a curly-headed Creole, about twenty years old.

"Those small birds," replied the captain, walking forward.

The passenger went down below, and soon returned with his double-barrelled fowling-piece.

"I have long wished to shoot one of those birds," said he; "and now they are so near, I think I may get a shot."

He raised his piece several times without firing, when the captain came aft, and perceiving his intention, caught his arm as he was about to level again.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Higgins, but I really must request that you will not fire at those birds."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot permit it."

"But what's to hinder me?" replied the young man, colouring up; "they are not in your manifest, I presume."

"No, sir, they are not; but I tell you frankly, that I would not kill one for a hundred pounds. Nay, I would as soon murder one of my fellow-creatures."

"Well, that may be your feeling, but it's not mine."

"Nevertheless, sir, as it is, to say the least of it, very unlucky, you will oblige me by yielding to my request."

"Nonsense!—just to humour your superstitious feeling."

"We are not in port yet, Mr. Higgins; and I must insist upon it you do not fire. You have taken my gunpowder, and I cannot allow it to be used in that way."

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During this altercation I observed that many of the sailors had come aft, and, although they said nothing, were evidently of the same opinion as the captain. I was aware that there was a superstitious feeling among the seamen relative to these birds, but I had never seen it so strongly exemplified before.

The mate gave a wink to the captain, behind the passenger's back, and made a motion to him to go forward, which the captain did. The passenger again raised his gun, when it was seized by two of the seamen.

"You must not fire at these birds, sir!" said one of them.

"Why, you scoundrel?—I'll give you the contents of both barrels if you don't leave my gun alone."

"No, you won't—you're not among niggers now, master," replied the seaman; "and as you have threatened to shoot me, I must take the gun from you."

A scuffle ensued, during which both barrels were discharged in the air, and the gun taken from Mr. Higgins, who was boiling with rage. The gun was handed forward, and I saw it no more. Mr. Higgins, in a state of great excitement, went down into the cabin.

The captain then came aft to me, when I observed that I had no idea that seamen were so very particular on that point; and I thought that they had gone too far.

"You may think so, pilot," replied he; "but when I tell you that I fully believe that these birds are as good as ourselves, you will not be surprised——"

"How do you mean, as good as ourselves?"

"I believe that they *were* every one sailors like ourselves in former times; they are now the sailors' friends, come to warn us of the approaching storm; and I can tell you a circumstance which occurred in the West Indies, which fully proves to me that they are not wantonly killed without a judgment upon those who do so. I never believed it myself till then; but old Mason, who is now on board, was one of the seamen of the vessel in which the circumstance happened."

"Indeed!" replied I, "I should like to hear it."

"I can't tell you now," said he; "I must go down and satisfy that puppy Creole, whose sugars are on board; he

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will otherwise make such a row between me and the owners, that I may lose the command of the vessel. And yet, would you imagine it? although he will not credit what I tell him about Mother Carey's chickens, the foolish young man firmly believes in the Obi."

I did not think one superstition more ridiculous than the other, but still, as I always found that it was useless to argue such points, I said nothing, and the captain went down into the cabin to pacify Mr. Higgins.

It was late in the first watch, and when the passengers had retired to bed, that the captain came on deck. "Well," said he, "I told Mr. Higgins my story, and as there was a bit of Obi nonsense in it, he believed it, and he has not only made friends, but thanked me for not having allowed him to shoot the birds. And now I'll tell you the real story:—

"A schooner was coming down from the Virgin Isles with sugar and passengers to Antigua, where I was lying with my ship. She had a fine young fellow of the name of Shedden on board; and, besides other passengers, there was an old black woman, who, where she resided, had always been considered as an Obi woman. I saw her afterwards; and you never beheld such a complication of wrinkles as she was, from her forehead to her feet, and her woolly head was as white as snow. They were becalmed as soon as they were clear of the islands; and, as it happened, some Mother Carey's chickens were flying about the stern. Shedden must needs get at his gun to shoot them. The old black woman sat near the taffrail; she saw him with his gun, but she said nothing. At last he fired, and killed three of them.

"'There are three down!' cried out some of the other passengers.

"'How many?' said the old woman, raising her head; 'three! Then count the sharks which are coming up.'

"'Count the sharks, mother! why count them? There's plenty of them,' replied Shedden, laughing.

"'I tell you that there will be but three sent,' replied the old woman, who then sunk down her head and said no more.

"Well, the negroes who were passengers on board, most of them Mr. Shedden's slaves, look very blank, for they knew

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that old Etau never spoke without reason. In about ten minutes afterwards, three large sharks swam up to the vessel, with their fins above water.

“‘There’s the three sharks, sure enough!’ said the passengers.

“‘Are they come?’ said Etau, raising her head.

“‘Yes, moder, dere dey be—very large shark,’ replied one of the negroes.

“‘Then three are doomed,’ said the old woman, ‘and here we stay, and the waves shall not run, nor the wind blow, till the three sharks have their food. I say three are doomed!’

“The passengers were more or less alarmed with this prophecy of old Etau’s, according as they put faith in her; however, they all went to bed quite well, and the next morning they got up the same. Still there was not a breath of wind, the whole sea was as smooth as glass, and the vessel laid where she was the night before, in about six fathoms water, about a mile from the reef, and you could see the coral rocks beneath her bottom as plain as if they were high and dry; and what alarmed them the next morning was that the three large sharks were still slowly swimming round and round the schooner. All that day it remained a dead calm, and the heat was dreadful, although the awnings were spread. Night came on, and the people, becoming more frightened, questioned old Etau, but all the answer she gave was, ‘*Three are doomed!*’

“The passengers and crew were now terrified out of their wits, and they all went to bed with very melancholy forebodings, for the elements appeared as if they were arrested till the penalty was paid. For, you observe, pilot, there is always a light breeze as regular as the sun rises and goes down; but now the breezes only appeared to skirt the land, and when they came from the offing invariably stopped two or three miles from the schooner. It was about midnight that there was a stir in the cabin, and it appeared that Mr. Shedden had the yellow fever, and shortly afterwards another white man, a sailor belonging to the schooner, then one of Mr. Shedden’s slaves. Well, there the fever stopped,—no one else was taken ill,—the usual remedies were applied, but before morning they were all three delirious. At

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sunrise it was still calm, and continued so till sunset; and all the day the passengers were annoyed by the back fins of the three sharks, which continued to swim about. Again they went to bed, and just before one o'clock in the morning Mr. Shedden, in his delirium, got out of his bed, and, rushing on the deck, jumped overboard before any one could prevent him; and old Etau, who never left where she sat, was heard to say, '*One!*' and the bell was struck *one* by the seaman forward, who did not know what had happened. Morning came on again, and there were but two sharks to be seen. About noon the other white man died, and he was thrown overboard; and as one shark seized his body and swam away, old Etau cried out, '*Two!*' An hour afterwards the negro died, and was thrown overboard and carried away by the third shark, and old Etau cried out, '*Three!* the price is paid!'

"Well, every one crowded round the old woman to hear what she would say, and they asked her if all was over, and whether they should have any wind? and her reply was, 'When the three birds come from the sea to replace those which were killed.' For you see, pilot, if one of these birds is killed, it is certain that some one of the crew must die and be thrown overboard to become a Mother Carey chicken, and replace the one that has been destroyed. Well, after a time, although we never saw them rise, three Mother Carey's chickens were seen dipping and flying about astern of the schooner; and they told old Etau, who said, 'You'll have wind and plenty—and plenty of waves to make up for the calm;' and so they had, sure enough, for it came on almost a hurricane, and the schooner scudded before it under bare poles until she arrived at Antigua, with her bulwarks washed away, and a complete wreck. I was there at the time, and old Mason, who was on board, told me the story, and asked me to take him, as he would not remain on board of the schooner. And now I leave you to judge, after knowing this to be a fact, whether I was not right in preventing Mr. Higgins from shooting the Mother Carey chickens?"

"Why, yes," replied I, "with such a *fact* before my eyes, I should have done the same."

Mr. Higgins not venturing to kill any of these receptacles

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for the souls of departed seamen, we arrived safely at the Downs, where I gave up charge to a river pilot, for the other vessels which Bramble and our companions had taken charge of were all bound to the Downs, and arrived at nearly the same time that I did, and we had agreed to embark again in the galley, and run out in quest of the remainder of the convoy. This we did on the following day, much to the vexation of Bessy, who declared we only came on shore to be off again. I ought to observe that Bessy and I had become much more intimate since the explanation which had taken place; and although it never entered my head that I should ever feel towards her more than as a brother to a sister, I was pleased and soothed with the touching proofs of kindness and commiseration which she took every opportunity of showing towards me.

CHAPTER XLII

A heavy gale, a wreck and a rescue.

WE had run out in our galley as far as the Start, when the appearance of the weather became very threatening. It was just about the time of the equinoctial gales, and there was a consultation among us whether we should run into Torquay or return to Deal.

Bramble observed, that as the gale coming on would, in all probability, blow for three days, he thought it was no use remaining all that time at Torquay, where we should be put to extra expense, and that we should be better on shore at our own homes. This remark decided the point, and about dusk we put the boat's head along shore for up Channel. The wind was at that time about SSW., but occasionally shifting a point or two. The sky had become covered over with one black mass of clouds, which hung down so low that they appeared almost to rest on the water; and there was that peculiar fitful moaning which is ever the precursor of a violent gale of wind. At nightfall we reefed our lug-sails; and, while one sat at the helm, the rest of us lounged

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against the gunnel, buttoned up in our pilot jackets; some shutting their eyes, as if to invite sleep, others watching the waves, which now rose fast, and danced and lapped at the weather broadside as if they would fain have entered into the boat. But of that we had little fear; our galley was one of the finest boats that ever swam, and we felt as secure as if we were on board of a three-decked ship. As the night advanced, so did the wind increase and the sea rise; lightning darted through the dense clouds, and for a moment we could scan the horizon. Everything was threatening; yet our boat, with the wind about two points free, rushed gallantly along, rising on the waves like a sea-bird, and sinking into the hollow of the waters as if she had no fear of any attempt on their part to overwhelm her. Thus did we continue to run on during the night, every hour the gale increasing, the billows mounting up until they broke in awful and majestic crests, and often so near to us that we presented our backs in a close file against the weather bulwarks to prevent any body of water from pouring in.

"We shall have light soon," observed one of the men.

"And we shall want it to beach the boat in such weather as this," replied another. "We shall have it harder yet before day."

"Depend upon it this will be a mischievous gale," observed Bramble, "and our coast will be strewed with wrecks. Any ships under canvas now, between the Channel shores, will stand but a poor chance against this heavy sea, which bears down with such force. I'd rather be in this boat now than in any vessel in mid-Channel."

"And I had rather be on shore than in either," rejoined I.

"Well, Tom," said one of the pilots, "I do really believe you this time."

When it was broad daylight, the coast to leeward presented a wild and terrific scene, lashed as it was by the furious surf, which dashed its spray half-way up the towering white cliffs, for it was within two hours of high water. The waves were now really mountains high, and their broad surfaces were pitted into little waves by the force of the wind, which covered the whole expanse of waters

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with one continued foam. On our weather-bow a vessel with her foremast gone was pitching heavily, and at times nearly buried beneath the wild tumult. Her fate was sealed; to leeward were the cliffs of the South Foreland, and on our lee-bow lay the shelving beach of Deal.

"This will be awkward landing, shipmates," said Bramble; "and yet we must try it. I'll fill my pipe—hope it won't be the last."

Although not said in a serious manner, there were few of us whose hearts did not flutter responsively to this surmise, for the danger became every minute more imminent, and we knew what a terrific surf there must be then running on the shingle beach. But we now rapidly approached the shore; we were near to the floating light, and in the roadstead not a vessel remained; all had weighed and preferred being under what canvas they could bear. At last we were within two cables' length of the beach, and even at this distance from it we were surrounded with the breakers; the surf broke many feet high, and roared as it rushed up with a velocity that was appalling, dashing the foam right to the door of Bramble's cottage, which was forty or fifty yards higher than it generally gained to, even in very bad weather. We now lowered our sails, stowed them in the boat, and got our oars to pass, backing against the surf to prevent it from forcing us on the beach until the proper time.

It may not, perhaps, be known to many of my readers that there is a sort of regularity even in the wild waves; that is, occasionally a master wave, as it is termed, from being of larger dimensions than its predecessors, pours its whole volume on the beach; after which, by watching your time, you will find that two waves will run into one another, and, as it were, neutralise each other, so that, for a few seconds, you have what they call a smooth; the safest plan of landing then is to watch these two chances, either to run in on the master wave, or to wait till the arrival of the smooth.

The latter is generally preferred, and with good reason, as unless a boat can be forced in as fast as the master wave runs in, you are worse off than if you had landed at any other time.



"We were rolled over and over in the boiling surf."

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The helm had been resigned to Bramble, who ordered me to go forward with the boat's painter, a long coil of rope, and stand ready either to leap out with it or throw it to those on shore, as might be most advisable; the other men were sitting on the thwarts, their long oars in the rowlocks, backing out as desired, and all ready to strain every nerve when the order was given by Bramble to pull in.

The danger which we were about to incur was fully evident to the crowds which were assembled on the beach; not only the pilots, who stood there ready to assist us—some with ropes with iron hooks at the end of them—others all ready to dart into the surf to hold on the boat, or, if required, to link their arms together, so as to form a living chain which the undertow could not drag away with it; higher up, women and children, their clothes driven by the furious gale, with one hand holding on their caps, and with the other supporting themselves by the gunnels of the boats hauled up, the capstans, or perhaps an anchor with its fluke buried in the shingle, were looking on with dismay and with beating hearts, awaiting the result of the venturous attempt, and I soon discovered the form of Bessy, who was in advance of all the others.

After a careful watching for perhaps two minutes on the part of Bramble, he gave the word, and on dashed the galley towards the strand, keeping pace with the wild surges, and although buried in the foam, not shipping one drop of water.

"Now, my men, give way—for your lives give way," cried Bramble, as a cresting wave came towering on, as if in angry pursuit of us. The men obeyed, but, in their exertions, the stroke oar snapped in two, the man fell back, and prevented the one behind him from pulling. Our fate was sealed; the surge poured over, and throwing us broadside to the beach, we were rolled over and over in the boiling surf. A cry was heard—a cry of terror and despair—on the part of the women. I heard it as I was swept away by the undertow, and the next wave poured over me; but all was activity and energy on the part of the men who were on the beach: the next wave that run in, they recovered me and two more by linking

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their arms and allowing the surf to break over them. We were so much bruised that we could not stand; they dragged us up, and left us to the women. Bramble and four others were still struggling for life; again two were saved—but the men on the beach were exhausted by their strenuous exertions.

I had just recovered myself so as to sit up, when I perceived that they were not acting in concert as before; indeed, in the last attempt, several of them had narrowly escaped with their own lives. Bessy was now down among them wildly gesticulating; Bramble still floated on the boiling surf, but no chain was again formed; the wave poured in, bearing him on its crest; it broke, and he was swept away again by the undertow, which dragged him back with a confused heap of shingles clattering one over the other as they descended. I saw him again, just as another wave several feet in height was breaking over him—I felt that he was lost; when Bessy, with a hook rope in her hand, darted towards him right under the wave as it turned over, and as she clasped his body, they both disappeared under the mountain surge. Another shriek was raised by the women, while the men stood as if paralysed. In my excitement I had gained my legs, and I hastened to seize the part of the rope which remained on the beach. Others then came and helped; we hauled upon it, and found that there was weight at the end. Another sea poured in; we hastily gathered in the slack of the rope, and when the water retreated, we found both Bramble and Bessy clinging to the rope. In a moment the men rushed down and hauled up the bodies. Bramble had hold of the rope by both hands—it was the clutch of death; Bessy had her arms round her father's neck; both were senseless. The boatmen carried them up to the cottage, and the usual methods of recovery were resorted to with success. Still we had to lament the death of two of our best pilots, whose loss their wives and children were loudly wailing, and whose bodies were not found for many days afterwards. Alas! they were not the only ones who were lamented. Upwards of three hundred vessels were lost during that dreadful gale, and hardly a seaport or fishing town but bewailed its many dead.

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Whether it was that the women who attended Bessy were more active than the men, or that she was younger, and her circulation of blood was more rapid, or because she was a female, certain it is that Bessy first recovered her speech, and her first question was, "Where was her father?" Bramble did not speak, but fell into a sleep immediately after he was brought to life. I had changed my clothes, and was watching by him for an hour or more when he woke up.

"Ah! Tom, is that you? Where's Bessy?"

"She is in bed, but quite recovered."

"Quite recovered—I recollect. I say, Tom, ain't she a fine creature? God bless her. Well, she owes me nothing now, at all events. I think I should like to get up, Tom. I wonder whether I smashed my old pipe on the shingle? Just look into my wet jacket. I say, Tom, were they all saved?"

"No," I replied; "Fisher and Harrison were both drowned."

"Poor fellows! I wish they had been spared. Fisher has seven children—and Harrison, he has a wife, I think."

"Yes, and two children, father."

"Poor woman! God's will be done! He giveth and He taketh away! Tom, I must get up and see Bessy."

I assisted Bramble to dress, and as soon as he had put on his clothes he went to Bessy's room. I stayed at the door. "You may come in, Tom; she's muffled up in her blankets, and fast asleep."

"Quite fast," said Mrs. Maddox; "she has slept more than an hour. Dear heart, it will do her good."

Bramble kissed Bessy's pale forehead, but it did not waken her. "Look, Tom," said Bramble, "look at that smooth, clear skin—those pretty features. Look at the delicate creature! and would you have thought that she would have dared what no man dared to do—that she would have defied those elements raging in their might, and have snatched their prey from their very grasp? Did I ever imagine, when I brought her as a helpless baby on shore, that she would ever have repaid the debt with such interest, or that such a weak instrument should have been chosen by the Lord to save one who otherwise must have

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perished? But His ways are not our ways, and He works as He thinks fit. Bless you, bless you, my Bessy—and may your fond heart never be again put to such trial! Is she not beautiful, Tom? just like a piece of cold marble. Thank Heaven, she is not dead, but sleepeth!”

I certainly never did look upon Bessy with so much interest; there was something so beautifully calm in her countenance as she lay there like an effigy on a tomb, hardly appearing to breathe; and when I thought of the courage and devotion shown but a few hours before by the present almost inanimate form, I bent over her with admiration, and felt as if I could kneel before the beautiful shrine which contained such an energetic and noble spirit. While this was passing through my mind, Bramble had knelt by the bedside, and was evidently in prayer. When he rose up, he said, “Come away, Tom; she is a maiden, and may feel ashamed if she awaken and find us men standing by her bedside. Let me know when she wakes up, Mrs. Maddox, and tell her I have been in to see her; and now, Tom, let’s go down. I never felt the want of a pipe so much as I do now.”

CHAPTER XLIII

A scene in the hospital, and a strange discovery.

IN a very few days Bramble and Bessy were sufficiently recovered to resume their usual avocations; but the former expressed no willingness to embark again, and Bessy’s persuasions assisted to retain him at the cottage. With me it was different: I was still restless and anxious for change; my feelings toward Bessy were those of admiration and esteem, but not yet of love. Yet I could not help recalling to mind the words of Bramble, “Observe how she performs those duties which fall to her lot; if she is a good daughter she will make a good wife.” I felt that she would make a good wife, and I wished that I could have torn from my bosom the remembrance of Janet, and

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have substituted the form of Bessy in her place. We had been at the cottage nearly a week, when I received a letter from Anderson; he informed me that he had visited old Nanny, who had made her will in due form, and confided it to him, and that he thought that she was more inclined to listen to him than she had before been; that my father and mother and sister were well, and that Spicer had been obliged to go into the hospital with an abscess in his knee, occasioned by running something into it, and that it was reported that he was very ill, and, in all probability, amputation must take place. I felt convinced that Spicer must have, in his hasty retreat, fallen over the iron railings which lay on the ground, and which had, as I mentioned, tripped me up; but with this difference, that, as the spikes of the railing were from me, and consequently I met with little injury, they must have been towards him, and had penetrated his knee, and thus it was that he had received the injury. Anderson also stated that they were very busy at the hospital, receiving the men who had been maimed in the glorious battle of Trafalgar. Altogether, I made up my mind that I would take the first ship that was offered for pilotage up the river, that I might know more of what was going on; and as we sat down to supper, I mentioned my intentions to Bramble.

"All's right: Tom, you're young, and ought to be moving; but just now I intend to take a spell on shore. I have promised Bessy, and how can I refuse her anything, dear girl? I don't mean to say that I shall never pilot a vessel again, but I do feel that I am not so young as I was, and this last affair has shaken me not a little, that's the truth of it. There's a time for all things, and when a man has enough he ought to be content, and not venture more. Besides, I can't bear to make Bessy unhappy; so, you see, I've half promised—only half, Bessy, you know."

"I think you would have done right if you had promised altogether," replied I; "you have plenty to live upon, and are now getting a little in years. Why should you not stay on shore, and leave them to work who want the money?"

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Bessy's eyes beamed gratefully towards me, as I thus assisted her wishes. "You hear, father," said she, fondling him, "Tom agrees with me."

"Ah!" replied Bramble, with a sigh, "if—but we cannot have all we wish in this world."

Bessy and I both felt what he would have referred to, and we were silent. She cast down her eyes, and appeared busy with her fork, although she was eating nothing. I no longer felt the repugnance that I had a short time before, and I was in deep reverie, watching the changes of her beautiful countenance, when she looked up. Our eyes met: she must have read my thoughts in mine, for from that moment each hour increased our intimacy and confidence. We were no longer afraid of each other.

A day or two after this conversation an opportunity was given to me of going up the river, which I did not neglect; and having delivered up charge of the ship, I hastened down to Greenwich. I found everything in *statu quo* at my mother's house, and Virginia much pleased at there being no lodgers. Anderson I met walking with Ben the Whaler and my father. He told me that Spicer had refused to have his leg amputated, when the surgeon had pointed out the necessity of the operation; and that it was now said that it was too late to have the operation performed, and that there was little or no chance of his recovery. They asked me many questions relative to the narrow escape of Bramble, and the behaviour of Bessy.

As soon as I could get away, I set off to the hospital to see Spicer; for, as the reader must be aware, I had many reasons for having communication with him—not that I expected that at first he would acknowledge anything: I knew that his heart was hardened, and that he had no idea of his danger; but I had his secret—he was indeed in my power, and I hoped by terrifying him to obtain the information which I wished.

I found him in bed, in the corner of the hospital ward, to the left. He was looking very pale, and apparently was in great pain.

"Spicer," said I, "I have come to see you; I am sorry to hear of your accident. How is your leg? is it better?"

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"No, not much," replied he, writhing, "I am in great pain; another man would scream out with the agony, but I'm like the wolf—I'll die without complaint."

"But you don't think that you're going to die, Spicer?"

"No, Jack, I don't think that; I never have thought that, when I have been worse than now. I'll never believe that I'm dead until I find myself so. It must come some time or another, but I'm hale and hearty in constitution as yet, and my time is not yet come."

"It was the iron railings which you fell over, was it not? I fell over them myself the same night when I landed, on the Monday, going up to old Nanny's."

"Who told you it was those cursed spikes? Well, well, so it was; but not on the Monday, Jack, it was on the Wednesday."

"Nay, that cannot be; for on the Tuesday, as I went down to the beach, I saw them all fixed up in the stonework, and soldered in. It must have been on the Monday—the night on which old Nanny was nearly smothered by some one who went in to rob her. I came there just in time to save her life; indeed, if you recollect, you were lame the next day, when I met you in the hospital."

"Well, Jack, you may think what you please; but I tell you it was on the Wednesday."

"Then you must have fallen over something else."

"Perhaps I did."

"Well, it's of no consequence. I'm glad to find that you're so much better, for I was told that the doctor had said——"

"What did the doctor say?" interrupted Spicer.

"Why, it's better to tell the truth; he said it was impossible for you to get over it; that the inflammation was too great to allow of amputation now, and that it must end in mortification."

"He said that!" said Spicer wildly, raising himself on his elbow.

"Yes, he did; and it's known all over the hospital."

"Well," replied Spicer, "he may have said so; but I think I ought to know best how I feel. He'll be here in half-an-hour or so, and then I'll put the question to him. I'm a little tired, Jack, so don't speak to me any more just now."

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"Shall I go away, Spicer?"

"No, no, stay here. There's a book or two; read them till I feel a little stronger."

That my communication had had an effect upon Spicer was evident. He was startled at the idea of the near approach of death, which he had not contemplated. Alas! who is not? He shut his eyes, and I watched him; the perspiration trickled down his forehead. I took up the book he had pointed out to me; it was the "History of the Buccaneers," with plates, and I thought then that it was a parallel of Spicer's own career. I looked at the plates, for I was not much inclined to read. In a few minutes Spicer opened his eyes. "I am better now, Jack; the faintness has passed away. What book is that? Oh, the Buccaneers. That and "Dampier's Voyages" were the only two books of my father's library that I ever thought worth reading. Have you ever read it?"

"No," replied I, "I never have. Will you lend it to me?"

"Yes; I'll give it to you, Jack, if you like."

"Thank you. Was your father a sailor, Spicer, as well as you?"

"Yes, Jack; a sailor, every inch of him."

"Did you ever sail with him?"

"No, he died about the time that I was born."

Here the doctor, who was going round the wards, came up to Spicer, and asked him how he felt. "Pretty well, doctor," said he.

"Come, we must look at your leg, my man; it will require dressing. Is it very painful?"

"Why, yes, sir; it has been very painful indeed all night."

The hospital mates unbandaged Spicer's leg, and took off the poultices, and I was horrified when I saw the state which his leg was in: one mass of ulceration from the middle of the thigh down to half-way below his knee, and his ankle and foot swelled twice their size, a similar inflammation extending up to his hip. The doctor compressed his lips, and looked very grave. He removed some pieces of flesh, it was then cleaned, and fresh poultices put on,

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"Doctor," said Spicer, who had watched his countenance, "they say in the hospital that you have stated that I cannot live. Now, I should wish to know your opinion myself on this subject, as I believe I am the most interested party."

"Why, my man," said the doctor, "you certainly are in great danger, and if you have any affairs to settle, perhaps it will be prudent so to do."

"That's a quiet way of saying there is no hope for me; is it not, doctor?" replied Spicer.

"I fear, my good man, there is very little."

"Tell me plainly, sir, if you please," replied Spicer; "is there *any*?"

"I am afraid that there is not, my good man; it's unpleasant to say so, but perhaps it is kindness to tell the truth."

"Well, sir, that is honest. May I ask you how long I may expect to live?"

"That will depend upon when the mortification takes place, about three days; after that, my poor fellow, you will probably be no more. Would you like the chaplain to come and see you?"

"Thank you, sir; when I do I'll send for him."

The doctor and the attendants went away to the other patients. I was silent. At last Spicer spoke.

"Well, Jack, you were right; so it is all over with me. Somehow or another, although I bore up against it, I had an inkling of it myself, the pain has been so dreadful. Well, we can die but once, and I shall die game."

"Spicer," said I, "that you will die without fear I know very well; but still, you know that you should not die without feeling sorry for the sins you have committed, and praying for pardon. We have all of us, the very best of us, to make our peace with Heaven; so, had I not better tell the chaplain to come and talk with you?"

"No, Jack, no; I want no parsons praying by my side. What's done is done, and can't be undone. Go now, Jack, I wish to get a little sleep."

"Shall I come and see you to-morrow, Spicer?"

"Yes, come when you will; I like to have some one to talk to; it keeps me from thinking."

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I wished him good day, and went away with the book in my hand. Before I went home I sought out old Anderson, and told him what had passed. "He will not see the chaplain, Anderson, but perhaps he will see you; and by degrees you can bring him to the subject. It is dreadful that a man should die in that way."

"Alas for the pride of us wretched worms!" ejaculated Anderson; "he talks of dying game,—that is to say, he defies his Maker. Yes, Jack, I will go and see him; and happy I am that he has a few days to live. I will see him to-night, but will not say much to him, or he might refuse my coming again."

I went home. I was not in a very gay humour, for the sight of Spicer's leg, and the announcement of his situation, had made a deep impression upon me. I sat down to read the book which Spicer had made me a present of. I was interrupted by my mother requesting me to go a message for her, and during my absence Virginia had taken up the book.

"Who lent you this book, Tom?" said she, when I returned.

"Spicer, the man whom they call Black Sam, who is now dying in the hospital."

"Well, that's not the name on the title-page—it is Walter James, Tynemouth."

"Walter James, did you say, dear? Let me look! Even so."

"Why, what's the matter, Tom?" said my sister; "you look as if you were puzzled."

And indeed I do not doubt but I did, for it at once recalled to my mind that old Nanny's married name was *James*, and that Spicer had said that his father was a sailor, and that he had died at the time that he was born, which agreed with the narrative of old Nanny. The conclusions which I came to in a moment made me shudder.

"Well, my dear, I was surprised, if not frightened; but you don't know why, nor can I tell you, for it's not my secret. Let me look at the book again."

Here my father came in, and the conversation took a different turn, which I was not sorry for. I wished, how-

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ever, to be left to my own reflections; so I soon afterwards took up my candle and retired to my room.

I turned the subject over in my mind in a hundred ways, but could not come to any conclusion as to the best method of proceeding. At last I thought I would see Peter Anderson the next day, and take his advice. I was out immediately after breakfast; but I could not find Anderson, so I walked to the hospital to see Spicer. I found Anderson sitting by his bedside, but they were not then conversing. After a short time Anderson rose, and giving a slight shake of the head, as if to inform me that he had had no success, he walked away.

"He has been trying to convert me," said Spicer, with a grim smile.

"He has been trying, Spicer, to bring you to a sense of your condition; and is he not kind? he can have no interest but your own good. Do you think that no one knows the sins you have committed except yourself?—there is one eye which sees all."

"Come, Jack, no preaching."

"Spicer, you are here under a false name, and you think no one knows anything about you; but everything has been discovered by me; and I cannot help thinking that it has been made known providentially, and for your good."

"Ah!" replied Spicer, "and pray what do you know? Perhaps you can tell me all the sins I have committed."

"No, Spicer, but perhaps I can tell you of sins which you yourself are not aware of. But first answer me—you know that you cannot live long, Spicer; will you acknowledge that what I state is correct, should it really be so?"

"I give you my word, that if you tell me anything about me which is true, I will freely acknowledge it; so now, Mr. Fortune-teller, here's my hand—it may be useful, you know, in helping your discovery."

"I do not want your hand, Spicer;—now hear me. Is not your name James?—and were you not born at Tyemouth?"

Spicer started. "How did you find that out? Well, Tom, it is so, and what then?"

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"As you told me yourself, although I knew it before, your father was lost at sea about the time that you were born. Spicer, I know how you left your mother, and how you returned from *you know where*—how you robbed her of every farthing, and left her again destitute and in misery. Is there nothing to repent of in that, Spicer?"

"Who the devil——"

"Nay, Spicer, the devil has had nothing to do with the discovery."

"Strange, strange indeed," muttered Spicer; "but still, it is true."

"Spicer, you know best how your life was passed from that time until you came into the hospital; but it was to be hoped, that when laid up to rest in this haven, after such a stormy life, you would have amended your life; but what have you done?"

"And what have I done?"

"What would have brought you to the gallows if I had not held my tongue. You attempted to murder the old woman to obtain her money, and in escaping, you received the wound which soon will bring you to your grave."

"What proofs?"

"Every proof: your stump struck me in the face when you rushed out—the button was off your coat the next morning when I met you—I had every proof, and, had I chosen, would have sworn on the Bible to your having been the party."

"Well, I'll not deny it—why should I, when I cannot be taken out of this bed to be tried, even if you wished? Have you more to say?"

"Yes, more."

"I doubt it."

"Then hear me. The poor woman whom you would have murdered, whom I found at her last gasp, and with difficulty restored to consciousness, that poor woman, Spicer, is *your own mother*!"

"God of heaven!" exclaimed he, covering his face.

"Yes, Spicer, your fond indulgent mother, who thinks that you suffered the penalty of the law many years ago, and whose energies have been crushed by the supposed

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unhappy fate of her still loved and lamented son. Spicer, this is all true, and have you now nothing to repent of?"

"I thought her dead, long dead. God, I thank Thee that I did not the deed; and, Jack, I am really grateful to you for having prevented it. Poor old woman!—yes, she did love me, and how cruelly I treated her!—and she is then still alive, and thinks that I was hanged—yes, I recollect now, she must think so. Oh! my brain, my brain!"

"Spicer, I must leave you now."

"Don't leave me, Jack—yes, do,—come to-morrow morning."

"Spicer, will you do me a favour?"

"Yes."

"Will you see Anderson, and talk with him?"

"Yes, if you wish it; but not now: this evening I will, if he'll come."

I left Spicer well satisfied with what had passed, and hastened to Anderson, to communicate it to him.

"A strange and providential discovery, Tom, indeed," said he, "and good use it appears to me you have made of it: his heart is softened, that is evident. I will certainly go to him this evening."

CHAPTER XLIV

Spicer discloses strange matters.

THE next day, when I called to see Spicer, I found him in great pain. Anderson had been with him, but he had been in such agony that he found it almost impossible to converse with him. Spicer did not like that I should leave him, although he could not talk, and I therefore remained by his bedside, occasionally assisting him to move from one position to another, or to take the drink that was by his bedside. Towards the evening he became more easy, and went to sleep; I left him, therefore, till the next day. As I supposed, the mortification had commenced, for the doctor told him so the next morning,

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when he visited him, and the chaplain pointed out to him that all hopes of living were now over. Spicer heard the communication unmoved. He asked the doctor how long he might live, and his reply was, it was possible four or five days, and that he would feel no more pain. He was now able to listen to Anderson, and he did so. I shall not trouble the reader with repeating what Anderson imparted to me, as I can give him an idea of Spicer's feelings by what passed between us.

"Tom," said he, "I have led a very wicked life, so wicked, that I hate to think of it, and I hate myself. I believe all that Anderson and the chaplain tell me, and I find that I may hope and do hope for mercy; but I can't cry, or wail, or tear my hair. The fact is, Tom, I can't feel afraid; if I am pardoned, and I do scarcely expect it, I shall be all gratitude, as well I may. Should I be condemned, I shall acknowledge my punishment just, and not complain, for I have deserved all; but I cannot feel fear: I believe I ought; but it is not in my nature, I suppose."

"But you do not feel anything like defiance, Spicer?"

"No, God forbid! no, nothing like that, but my spirit cannot quail."

He was very anxious for the chaplain the last two days of his life, and I really believe was *sincere* in his repentance; but before I wind up his history, I will narrate to the reader those portions of his life which are unknown, and which are necessary to the explanation of other matters.

He told me that when he first went to sea, he had joined a vessel employed in the slave trade, that he had left it at Gambia, and shipped on board of a vessel which was about to cruise on the Spanish Main. He was some time in her, and had been appointed second officer, when he resolved to fit out a vessel and cruise for himself. He had therefore quitted the vessel at Surinam, and worked his passage home in a sugar ship.

It was on his return home this time, that, as old Nanny had told me, he had taken to gaming, and eventually had robbed his mother. With the two thousand pounds in his pocket, he had repaired to Liverpool, where he fell in with Fitzgerald, a young man who had served as first mate

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in the vessel in which they had cruised on the Spanish Main, and to him he had proposed to join him as first officer in the vessel which he was about to fit out. It appeared that this young man had but a few days returned from Ireland, where he had married a young woman, to whom he had been some time attached, and that his disinclination to leave his young wife made him at first refuse the offer made by Spicer. Spicer, however, who was aware of his value, would not lose sight of him, and contrived, when Fitzgerald had taken too much wine, to win of him by unfair means about one thousand five hundred pounds. Spicer then offered Fitzgerald a release from the debt, provided he would sail with him; and he exacted as a further condition that he should not return and take a farewell of his wife. To these harsh terms Fitzgerald, being without means of liquidating the debt, consented, and they sailed accordingly.

"And now, Jack, I will tell you why I was so curious about that spy-glass. I knew the moment that I saw it in your hands that it was one that belonged to Fitzgerald when we were on our first cruise together. It was the best glass I ever met with. When we left Liverpool this time, I asked him for the spy-glass, and he told me that, expecting to return to his wife before he sailed, he had left it at home. How it came into the lady's hands I can't tell."

"I never said that Lady Hercules gave it to me," replied I; "although I did not undeceive you when you thought so. The fact is, it was given me by a very pretty young Irish widow."

"Then, Jack, I should not wonder if she was not the wife of Fitzgerald, whom I have been talking about; but that I leave to you. Let me finish my story. When we arrived on the Spanish coast I had as fine a crew with me as ever were on board of a vessel; but I had long made up my mind that I would hoist the black flag. Yes, Jack, it is but too true. But when I proposed it, Fitzgerald declared that the first act of piracy that was committed he would leave the vessel. I tried all I could to persuade him, but in vain. However, we did take an English vessel, and plundered her. Upon this Fitzgerald protested, and half

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the crew, at least, joined him. I threatened the men to shoot them through the head; but they were resolute; and being rather the stronger party, I dared not make any attempt. They insisted upon leaving the vessel; and I, not being able to help it, landed them all in the Bay of Honduras, where I thought it very possible they would be taken by the Spaniards and imprisoned, if not hanged. They were imprisoned; but after some time they were released. The desertion of Fitzgerald and the other men left me with my vessel half manned; and I vowed vengeance against him if ever I had an opportunity. I now cruised as a pirate, and was very successful, and my name was a terror to those seas. A high reward was offered for me, dead or alive, which pleased me much, and I became more murderous than ever. Jack, all this rises up in judgment against me now; and I recollect every single life taken away by me, or by my orders, as well as if I had noted them down in a book. May God forgive me!" continued Spicer, covering his eyes up for a time.

After a pause he continued: "I had ordered a vessel with a valuable cargo to be taken on a rendezvous we had in the Caicos; but it was recaptured and taken into Port Royal, Jamaica. As the proofs of the piracy were well established, the men on board were thrown into prison to take their trial. I heard of this, for I was often on shore in disguise in one island or another, and a scheme entered my head which I thought would benefit myself and wreak my vengeance upon Fitzgerald. But I must leave off now. Here comes the chaplain; he promised to talk with me this evening, and you see that I have changed my opinion on that point, praised be God for it. Good night, Jack; come to-morrow."

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CHAPTER XLV

Spicer's death.

WHEN I saw Spicer again he continued his narrative :—

“I told you that I was anxious to wreak my vengeance upon Fitzgerald, and the plan which I hit upon was as follows: I contrived to get to Port Royal, and to speak to the two men whom I had been on the best terms with. I told them that the only chance of escape would be for them to give their names as those of *James*, which was mine, and of *Fitzgerald*, the first officer; and I explained to them why; because Fitzgerald and I had saved the life of the daughter of one of the chief planters, who, in gratitude, had promised that he would assist us if we were ever in difficulty. I told them that they must adhere to what they said, as they would be condemned with the others, but that a reprieve would be given when they were on the scaffold.”

“But why should you have done this?” inquired I.

“First, because I wished people to believe that I was dead, that there might not be so great a hue and cry after me, and the temptation of so high a reward; next, because I knew that Fitzgerald was still in prison, and that his wife would read the account of his execution in the newspapers, which I hoped would break her heart, and so make him miserable.”

“Oh, Spicer, that was too cruel.”

“It was, but my plan succeeded. The men gave our names, went to the scaffold expecting a reprieve, and were hanged.”

“And thus it is that your poor mother thinks even now that you were hanged,” said I.

“Even so, Jack, even so. Well, after a time I quitted my vessel and returned to England; for I was actually tired of bloodshed, and I had collected a great deal of money. On my arrival I inquired after Fitzgerald. It appeared that his wife had heard the account of his execution; and, as her bonnet was found by the side of the mill-dam, it was supposed that she had destroyed herself. Fitzgerald

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returned home, and was distracted at the intelligence. I have always thought that she was dead; but, by what you say, Jack, I now doubt it."

"And Fitzgerald, Spicer, what became of him?"

"I really cannot tell. I heard that he had entered on board of a King's ship, but not under his own name: how far that was true or not I cannot say; but I have every reason to believe that such was the case."

"And how came you on board of a man-of-war?"

"Why, that's soon told. I spent my money, or lost it all in gambling, went out again, obtained command of a vessel, and did well for some time; but I was more tyrannical and absolute than ever. I had shot five or six of my own men, when the crew mutinied, and put me and two others who had always supported me in an open boat, and left us to our fate. We were picked up by a frigate going to the East Indies when we were in the last extremity. And now, Jack, I believe you have my whole history. I am tired now, and must go to sleep; but, Jack, I wish you to come to-morrow morning, for I have something to say to you of great importance. Good-bye, Jack; don't forget."

I promised Spicer that I would not fail, and quitted the hospital. When I called again upon him, I found him very low and weak, he could not raise himself from his pillow. "I feel that I am going now, Jack," said he—"going very fast—I have not many hours to live, but, I thank Heaven, I am not in any pain. A man who dies in agony cannot examine himself—cannot survey the past with calmness, or feel convinced of the greatness of his offences. I thank God for that; but, Jack, although I have committed many a foul and execrable murder, for which I am full of remorse—although I feel how detestable has been my life—I tell you candidly, that, although those crimes may appear to others more heavy than the simple one of theft, to me the one that lies most heavy on my soul is the robbing of my poor mother, and my whole treatment of her. Jack, will you do one favour to a dying man?—and it must be done soon, or it will be too late. Will you go to my poor mother, acquaint her with my being here, still alive, and that my hours are numbered, and beg for me forgiveness? Obtain that for me, Jack—

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bring that to me, and so may you receive forgiveness yourself!"

"I will, Spicer," replied I, "I will go directly; and I have little fear but that I shall succeed."

"Go then, Jack; don't tarry, for my time is nearly come."

I left the hospital immediately, and hastened to old Nanny's. I found her very busy sorting a lot of old bottles which she had just purchased.

"Well, Jack," said she, "you are just come in time to help me. I was just a-saying if Jack was to call now, he'd be of some use, for I can't well reach so high as the shelf where I put the bottles on, and when I get on a stool my old head swims."

"Mother," said I, "suppose you put down the bottles for a little while, as I have that to say to you which must not be delayed."

"Why, what's the matter, boy? And how pale you look! what has happened? You don't want money, do you?"

"No, mother, I want no money; I only want you to listen to matters important, which I must disclose to you."

"Well, well, what is it? about the fellow who tried to rob me, I suppose. I told you before, Jack, I won't hurt him, for my poor boy's sake."

"It is about your poor boy I would speak, mother," replied I, hardly knowing how to begin. "Now, mother, did you not tell me that he was hanged at Port Royal?"

"Yes, yes; but why come and talk about it again?"

"Because, mother, you seem to feel the disgrace of his being hanged so much."

"Well, to be sure I do—then why do you remind me of it, you bad boy? It's cruel of you, Jack; I thought you kinder."

"Mother, it is because you do feel it so much that I have come to tell you that you have been deceived. Your son was not hanged."

"Not hanged! Why, Jack, are you sure?"

"Yes, mother, quite sure."

"Not hanged, quite sure——"

Here old Nanny burst out into a wild laugh, which

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ended in sobbing and tears. I was obliged to wait some minutes before she was composed enough to listen to me; at last I said, "Mother, I have more to say, and there is no time to be lost."

"Why no time to be lost, my dear boy?" said she. "Oh! now that you have told me this, I could dwell for hours—ay, days—more. I shall dwell my whole life upon this kind news."

"But listen to me, mother, for I must tell you how I discovered this."

"Yes, yes, Jack—do, that's a good boy. I am quite calm now," said Nanny, wiping her eyes with her apron.

I then acquainted her with what Spicer had told me relative to his inducing the man to take his name, and continued the history of Spicer's life until I left him on board of a man-of-war.

"But where is he now? And who told you all this?"

"He told me so himself," replied I. "He has been in the hospital some time, and living here close to you, without either of you being aware of it. But, mother, he is now ill—very ill in the hospital; he would not have confessed all this if he had not felt how ill he was."

"Deary, deary me!" replied old Nanny, wringing her hands; "I must go see him."

"Nay, mother, I fear you cannot. The fact is that he is dying, and he has sent me to ask your forgiveness for his conduct to you."

"Deary, deary me!" continued old Nanny, seemingly half out of her wits; "in the hospital, so near to his poor mother—and dying. Dear Jemmy!"

Then the old woman covered up her face with her apron and was silent. I waited a minute or two, and then I again spoke to her.

"Will you not answer my question, mother? Your son has but an hour perhaps to live, and he dies penitent not only for his conduct to you, but for his lawless and wicked life; but he feels his treatment of you to be worse than all his other crimes, and he has sent me to beg that you will forgive him before he dies. Answer me, mother."

"Jack," said Nanny, removing the apron from her face,

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"I feel as if it was I who ought to ask his pardon, and not he who should ask mine. Who made him bad?—his foolish mother. Who made him unable to control his passions?—his foolish mother. Who was the cause of his plunging into vice—of his intemperance, of his gaming, of his wild and desperate career—which might have ended, as I supposed it had done, on the gallows—but a foolish, weak, selfish mother, who did not do her duty to him in his childhood? It is I who was his great enemy—I who assisted the devil to lead him to destruction—I who, had he been hanged, had been, and have felt for years that I was, his executioner. Can I forgive him? Can *he* forgive *me*?"

"Mother, his time is short—I will come to you again, and tell you much more. But if you knew how earnest he is to have your forgiveness before he dies, you would at once send me away to him."

"Then go, my child—go, and may you often be sent on such kind missions! Go, and tell my poor James that his mother forgives him—begs to be forgiven—still dotes upon him—and God knows with how much pleasure would die for him! Go quick, child—the sands of the glass run fast—quick, child—the dying cannot wait—quick—quick!"

Nanny had risen from her stool and taken me by the arm; when we were clear of the threshold she loosed me, and sank down to the earth, whether overcome by her feelings, or in a state of insensibility, I did not wait to ascertain—I fled to execute my mission before it was too late.

In a few minutes I was at the hospital—breathless, it was true. I went in, and found Spicer still alive, for his eyes turned to me. I went up to him; the nurse, who was standing by him, told me he was speechless, and would soon be gone. I told her I would remain with him, and she went to the other patients. I gave him his mother's message, and he was satisfied; he squeezed my hand, and a smile, which appeared to illumine like a rainbow his usual dark and moody countenance, intimated hope and joy; in a few seconds he was no more, but the smile continued on his features after death.

I then returned to old Nanny, who, I found, had been put

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into bed by some neighbours, and at her bedside was Mrs. St. Felix, who had been passing by and had observed her situation. She was now recovered and quiet. As soon as they had left her I entered into a more full detail of how I became acquainted with the circumstances which led to the discovery. I did not conceal from her that it was her own son who had attempted the robbery; and I wound up by stating that he had died, I really believed, not only penitent, but happy from having received her forgiveness.

“Jack—Jack—you have been as good as an angel to me, indeed you have. It was you also who prevented my poor James from killing his mother—it is you that have been the means of his making his peace with Heaven. Bless you, Jack, bless you!”

CHAPTER XLVI

In which Mrs. St. Felix refuses a splendid offer which I am duly empowered to make to her.

I LEFT old Nanny as soon as she was more composed, for I was so anxious to have some conversation with old Anderson. I did not call on my father, as it was not a case on which he was likely to offer any opinion, and I thought it better that the secret which I possessed should be known but to one other person. I refer to the knowledge which I had obtained relative to the husband of Mrs. St. Felix, who, it appeared, was not hanged, as supposed by her. The information received from Spicer accounted for Mrs. St. Felix's conduct when any reference was made to her husband, and I was now aware how much pain she must have suffered when his name was mentioned. I found Anderson alone in his office, and I immediately made him acquainted with what I had learnt, and asked him his opinion as to the propriety of communicating it to Mrs. St. Felix. Anderson rested his head upon his hand for some time in silence; at last he looked up at me.

“Why, Tom, that she suffers much from the supposed ignominious fate of her husband is certain, but it is only

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occasionally ; her spirits are good, and she is cheerful, except when reminded of it by any casual observation. That it would prove a great consolation to her to know that her husband did not forfeit his life on the scaffold is true ; but what then ? he is said to have entered the King's service under another name, and, of course, there is every probability of his being alive and well at this moment. Now she is comparatively tranquil and composed ; but consider what anxiety, what suspense, what doubts, must ever fill her mind, must oppress her waking hours, must haunt her in her dreams, after she is made acquainted with his possible existence. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick ; and her existence would be one of continued tumult, of constant anticipation, and I may say of misery. He may be dead, and then will her new-born hopes be crushed when she has ascertained the fact ; he may never appear again, and she may linger out a life of continual fretting. I think, Tom, that were she my daughter, and I in possession of similar facts, I would not tell her—at least, not at present. We may be able to make inquiries without her knowledge. We know his name ; an advertisement might come to his eyes or ears ; and, moreover, you have the telescope, which may be of use if it is constantly seen in your hands. Let us at present do all we can without her knowledge, and leave the result in the hands of Providence, who, if it thinks fit, will work by its own means. Are you of my opinion, Tom ?”

“When I came to ask your advice, Anderson, it was with the intention of being guided by it, even if it had not coincided with my own opinion, which, now that I have heard your reasons, it certainly does. By-the-bye, I have not yet called upon Mrs. St. Felix, and I will go now. You will see old Nanny again ?”

“I will, my boy, this evening. Good-bye ! I'm very busy now, for the officers will inspect to-morrow morning.”

I quitted the hospital, and had arrived in Church Street, when, passing the doctor's house on my way to Mrs. St. Felix, Mr. Thomas Cobb, who had become a great dandy, and, in his own opinion at least, a great doctor, called to me, “Saunders, my dear fellow, just come in, I wish to speak with you particularly.” I complied with his wishes. Mr. Cobb was remarkable in his dress. Having sprung up

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to the height of at least six feet in his stockings, he had become remarkably thin and spare, and the first idea that struck you when you saw him was that he was all pantaloons; for he wore blue cotton net tight pantaloons, and his Hessian boots were so low, and his waistcoat so short, that there was at least four feet, out of the sum total of six, composed of blue cotton net, which fitted very close to a very spare figure. He wore no cravat, but a turn-down collar with a black ribbon, his hair very long, with a very puny pair of moustachios on his upper lip, and something like a tuft on his chin. Altogether, he was a strange-looking being, especially when he had substituted for his long coat a short nankeen jacket, which was the case at the time I am speaking of.

"Well, Mr. Cobb, what may be your pleasure with me? You must not detain me long, as I was about to call on Mrs. St. Felix."

"So I presumed, my dear sir," replied he; "and for that very reason I requested you to walk in. Take a chair. Friendship, Tom, is a great blessing; it is one of the charms of life. We have known each other long, and it is to tax your friendship that I have requested you to come in."

"Well, be as quick as you can, that's all," replied I.

"*Festina lente*, as Dr. Tadpole often says, adding that it is Latin for hat and boots. I am surprised at his ignorance of the classics; any schoolboy ought to know that *caput* is the Latin for hat, and *Boötes* for boots. But lately I have abandoned the classics, and have given up my soul to poetry."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; 'Friendship and Love' is my toast, whenever I am called upon at the club. What does Campbell say?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"I'll tell you, Tom—

'Without the smile from heav'nly beauty won,
Oh, what were man? A world without a sun.'

"Well, I daresay it's all true," replied I; "for if a woman does not smile upon a man he's not very likely to marry her, and therefore has no chance of having a son."

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"Tom, you have no soul for poetry."

"Perhaps not; I have been too busy to read any."

"But you should; youth is the age of poetry."

"Well, I thought it was the time to work; moreover, I don't understand how youth can be age. But pray tell me, what is it you want of me, for I want to see Mrs. St. Felix before dinner-time."

"Well, then, Tom, I am in love—deeply, desperately, irrevocably, and everlastingly in love."

"I wish you well out of it," replied I, with some bitterness. "And pray with whom may you be so dreadfully in love—Anny Whistle?"

"Anny Whistle!—to the winds have I whistled her long ago. No, that was a juvenile fancy. Hear me. I am in love with the charming widow."

"What, Mrs. St. Felix?"

"Yes. Felix means happy in Latin, and my happiness depends upon her. I must either succeed, or——Tom, do you see that bottle?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's laudanum; that's all."

"But, Tom, you forget; you certainly would not supplant your patron, your master, I may say your benefactor—the doctor?"

"Why not? he has tried, and failed. He has been trying to make an impression upon her these ten years, but it's *no go*. Ain't I a doctor, as good as he? Ay, better, for I'm a young doctor, and he is an old one! All the ladies are for me now. I'm a very rising young man."

"Well, don't rise much higher, or your head will reach up to the shop ceiling. Have you anything more to say to me?"

"Why, I have hardly begun. You see, Tom, the widow looks upon me with a favourable eye, and more than once I have thought of popping the question over the counter; but I never could muster up courage, my love is so intense. As the poet says—

'Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, howe'er so witty;
The beggar that is dumb, you know,
Deserves our double pity.'

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Now, Tom, I wish to tax your friendship. I wish you to speak for me."

"What, speak to Mrs. St. Felix?"

"Yes, be my ambassador. I have attempted to write some verses; but somehow or another I never could find rhymes. The poetic feeling is in me, nevertheless. Tell me, Tom, will you do what I ask?"

"But what makes you think that the widow is favourably inclined?"

"What? why, her behaviour, to be sure. I never pass her but she laughs or smiles. And then the doctor is evidently jealous; accuses me of making wrong mixtures; of paying too much attention to dress; of reading too much; always finding fault. However, the time may come—I repeat my request; Tom, will you oblige me? You ought to have a fellow-feeling."

This last remark annoyed me. I felt convinced that Mrs. St. Felix was really laughing at him, so I replied, "I shall not refuse you, but recollect that he who has been so unsuccessful himself, is not likely to succeed for others. You shall have your answer very soon."

"Thanks, Tom, thanks. My toast, as I said before, when called upon, is 'Friendship and Love.'"

I quitted the shop, and went into that of Mrs. St. Felix, who, I thought, looked handsomer than ever.

"Come at last, Tom!" said the widow, extending her hand. "I thought you would have called yesterday. Your sister was here."

"I have been less pleasantly engaged. You know that Spicer is dead."

"One of the pensioners—I never saw him that I know of, but I heard old Ben mention his death this morning, and that you were with him: was he a friend of yours?"

"No, indeed, I thought you knew something of him, or I should not have mentioned his name." I then changed the conversation, telling her what had passed at Deal, and listening to her remarks upon old Nanny, my mother, and our mutual acquaintances.

"And the doctor—how is he?"

"As busy as ever: I'm sorry, however, that he complains very much of Tom Cobb, and says that he must dismiss him.

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He has made some very serious mistakes in mixing the medicines, and nearly killed five or six people."

"Had he killed them outright, their deaths must have been laid at your door," replied I, very seriously.

"Good heavens! what do you mean, Tom?"

"I mean this, that your bright eyes have fascinated him; and that, to use his own expression, he is deeply, desperately, irrevocably, and everlastingly in love with *you*."

Here Mrs. St. Felix burst out in a laugh, so violent that I thought that it would end in hysterics. As soon as she had recovered herself, continued—

"It is all true, and independent of the five or six people half killed, you will have to answer for a *whole* death besides, for Tom has intimated to me that if he fails in his suit he will have recourse to the big bottle of laudanum. You must further know that he has taxed my friendship to make known to you his deplorable condition, being unequal to the task himself."

"He must be mad," observed Mrs. St. Felix quietly.

"He flatters himself that you have given him encouragement. I asked him in what way; he says you always laugh at him."

"True as the Bible—I can't help laughing at such a droll figure as he makes of himself. Mercy on me! what are men made of? Well, Tom, I'm sure I ought to be flattered, for (let it be a secret between us, Tom) this is the second offer I have received within these twenty-four hours."

"The doctor, I presume; Tom says that he is jealous."

"I mention no names. This is all very foolish."

"But you have not yet rejected both: Tom awaits his answer."

"Tell him anything that you please. By-the-bye, you may just as well add that instead of taking the laudanum, he had better resort to his old remedy—of liquorice and water. It will look just as killing in the phial, and not be quite so fatal in its results."

"I shall certainly execute your commission in as delicate a way as I possibly can."

"Do, Tom, and pray let me hear no more of this nonsense, for, ridiculous as it may appear, it is to me very painful. Leave me now—I am nervous and low-spirited.

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Good-bye. Come this evening with your sister, I shall be better then."

Mrs. St. Felix went into the back parlour, and I left the shop. I had turned the wrong way, almost forgetting to give Tom his answer, when I recollected myself, and returned to the doctor's house.

"Well?" said Tom eagerly.

"Why," replied I, hardly having made my mind up what to say, yet not wishing to hurt his feelings, "the fact is, Tom, that the widow has a very good opinion of you."

"I knew that," interrupted Tom.

"And if she were ever to marry again—why, you would have quite as good a chance as the doctor."

"I was sure of that," said he.

"But at present, the widow—for reasons which she cannot explain to anybody—cannot think of entering into any new engagement."

"I see—no regular engagement."

"Exactly so; but as soon as she feels herself at liberty——"

"Yes," said Tom, breathless.

"Why, then she'll send, I presume, and let you know."

"I see, then, I may hope."

"Why, not exactly—but there will be no occasion to take laudanum."

"Not a drop, my dear fellow, depend upon it."

"There is no saying what may come to pass, you see, Tom: two, or three, or four years may——"

"Four years—that's a very long time."

"Nothing to a man sincerely in love."

"No, nothing—that's very true."

"So all you have to do is to follow up your profession quietly and steadily, and wait and see what time may bring forth."

"So I will—I'll wait twenty years, if that's all."

I wished Tom good-bye, thinking that it was probable that he would wait a great deal longer; but at all events, he was pacified and contented for the time, and there would be no great harm done, even if he did continue to make the widow the object of his passion for a year or two longer. It would keep him out of mischief, and away from Anny Whistle.

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On my return home I met with a severe shock, in consequence of information which my mother did not scruple to communicate to me. Perhaps it was all for the best, as it broke the last link of an unhappy attachment. She informed me very abruptly that the shutters of Mr. Wilson's house were closed in consequence of his having received intelligence of the death of Lady ——. Poor Janet had expired in her first confinement, and the mother and child were to be consigned to the same tomb. This intelligence drove me to my chamber, and I may be considered weak, but I shed many tears for her untimely end. I did not go with my sister to Mrs. St. Felix, but remained alone till the next day, when Virginia came, and persuaded me to walk with her to the hospital, as she had a message for my father.

After we had seen my father we walked down to the hospital terrace, by the riverside. We had not been there but a few minutes when we heard Bill Harness strike up with his fiddle:—

“ Oh, cruel was my parents as tore my love from me,
And cruel was the press-gang as took him off to sea;
And cruel was the little boat as row'd him from the strand,
But crueller the big ship as sail'd him from the land.

Sing tura-la, tura-la, tura-lara ley.

Oh, cruel was the water as bore my love from Mary,
And cruel was the fair wind as wouldn't blow contrary;
And cruel was the captain, his boatswain, and his men,
As didn't care a farding if we never meet again.

Sing tura-la, tura-la, tura-lara ley.

Oh, cruel was th' engagement in which my true love fought,
And cruel was the cannon-ball as knock'd his right eye out;
He used to ogle me with peepers full of fun,
But now he looks askew at me, because he's only one.

Sing tura-la, &c. &c.”

“Eh! wid your tura-la. You call dat singing?” cried Opposition Bill, stumping up, with his fiddle in his hand. “Stop a little. How you do, Mr. Tom? how you do, pretty lady? Now I sing you a song, and show dat fellow how to make music. Stop a little, Miss Virginny.”

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"Well," said Bill Harness, "I'll just let you sing, that Miss Saunders may judge between us."

Virginia felt half inclined to go away; but as the pensioners always treated her with as much respect as any of the ladies of the officers of the hospital, I pressed her arm that she might stay. Opposition Bill then struck up as follows, saying, "Now I give you a new 'Getting upstairs.'"

"On board of a man-of-war dey hauled me one day,
And pitch me up de side just like one truss of hay.
Such a getting upstairs I nebber did see,
Such a getting upstairs.

Dey show me de masthead, and tell me I must go,
I tumble on de rattling, and break my lilly toe.
Such a getting upstairs I nebber did see, &c.

Dey pipe de hands up anchor, and Massa Boatswain's cane
Come rattle on our backs, for all de world like rain.
Such a getting upstairs, &c.

And den dey man de rigging, de topsails for to reef,
And up we scull together, just like a flock of sheep.
Such a getting upstairs, &c.

Dey send de boats away, a Frenchman for to board,
We climb de side with one hand, de oder hold de sword.
Such a getting upstairs, &c.

Now here I sent to Greenwich because I lost a leg,
And ab to climb up to de ward upon my wooden peg.
Such a getting upstairs, &c."

"Dere, now; I ask you, Mister Tom, and de young lady, which sing best, dat fellow, or your humble servant Bill—dat's me?"

"You sing very well, Bill," said Virginia, laughing, "but I'm not able to decide such a difficult point."

"Nor more can I; it is impossible to say which I like best," continued I. "We must go home now, so good-bye."

"Thanky you, Mister Tom; thanky you, Missy. I see you wish to spare him feelings; but I know what you tink in your heart."

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Virginia and I now left the hospital. There was one subject which was often discussed between my sister and me, which was, my situation with regard to Bramble and Bessy. I had no secrets from her, and she earnestly advised me to try if I could not make up my mind to a union with a person of whom I could not possibly speak but with the highest encomiums.

"Depend upon it, my dear Tom," said she, "she will make you a good wife; and with her as a companion, you will soon forget the unhappy attachment which has made you so miserable. I am not qualified from experience to advise you on this point, but I have a conviction in my own mind that Bessy is really just the sort of partner for life who will make you happy. And then, you owe much to Bramble, and you are aware how happy it would make him; and as her partiality for you is already proved, I do wish that you would think seriously upon what I now say. I long to see and make her acquaintance, but I really long much more to embrace her as a sister."

I could not help acknowledging that Bessy was as perfect as I could expect any one to be, where none are perfect. I admitted the truth and good sense of my sister's reasoning, and the death of Janet contributed not a little to assist her arguments; but she was not the only one who appeared to take an interest in this point: my father would hint at it jocosely, and Mrs. St. Felix did once compliment me on my good fortune in having the chance of success with a person whom every one admired and praised. The party, however, who had most weight with me was old Anderson, who spoke to me unreservedly and seriously.

"Tom," said he, "you must be aware that Bramble and I are great friends, and have been so for many years. He has no secrets from me, and I have no hesitation in telling you that his regards and affections are so equally bestowed between you and his adopted child, that it is difficult for himself to say to which he is the most attached; further, as he has told me, his fervent and his dearest wish—the one thing which will make him happy, and the only one without which he will not be happy, although he may be resigned—is that an union should take place between you and Bessy. I am not one of those who would persuade

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you to marry her out of gratitude to Bramble. Gratitude may be carried too far; but she is, by all accounts, amiable and beautiful, devoted to excess, and capable of any exertion and any sacrifice for those she loves; and, Tom, she loves you. With her I consider that you have every prospect of being happy in the most important step in life. You may say that you do not love her, although you respect, and admire, and esteem her: granted; but on such feelings towards a woman is the firmest love based, and must eventually grow. Depend upon it, Tom, that that hasty and violent attachment which is usually termed love, and which so blinds both parties that they cannot before marriage perceive each other's faults, those matches which are called love matches, seldom or ever turn out happily. I do not mean to say but that they sometimes do; but, like a lottery, there are many blanks for one prize. Believe me, Tom, there is no one who has your interest and welfare at heart more than I have. I have known you since you were a child, and have watched you with as much solicitude as any parent. Do you think, then, that I would persuade you to what I thought would not contribute to your happiness? Do, my dear boy, make Bramble, Bessy, yourself, and all of us happy, by weaning yourself from the memory of one who was undeserving of you, and fixing your affections upon her who will be as steadfast and as true to you as the other was false and capricious."

I promised Anderson that I would think seriously of what he said; and I kept my word, using all my endeavours to drive the image of Janet from my memory, and substitute that of Bessy. I often recalled the latter to my mind as she lay, beautiful and motionless, after her having rescued her father from the waves, and at last dwelt upon the image with something more than interest. The great point when you wish to bring yourself to do anything is to make up your mind to it. I did so, and soon found that Bessy was rapidly gaining possession of my heart.

I remained several days at Greenwich. My mother was still as busy as ever, attempting to obtain lodgers in her house who were people of family, and this unwearied system was a source of great vexation to my sister. "Oh,

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Tom," she would sometimes say, "I almost wish sometimes, selfish as it is, that you were married to Bessy, for then I should be able to live with you, and escape from this persecution."

"Better marry yourself, dear," replied I.

"There is but little chance of that, Tom," replied Virginia, shaking her head.

On my return to Deal I found Bramble had remained at the cottage ever since my departure. Our greeting was warm, and when I went over to Bessy, for the first time since she had returned from school, I kissed her. She coloured up, poor girl, burst into tears, and hastened to her own room.

"I hope that was in earnest, Tom," said Bramble, fixing his eye upon me inquiringly, "otherwise it was cruel."

"It was indeed, father," replied I, taking him by the hand.

"Then all's right, and God bless you, my dear good boy. You don't know how happy you have made me—yes, and now I will say it—poor Bessy also."

CHAPTER XLVII

In which a new character appears upon the stage, and I play the part of a pilot on shore.

A FRIGATE has anchored in the Downs, Tom, and makes the signal for a pilot," said Bramble, coming into the cottage, with my telescope in his hand. "There is but you and I here—what do you say?—will you venture to take her up to the Medway?"

"To be sure I will, father; I would not refuse a line-of-battle ship. Why should I? the tides are the same, and the sands have not shifted. Would you not trust me?"

"Ay, that I would, Tom, and perhaps better than myself; for my eyes are not so good as they were. Well, then, you had better be off."

I got my bundle ready, and was about to start, when I

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perceived my telescope lying down where Bramble had placed it on the table. "They are not very fond of letting pilots have their glasses on board of a King's ship," said I, "so I will take mine this time."

"You're right, Tom; you can't take the spy-glass out of the captain's hand, as you do in a merchant vessel."

"Well, good-bye, father; I shall come down again as soon as I can—there's another gun, the captain of the frigate is in a hurry."

"They always are on board of a man-of-war, if no attention is paid to their orders or their signals. Come, start away."

I went down to the beach, the men launched the galley, and I was soon on board. As I gained the quarter-deck I was met by the captain and first lieutenant, who were standing there.

"Well," said the captain, "where's the pilot?"

"I am, sir," replied I, taking off my hat.

"Where's your warrant?"

"There, sir," replied I, offering him the tin case in which I carried it.

"Well, all is right, my good fellow; but you seem but a young hand."

"Not so young as to lose so fine a vessel as this, I trust, sir," replied I.

"I hope not, too; and I daresay you are as good as many with grey hairs. At all events, your warrant is sufficient for me, and the frigate is now under your charge. Will you weigh directly?"

"If you please; the wind will probably fail as the sun goes down, and, if so, we may just as well lie off the Foreland to-night."

The frigate was soon under weigh; she was evidently well manned, and as well commanded. The wind fell, as I expected, and after dark we barely stemmed the ebb tide. Of course I was up all night, as was my duty, and occasionally entered into conversation with the officer of the watch and midshipmen. From them I learnt that the frigate, which was called the *Euphrosyne*, had just returned from the West India station; that they had been out four years, during which they had two single-handed encounters,

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and captured two French frigates, besides assisting at many combined expeditions; that they were commanded by Sir James O'Connor, who had distinguished himself very much, and was considered one of the best officers in the service; that the frigate had suffered so from the conflicts in which they had been engaged, that she had been sent home to be surveyed; it was found that she must be docked, and undergo a thorough repair, and consequently they had been ordered to Sheerness, where the ship would be paid off. At daylight there was a leading wind up the river, and we made sail, carrying with us three-fourths of the flood. The discipline and order of the ship's company were so great that I felt much more confidence in piloting this vessel, notwithstanding her greater draught of water, than I did a merchant vessel, in which you had to wait so long before the people could execute what you required: *here*, it was but to speak and it was done, well done, and done immediately; the vessel appeared to obey the will of the pilot as if endued with sense and volition, and the men at the lead gave quick and correct soundings; the consequence was that I had every confidence, and while the captain and officers sometimes appeared anxious at the decrease of the depth of water, I was indifferent, and I daresay appeared to them careless, but such was not the case.

"Quarter less five."

"Quarter less five. Pilot, do you know what water we draw?"

"Yes, Sir James, I do; we shall have *half four* directly, and after that the water will deepen."

As it proved exactly as I stated, the captain had after that more confidence in me. At all events, the frigate was brought safely to an anchor in the river Medway, and Sir James O'Connor went down to his cabin, leaving the first lieutenant to moor her, for such were the port orders. As I had nothing more to do, I thought I might as well go on shore, and get a cast down by one of the night coaches to Dover. I therefore begged the first lieutenant to order my certificate of pilotage to be made out, and to inquire if I could take anything down to Deal for the captain. A few minutes afterwards I was summoned down to the captain. I found him sitting at his table with wine before

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him. My certificates, which the clerk had before made out, were signed, but my name was not inserted.

"I must have your name, pilot, to fill in here."

"Thomas Saunders, Sir James," replied I.

"Well, my lad, you're young for a pilot; but you appear to know your business well, and you have brought this ship up in good style. Here are your certificates," said he as he filled in my name.

I had my spy-glass in my hand, and, to take up the certificates and fold them to fit them into my tin case, I laid my glass down on the table close to him. Sir James looked at it as if surprised, took it up in his hand, turned it round, and appeared quite taken aback. He then looked at the brass rim where the name had been erased, and perceived where it had been filed away.

"Mr. Saunders," said he at last, "if not taking a liberty, may I ask where you procured this spy-glass?"

"Yes, Sir James, it was given me by a person who has been very kind to me ever since I was a boy."

"Mr. Saunders, I beg your pardon—I do not ask this question out of mere curiosity—I have seen this glass before; it once belonged to a very dear friend of mine. Can you give me any further information? You said it was given you by——"

"A very amiable woman, Sir James."

"Did she ever tell you how it came into her hands?"

"She never did, sir."

"Mr. Saunders, oblige me by sitting down; and if you can give me any information on this point, you will confer on me a very great favour. Can you tell me what sort of a person this lady is—where she lives—and what country-woman she is?"

"Yes, Sir James; I will first state that she is Irish, and that she lives at present at Greenwich." I then described her person.

"This is strange, very strange," said Sir James, with his hand up to his forehead as he leant his elbow on the table.

After a pause, "Mr. Saunders, will you answer me one question candidly? I feel I am not speaking to a mere Thames pilot—I do not wish to compliment, and if I did

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not feel as I state, I should not put these questions. Do you not know more about this person than you appear willing to divulge? There is something in your manner which tells me so."

"That I know more than I have divulged is true, Sir James; but that I know more than I am willing to divulge is not the case, provided I find that the party who asks the question is sufficiently interested to warrant my so doing."

"There can be no one more interested than I am," replied Sir James mournfully. "You tell me she is Irish—you describe a person such as I expected would be described, and my curiosity is naturally excited. May I ask what is her name?"

"The name that she goes by at present is St. Felix."

"She had distant relations of that name; it may be one of them—yet how could they have obtained——? Yes, they might, sure enough!"

"That is not her real name, Sir James."

"Not her real name! Do you then know what is her real name?"

"I believe I do, but I obtained it without her knowledge, from another party, who is since dead."

"Ah! may I ask that name?"

"A man who died in the hospital, who went by the name of Spicer, but whose real name was Walter James; he saw the glass in my hand, recognised it, and on his deathbed revealed all connected with it; but he never knew that the party was still alive when he did so."

"If Walter James confessed all to you on his deathbed. Mr. Saunders, it is certain that you can answer me one question. Was not her real name Fitzgerald?"

"It was, Sir James, as I have understood."

Sir James O'Connor fell back in his chair, and was silent for some time. He then poured out a tumbler of wine, and drank it off.

"Mr. Saunders, do others know of this as well as you?"

"I have never told any one, except to one old and dearest friend, in case of accident to myself. Mrs. St. Felix is ignorant of my knowledge, as well as others."

"Mr. Saunders, that I am most deeply interested in that

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person I pledge you my honour as an officer and a gentleman. Will you now do me the favour to detail all you do know on this subject, and what were the confessions made you by that man Walter James?"

"I have already, sir, told you more than I intended. I will be candid with you; so much do I respect and value the person in question, that I will do nothing without I have your assurance that it will not tend to her unhappiness."

"Then, on my honour, if it turns out as I expect, it will, I think, make her the happiest woman under the sun."

"You said that the spy-glass belonged to a dear friend?"

"I did, Mr. Saunders; and if I find, from what you can tell me, that Mrs. St. Felix is the real Mrs. Fitzgerald, I will produce that friend and her husband. Now are you satisfied?"

"I am," replied I, "and I will now tell you everything." I then entered into a detail from the time that Mrs. St. Felix gave me the spy-glass, and erased the name, until the death of Spicer. "I have now done, sir," replied I, "and you must draw your own conclusions."

"I thank you, sir," replied he; "allow me now to ask you one or two other questions. How does Mrs. St. Felix gain her livelihood, and what character does she bear?"

I replied to the former by stating that she kept a tobacconist's shop; and to the latter by saying that she was a person of most unimpeachable character, and highly respected.

Sir James O'Connor filled a tumbler of wine for me, and then his own. As soon as he had drunk his own off, he said, "Mr. Saunders, you don't know how you have obliged me. I am excessively anxious about this matter, and I wish, if you are not obliged to go back to Deal immediately, that you would undertake for me a commission to Greenwich. Any trouble or expense——"

"I will do anything for Mrs. St. Felix, Sir James; and I shall not consider trouble or expense," replied I.

"Will you then oblige me by taking a letter to Greenwich immediately? I cannot leave my ship at present—it is impossible."

"Certainly I will, Sir James."

"And will you bring her down here?"

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"If she will come. The letter I presume will explain everything, and prevent any too sudden shock."

"You are right, Mr. Saunders; and indeed I am wrong not to confide in you more. You have kept her secret so well that, trusting to your honour, you shall now have mine."

"I pledge my honour, Sir James."

"Then, Mr. Saunders, I spoke of a dear friend, but the truth is, *I* am the owner of that spy-glass. When I returned to Ireland, and found that she had, as I supposed, made away with herself, as soon as my grief had a little subsided, I did perceive that, although her apparel remained, all her other articles of any value had disappeared; but I concluded that they had been pillaged by her relations, or other people. I then entered on board of a man-of-war, under the name of O'Connor, was put on the quarter-deck, and by great good fortune have risen to the station in which I now am. That is my secret—not that I care about its being divulged, now that I have found my wife. I did nothing to disgrace myself before I entered on board of a man-of-war, but having changed my name, I do not wish it to be known that I ever had another until I can change it again on a fitting opportunity. Now, Mr. Saunders, will you execute my message?"

"Most joyfully, Sir James; and I now can do it with proper caution; by to-morrow morning I will be down here with Mrs. St. Felix."

"You must post the whole way, as hard as you can, there and back, Mr. Saunders. Here is some money," said he, thrusting a bundle of notes in my hand, "you can return me what is left. Good-bye, and many, many thanks."

"But where shall I meet you, sir?"

"Very true; I will be at the King's Arms Hotel, Chatham."

I lost no time. As soon as the boat put me on shore I hired a chaise, and posted to Greenwich, where I arrived about half-past nine o'clock. I dismissed the chaise at the upper end of the town, and walked down to Mrs. St. Felix's. I found her at home, as I expected, and to my great delight the doctor was not there.

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"Why, Mr. Pilot, when did you come back?" said she.

"But this minute—I come from Chatham."

"And have you been home?"

"No, not yet; I thought I would come and spend the evening with you."

"With me! Why, that's something new; I don't suppose you intend to court me, do you, as the doctor does?"

"No, but I wish that you would give me some tea in your little back parlour, and let Jane mind the shop in the meantime."

"Jane's very busy, Mr. Tom, so I'm afraid that I can't oblige you."

"But you must, Mrs. St. Felix. I'm determined I will not leave this house till you give me some tea; I want to have a long talk with you."

"Why, what's in the wind now?"

"I'm not in the wind, at all events, for you see I'm perfectly sober; indeed, Mrs. St. Felix, I ask it as a particular favour. You have done me many kindnesses, now do oblige me this time: the fact is, something has happened to me of the greatest importance, and I must have your advice how to act; and, in this instance, I prefer yours to that of any other person."

"Well, Tom, if it really is serious, and you wish to consult me, for such a compliment the least I can do is to give you a cup of tea." Mrs. St. Felix ordered Jane to take the tea-things into the back parlour, and then to attend in the shop.

"And pray say that you are not at home, even to the doctor."

"Well, really the affair looks serious," replied she; "but it shall be so if you wish it."

We took our tea before I opened the business, for I was thinking how I should commence: at last I put down my cup, and said, "Mrs. St. Felix, I must first acquaint you with what is known to no one here but myself." I then told her the history of old Nanny; then I went on to Spicer's recognition of the spy-glass—his attempt to murder his mother, the consequences, and the disclosure on his deathbed.

Mrs. St. Felix was much moved.

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"But why tell me all this?" said she at last; "it proves, certainly, that my husband was not hanged, which is some consolation, but now I shall be ever restless until I know what has become of him—perhaps he still lives."

"Mrs. St. Felix, you ask me why do I tell you all this? I beg you to reply to my question: having known this so long, why have I not told you before?"

"I cannot tell."

"Then I will tell you: because I did feel that such knowledge as I had then would only make you, as you truly say, unhappy and restless. Nor would I have told you now, had it not been that I have gained further intelligence on board of a frigate which I this afternoon took into the Medway."

Mrs. St. Felix gasped for breath. "And what is that?" said she faintly.

"The spy-glass was recognised by a person on board, who told me that your husband still lives."

I ran out for a glass of water, for Mrs. St. Felix fell back in her chair as pale as death.

I gave her the water, and threw some in her face: she recovered, and put her handkerchief up to her eyes. At first she was silent, then sobbed bitterly; after a while she sank from the chair down on her knees, and remained there some time. When she rose and resumed her seat, she took my hand and said, "You may tell me all now."

As she was quite calm and composed, I did so; I repeated all that had passed between Sir James O'Connor and me, and ended with his wish that I should accompany her at once to Chatham.

"And now, Mrs. St. Felix, you had better go to bed. I told Sir James that I would be down to-morrow morning. I will come here at seven o'clock, and then we will go to the upper part of the town and hire a chaise. Will you be ready?"

"Yes," replied she, smiling. "Heaven bless you, Tom! and now good night."

I did not go to my mother's, but to an inn in the town, where I asked for a bed. In the morning I went down. As soon as Mrs. St. Felix saw me she came out, and followed me at a little distance. We went up to where the chaises

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were to be obtained, and in less than three hours were at the King's Arms, Chatham. I asked to be shown into a room, into which I led Mrs. St. Felix, trembling like an aspen leaf. I seated her on the sofa, and then asked to be shown in to Sir James O'Connor.

"She is here, sir," said I.

"Where?"

"Follow me, Sir James."

I opened the door of the room, and closed it upon them.

CHAPTER XLVIII

My sister Virginia is at last placed in a situation which is satisfactory to my mother as well as to herself.

I REMAINED very quietly in the coffee-room of the hotel, in case I should be sent for; which I presumed I should be before the day was over. In the afternoon a waiter came to say that Sir James O'Connor wished to speak to me, and I was ushered into his room, where I found Mrs. St. Felix on the sofa.

As soon as the door was closed, Sir James took me by the hand, and led me up, saying, "Allow me to introduce your old friend as Lady O'Connor."

"My dear Tom," said she, taking me by the hand, "I am and ever shall be Mrs. St. Felix with you. Come, now, and sit down. You will again have to take charge of me, for I am to return to Greenwich, and leave it in a respectable manner. I daresay they have already reported that I have run away from my creditors. Sir James thinks I must go back as if nothing had happened, give out that I had some property left me by a relation, and then settle everything, and sell the goodwill of my shop. It certainly will be better than to give grounds for the surmises and reports which may take place at my sudden disappearance,—not that I am very likely to fall in with my old acquaintances at Greenwich."

"Don't you think so, Tom?—for Tom I must call you, in earnest of our future friendship," said Sir James.

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"I do think it will be the best plan, sir."

"Well, then, you must convey her ladyship to Greenwich again this evening, and to-morrow the report must be spread, and the next day you will be able to re-escort her here. I hope you feel the compliment that I pay you in trusting you with my new-found treasure. Now let us sit down to dinner. Pray don't look at your dress, Tom; at all events, it's quite as respectable as her ladyship's."

After dinner a chaise was ordered, and Lady O'Connor and I returned to Greenwich, arriving there after dark. We walked down to her house: I then left her, and hastened to my mother's.

"Well, mother," said I, after the first salutations were over, "have you heard the news about Mrs. St. Felix?"

"No, what has she done now?"

"Oh, she has done nothing, but a relation in Ireland has left her a lot of money, and she is going over there immediately. Whether she will come back again nobody knows."

"Well, we can do without her," replied my mother, with pique. "I'm very glad that she's going, for I have always protested at Virginia's being so intimate with her—a tobacco-shop is not a place for a young lady."

"Mother," replied Virginia, "when we lived in Fisher's Alley Mrs. St. Felix was above us in situation."

"I have desired you very often, Virginia, not to refer to Fisher's Alley, you know I do not like it—the very best families have had their reverses."

"I cannot help thinking that such has been the case with Mrs. St. Felix," replied Virginia.

"If you please, Miss Saunders, we'll drop the subject," replied my mother haughtily.

The news soon spread; indeed, I walked to several places where I knew it would be circulated, and before morning all Greenwich knew that Mrs. St. Felix had been left a fortune: some said ten thousand pounds, others had magnified it to ten thousand a year. When I called upon her the next day, I found that she had made arrangements for carrying on her business during her absence, not having stated that she quitted for ever, but that she would write and let them know as soon as she arrived in Ireland what

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her decision would be, as she was not aware what might be the property left her. The doctor, who had undertaken to conduct her affairs during her absence, looked very woe-begone indeed, and I pitied him; he had become so used to her company, that he felt miserable at the idea of her departure, although all hopes of ever marrying her had long been dismissed from his mind. Mrs. St. Felix told me that she would be ready that evening, and I returned home and found Virginia in tears; her mother had again assailed her on account of her feelings towards Mrs. St. Felix; and Virginia told me that she was crying at the idea of Mrs. St. Felix going away, much more than at what her mother had said; and she requested me to walk with her to Mrs. St. Felix that she might wish her farewell.

When we arrived Mrs. St. Felix embraced Virginia warmly, and took her into the little back parlour. Virginia burst into tears. "You are the only friend in the town that I dearly love," said she, "and now you are going."

"My dear girl, I am more sorry to part with you and Tom than I can well express—our pain is mutual, but we shall meet again."

"I see no chance of that," said Virginia mournfully.

"But I do; and what is more, I have thought about it since I have had the news. Tom, your sister, of course, only knows the common report?"

"Of course she knows no more than anybody else."

"Well, you do, at all events; and I give you leave, as I know she is to be trusted, to confide my secret to her. And, Virginia, dear, when I tell you that I shall want you to come and stay with me, and shall arrange accordingly, after you have heard what your brother has to tell to you, you will understand that we may meet again. Good-bye, and God bless you, dearest; go away now, for I have much to do."

When I told to Virginia what the reader is well acquainted with, her joy was excessive. "Yes," said she, "I see now: my mother is so anxious that I should be taken into some grand family as a companion; and when Lady O'Connor agrees to receive me, she will never have an idea that it is Mrs. St. Felix: if she had, nothing would induce her to let me go, that I am sure of; for

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she has taken an aversion to her for reasons known only to herself."

I returned to Mrs. St. Felix's house as soon as I had escorted Virginia home, leaving her very happy. The doctor was there, mute and melancholy; and I was thinking that we should have some difficulty in getting rid of him, when Tom made his appearance.

"If you please, sir," said he, "Mrs. Fallover wants you immediately; she's taken very bad."

"I can't help it."

"Indeed, but you must help it, doctor," said Mrs. St. Felix; "the poor woman is, as you know, in her first confinement, and you must not neglect her, so let's say good-bye at once, and a happy return. I asked Tom to come down, that I might call upon his sister and one or two other people before I go; so you see, doctor, as you can't go with me, you may just as well go and attend to the poor woman; so good-bye, Doctor Tadpole, I will write to you as soon as I know what I'm to do."

The doctor took her hand, and after a pause said, "Mrs. St. Felix, *Eheu, me infelix!*" and hastened out of the shop.

"Poor fellow!" said she, "he'll miss me, and that's the truth. Good-bye, Jane; mind you look after everything till I come back, and take care of the dog and cat. Come, Tom, we'll go now."

I threw her trunk on my shoulders, and followed her till we came to the post-house; the chaise was ordered out, and we set off.

"Tom," said Lady O'Connor, as I again call her, now that she is clear of Greenwich, "there is one portion of my history which you do not know—a very trifling part indeed. When I saw in the newspapers that my husband had, as I supposed, been executed, I am ashamed to say that I first thought of suicide; but my better feelings prevailed, and I then resolved to change my name, and to let people *suppose* that I was dead. It was for that reason that I left my bonnet by the river-side, and all my apparel in the house, only taking away a few trinkets and valuables, to dispose of for my future subsistence. I obtained a passage in a transport bound to Woolwich, on the plea of

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my husband having arrived from abroad; and, by mere accident, I found the goodwill of the tobacconist's shop to be sold; it suited me—and there is the whole of my history which you do not know.

“And now, as to Virginia, I intend to have her with me very soon. Your mother is anxious that she should get into a high family, trusting that her beauty will captivate some of the members—a bad kind of speculation. I will advertise for a companion, and so arrange that your mother shall not see me; and when your sister does come to me, it shall not be as a companion, but as a child of my own. I owe you much, Tom—indeed, almost everything; and it is the only way in which I can repay you. I have already spoken to Sir James on the subject; he is equally ready to pay the debt of gratitude, and therefore in future Virginia is our adopted child.”

“You are more than repaying me, Lady O'Connor,” replied I, “and you are obliging me in the quarter where I feel the obligation the greatest.”

“That I believe, Tom; so now say no more about it.”

I may as well here inform the reader that I remained a week at Chatham, and that during that time Lady O'Connor put an advertisement in the county paper, such as we knew would be a bait to my mother. This paper I forwarded to Virginia, marking the advertisement. My mother immediately replied to it, and Sir James O'Connor went up to Greenwich and had an interview with my mother and Virginia, at apartments he had taken at the hotel; appeared pleased with my sister, and said that as soon as Lady O'Connor was sufficiently recovered she would send for her to Chatham. This took place in two days afterwards; my mother escorted Virginia there. Sir James stated that her ladyship was too unwell to see anybody, but that she would speak a few words to Virginia, and leave Sir James to settle the rest with my mother. Virginia came down to her mother, declared that Lady O'Connor was a very lady-like elegant person, and that she should wish to take the situation. The terms were handsome, and my mother, although she regretted not seeing her ladyship, was satisfied, and Virginia was to come in two days afterwards, which she did. Thus was my sister comfortably settled, and after

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remaining two days I took my leave of Sir James and Lady O'Connor, intending to return to Deal, when I received a letter from Peter Anderson, informing me that old Nanny had been suddenly taken very ill, and that Doctor Tadpole did not think it possible that she would survive more than twenty-four hours; that she was very anxious to see me, and that he hoped I would come up immediately.

I showed the letter to Lady O'Connor, who said, "You will go, of course, Tom."

"Immediately," replied I, "and the more so as this letter is dated three days back; how it has been delayed I do not know. Farewell, Lady O'Connor; and farewell, dearest Virginia. Old Nanny, as you both know, has many claims upon my gratitude."

CHAPTER XLIX

My father, much to his surprise, has a bit of land to put his foot upon, and say, "This is my own."

YOU'RE too late, Tom," said Ben the Whaler, as I jumped down from off the basket of the coach; "the old woman died last night."

"I'm sorry for it, Ben," replied I, "as she wished so much to see me; but I did not receive Anderson's letter till this morning, and I could not get here sooner."

This intelligence induced me to direct my course to the hospital, where I had no doubt that I should find old Anderson, and obtain every information. I met him as he was walking towards the bench on the terrace facing the river, where he usually was seated when the weather was fine. "Well, Tom," said he, "I expected you, and did hope that you would have been here sooner. Come, sit down here, and I will give you the information which I know you have most at your heart. The old woman made a very happy end. I was with her till she died. She left many kind wishes for you, and I think her only regret was that she did not see you before she was called away."

"Poor old Nanny! she had suffered much."

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"Yes, and there are great excuses to be made for her; and as we feel so here, surely there will be indulgence from above, where the secrets of all hearts are known. She was not insane, Tom; but from the time that she supposed that her son had been gibbeted, there was something like insanity about her: the blow had oppressed her brain—it had stupefied her, and blunted her moral sense of right and wrong. She told me, after you had communicated to her that her son was in the hospital, and had died penitent, that she felt as if a heavy weight had been taken off her mind; that she had been rid of an oppression which had ever borne down her faculties—a sort of giddiness and confusion in the brain, which had made her indifferent, if not reckless, to everything; and I do believe it, from the change which took place in her during the short time which has since elapsed."

"What change was that? for you know that I have been too busy during the short intervals I have been here to call upon her."

"A change in her appearance and manners: she appeared to recover in part her former position in life; she was always clean in her person, as far as she could be in such a shop as hers; and if she had nothing else, she always had a clean cap and apron."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and on Sundays she dressed very neat and tidy. She did not go to church, but she purchased a large Bible and a pair of spectacles, and was often to be seen reading it at the door; and when I talked to her she was glad to enter upon serious things. I spoke to her about her fondness for money, and pointed out that it was a sin. She replied that she did feel very fond of money for a long while, for she always thought that some one was nigh her snatching at it, and had done so ever since her son had robbed her; but that since she knew what had become of him she did not feel fond of it—that is, not so fond of it as before; and I believe that such was the case. Her love of money arose from her peculiar state of mind. She had many comforts about her house when she died, which were not in it when I called to see her at the time when she was first ill; but her purchasing the large Bible on

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account of the print was to me a satisfactory proof that she had no longer such avaricious feelings."

"I am very glad to hear all this, Anderson, I assure you, for she was one of my earliest friends, and I loved her."

"Not more than she loved you, Tom. Her last words almost were calling down blessings on your head; and, thanks be to God! she died as a Christian should die, and, I trust, is now happy."

"Amen!" said I; for I was much moved at Anderson's discourse.

After a pause Anderson said, "You know, Tom, that she has left you all that she had. She told me before that such was her intention, although I said nothing to you about it, but I thought it as well that Mr. Wilson should make out a paper for her to put her name to, which she did. Ben and I witnessed it, but as for what she has left you, I cannot imagine it can be much, for we examined and found no money except about seven pounds in two small boxes: and then in her will she has left your sister Virginia ten pounds; now, when that comes to be paid, I'm sure I don't know whether the things in the shop will fetch so much money as will pay your sister's legacy and the expenses of her funeral."

"It's of no consequence," replied I, smiling; "but we shall see. At all events, all her debts shall be paid, and her funeral shall be decent and respectable. Good-bye now, Anderson, I must go up and see my mother and sister."

Old Nanny's remains were consigned to the tomb on the following Monday. Her funeral was, as I had desired it to be, very respectable, and she was followed to the grave by Anderson, my father, Ben, and me. As soon as it was over, I requested Anderson to walk with me to Mr. Wilson's.

"I'm afraid, Tom," said Mr. Wilson, "you'll find, like a great many other residuary legatees, that you've not gained much by the compliment."

"Nevertheless, will you oblige me by walking down with Anderson and me to her house?"

"And take off the seals, I presume, in your presence? But the fact is, Tom, that not thinking the property quite

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safe there, even under seal, I have kept it all in my own pocket."

"Nevertheless, oblige me by coming down."

"Oh, with all my heart, since you do not like to take possession unless in due form."

As soon as we arrived at the hovel, I went into the bedroom, and threw open the window. I then, to their great astonishment, went to the fire-grate, threw out some rubbish which was put into it, pulled up the iron back, and removed the bricks. In a short time I produced two small boxes, one of them very heavy. There was nothing else in the hole.

"Here," said I, "Mr. Wilson, is a portion of the property which you have overlooked."

"No wonder," replied he. "Pray let us see what it is."

I opened the boxes, and, to their surprise, made up in a variety of packages, I counted out gold coin to the amount of four hundred and twenty pounds.

"Not a bad legacy," said Mr. Wilson. "Then you knew of this?"

"Of course; I have known it some time—ever since the attempt to rob her."

"But what are those papers?"

On one was written "*Arsenic—Poison*;" on the other, "*Receipt for Toothache*."

"Nothing of any value," said I, "by the outside."

I opened them, and found, to my surprise, bank-notes to the exact amount of two hundred pounds.

"Well, I declare," said I, smiling, "I had nearly thrown all this money away."

"And now you see what induced the old woman to write those labels on the outside of it: in case she should be robbed, that the robbers might have thrown the papers away—as you nearly did, and as very probably they might have done."

"Well, Mr. Wilson, I have no further search to make. Will you oblige me by taking care of this money for me?"

"Yes; that is, if you'll carry the gold, which is rather heavy, up to my house, and then I will give you a receipt for the whole."

Anderson then left us, and I followed Mr. Wilson home.

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As soon as the money was all re-counted, and a note made of it, Mr. Wilson asked me what I wished that he should do with it. I replied, what was the truth, that I really did not know what to do with it, but still I should like to lay it out in something tangible.

"You want to buy a farm, I suppose, and be a landed proprietor, like Bramble; but I'm afraid there is not enough. But I tell you what, Tom: we lawyers know many things which do not come to everybody's ears, and I know that the proprietor of the house in which your mother lives wishes to sell it; and I think, as he is much pinched for money, that this sum will about buy it. Now your mother pays fifty-five guineas a year for it, and if it sells for six hundred pounds, that will give you more than nine per cent. for your money. What do you think?"

"Well, sir, I think it's the very best thing I can do; if more should be necessary, I have saved a little besides, which Bramble takes care of. Well, then, I'll see about it."

A few days afterwards Mr. Wilson told me that the house was to be had for five hundred and sixty pounds, and that he had closed the bargain. •

"I thank you, sir," replied I. "Since I have been with you I have been thinking about it, and I wish now you would make it over to my father for his life. You see, sir, my father does put my mother to some expense, and I should like him to be more independent of her. If the house belongs to him, the rent will more than meet any demands he may make upon her purse—and it will be pleasant for both parties—and my mother will pay more respect to my father."

"I shall do it with pleasure, Tom. You deserve money, for you make a good use of it—I must say that. Come to me to-morrow."

The next day I went to my father, and gave him the deed by which he was owner of my mother's house. "Well, now, Tom," said he, after I had explained why I did so, "this is the kindest thing that ever was done, and God bless you, boy, and a thousand thanks. I shan't mind now calling for two extra pots of porter when I have friends—and I say, Tom, is the garden mine too?"

"Yes, and the summer-house, father, all your own property."

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"Well, then," replied he, chuckling, "I have a bit of land of my own to stick my timber toe on after all. Well, I never did expect that. I must go up there, and stand upon it, and feel how I feel."

I communicated to my mother that my father was in future her landlord, at which she expressed much surprise, until I told her how I became possessed of the money. When my father came in, which he did shortly after, she said rather sharply—

"Well, Mr. Saunders, I suppose I must pay you my rent now every quarter?"

"Pay me!" exclaimed my father; "come, not so bad as that, neither. Haven't you found me in beer, without a grumble, for these many years, and do you think I've forgotten it? No, no! You've been a kind woman to me, after all, although things did go a little cross at first, and so here's the paper for you to keep for me; and there's an end of the matter, only——"

"Only what?" inquired my mother, looking very kindly at my father.

"Only let's have a pot of beer now, to drink Tom's health, that's all."

Having thus satisfactorily settled this point, I returned to Chatham. I had promised to take a farewell of my sister and the O'Connors, as I expected they would leave previous to my again coming up the river.

CHAPTER L

An adventure which at first promised to be the most unfortunate, and eventually proved the most fortunate in my life.

AS Sir James O'Connor would have to remain at least a fortnight longer at Chatham, until his ship was paid off, I made Lady O'Connor promise to write to me, and then started for Deal. I found Bramble and Bessy as usual delighted to see me, and Mrs. Maddox was as talkative as ever. I received a letter from Lady O'Connor, and also

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one from Dr. Tadpole, written at the request of my father, informing me that by a letter from Mrs. St. Felix there was little prospect of her return to Greenwich. I had not been a week at Deal when a large ship dropped her anchor in the Downs, and made the signal for a pilot.

"Well, Tom," said Bramble, "I think I shall take a turn now, for I want to go up and see old Anderson."

"I will take her through, if you please, father; and you may go as a passenger. You don't want money, and I do."

"All's right, Tom;—well, then, I'll go as a passenger, and you shall be pilot."

"Why must you go at all, father? Why not go to Greenwich by the stage?" exclaimed Bessy. "When will you leave off, my dear father? Surely you've enough now, and might let Tom go without you."

"Quite enough money, but not quite enough of the salt water yet, Bessy," replied Bramble; "and when I do travel, I won't go by land, when I can sail under canvas."

"Well, you may go this time, father, but this is the last: if you won't leave off, I will not stay here, that's positive; so when you come on shore some fine day, you may expect to find me absent without leave."

"Very well; then I'll send Tom to look after you: he'll soon bring you back again."

"Tom! he wouldn't take the trouble to look after me."

"Very true," replied I; "every woman who requires looking after is not worth the trouble; but I've no fear but we shall find you when we come back."

"Tom, I hate you," replied Bessy. "Why do you not join me in persuading father to stay on shore?"

"Well, if you hate me, Bessy, it proves, at all events, that I'm not indifferent to you," said I, laughing; "but really and truly, Bessy, I do not consider there is any very great risk in your father going up the river with me, as he will be in smooth water before dark."

"Well, but, allowing that, why should father go at all?"

"I want to see old Anderson, my love," replied Bramble, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"Yes, and if you once begin again, you'll not leave off—I know it well: you will never come home except to get

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clean linen, and be off again; and I shall be in a constant state of alarm and misery. How selfish of you, father! You had better by far have left me to drown on the Goodwin Sands—it would have been more kind,” replied Bessy, weeping.

“Bessy,” said Bramble, “it’s my opinion that you are in love.”

“In love!” cried Bessy, colouring to her throat.

“Yes, in love, my dear, or you would not talk such nonsense.”

“If loving you as my father is being in love, I am, unfortunately.”

“That’s only half of the story; now give us the other,” said Bramble, smiling.

“What do you mean?” inquired Bessy, turning to him.

“Why, how do you love Tom?”

“Not half so much as I love her,” said I.

“Well, if that’s the case,” replied Bramble, “we may as well publish the banns; for Bessy’s in love right over the ankles.”

“Father, this may be very pleasant mockery; but I think it is not kind to breed ill-will between those who live under the same roof. Now you may go away; and if the knowledge that you have made me unhappy will add to the pleasure of your journey, I can assure you that you have succeeded.” Bessy having said this, immediately left the room and went upstairs.

“Well,” said Bramble, after a pause, “I’m glad that I never was in love; for people so situated do make themselves very silly, that’s a fact. Tom, if you’re going, it’s time to be off.”

“Why——” replied I hesitatingly.

“I know—but I tell you, Tom, no such thing. She’ll have a good cry, and then she’ll come down as well as ever. Leave her alone till we come back.”

Bramble and I then left the cottage, jumped into the galley, and were soon on board of the ship.

On our arrival on board we found that the vessel was a Dutch Indiaman, which had been captured by one of our cruisers on her voyage home from Java. She was laden very deeply with cinnamon, nutmegs, cloves, and other spices,

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besides pepper, and was valued at four hundred thousand pounds sterling. She had come home from the island of St. Helena, with convoy, and was now proceeding up the river, to be given in charge of the prize agents in London. Not only her hold, but even her main-deck, as far aft as the mainmast, was filled up with her cargo; in short, she was a very valuable prize, and although when I came on board the pepper made me sneeze for ten minutes, the officer in charge told me very truly that she was a prize "not to be sneezed at." She was manned by a lieutenant and eighteen men belonging to the frigate which had captured her—hardly sufficient for so large a vessel, but no more could be spared.

"We'll up anchor as soon as you please, pilot," said the lieutenant, "for I shall not be sorry to get rid of my charge, I assure you."

"I don't doubt you, sir," replied Bramble. "Well, you've not much farther to go."

We weighed with the young flood; the weather was fine, but, as usual at that time of the year, thick fogs prevailed. We had, however, a leading wind, and had well rounded the North Foreland, and entered the Queen's Channel, when it came on very thick.

"Tom, have you the bearings?" said Bramble; "if not, take them at once, for the fog will soon be over the land."

"I have them," replied I, "and we may as well put them down on the log-board:—North Foreland Light NNW. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. Why, we should see the Tongue buoy. Now we'll drop the anchor and furl the sails, if you please, sir—we can do nothing at present." We did so: the fog came on thicker than before, and with it a drizzling rain and wind from the S. At dusk there was no change, or prospect of it. The men went down to supper, and the watch was set. Bramble and I did not turn in: we lay down on the lockers of the cabin, and every now and then went on deck to see how the weather was. About eleven o'clock we were awakened by a noise: we both started up, and went on deck. To our surprise it was full of men—we had been boarded by a French privateer, and they had gained possession of the deck without any alarm being given, for the men who had the watch had sheltered themselves from the rain down the

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hatchway. As soon as we came up, we were collared and seized.

"Pilot," said Bramble.

"Pilot," said I.

They then asked us in English how many men were on board.

As it was no use concealing the fact, we replied; a portion of the privateer's men then went down, and surprised them all in their beds. In about five minutes they came up again, leading the lieutenant and his men, in their shirts. By the directions of the French captain they were immediately passed over the side into the privateer, and Bramble and I were the only two Englishmen left on board of the ship.

The French captain then asked us if we knew where we were, and whether there was any danger. We replied that we were among the sands, and that it would be difficult to get her out of them with that wind, and impossible until the tide turned.

"When will the tide turn?" said the captain.

"In an hour or less," replied Bramble, appealing to me.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, you will take this vessel clear of the shoals, my men; and if you do not, your lives are worth nothing. Hold pistols to their heads," continued he to the officer, "and the moment that the ship touches, blow their brains out."

Here Bramble, to my astonishment, went on his knees. "Spare our lives," said he, "and we will take the vessel safe to the French coast;" at the same time he gave me a pinch.

"If you do not you shall not live a minute," said the captain (another pinch from Bramble). I now understood him, and I also went down on my knees, and pretended to cry. "We can't take her out if this weather lasts," said I, whimpering. "It's impossible."

"No, no! not if this weather lasts," said Bramble, "but as soon as it changes we will do it."

"Very well, so long as you do it when you can, that is all I ask. Now," said he to the officer he had before addressed, "you'll have twenty men—keep a sharp look-out

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—and don't lose a moment in getting under weigh as soon as you can."

The captain then returned to the privateer with the rest of the men, leaving the ship in charge of the prizemaster. The privateer was boomed off; but whether she dropped her anchor near to us, or remained under weigh, I could not tell. The men who had held the pistols to our heads now went away with the others to plunder, according to the manners and customs of all privateer's-men, of whatever nation they may happen to be. Bramble and I walked aft.

"Pinned once more, by all that's blue! Well, it can't be helped—but we're not in a French prison yet."

"Why did you go down on your knees to those fellows?" said I, rather sulkily.

"Why, because I wished them to think we were chicken-hearted, and that we should not be watched, and might have a chance—who knows?"

"Two against twenty are heavy odds," replied I.

"That depends upon whether you trust to your head or your arms. It must be head work this time. You see, Tom, we have so far a chance, that we cannot weigh till it clears up—they know that as well as we do. I'm pretty sure it will be thick all to-morrow, and perhaps longer; so you see something may turn up by that time. We are well in, and right in the Channel, for vessels up or down. I say again we are not in a French prison yet. They can't take her out of this—we must do it; and we may run on shore if we like: and I tell you what, Tom, if it wasn't for Bessy, I'd just as soon that my brains should be blown out as that these French fellows should take such a rich prize. Now let's go below—we mustn't be seen talking together too much; but look out sharp, Tom, and watch my motions."

The officer who had charge of the vessel now came on deck, and looked round him: he could speak English sufficient to carry on a conversation. The weather was very thick, and the rain drove down with the wind; he saw that it was impossible that the ship could be moved. He told us that we should have a hundred guineas each and our liberty if we took the ship safe either to Ostend or any French port. We replied that we should be very glad to do so, as it would be ten times as much as we should have

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received for piloting her up the Thames; and then we went down below. In the meantime the men were sent for on deck, divided into watches, and when the watch was set the others went down below again. After taking a glass or two of wine, for the Frenchmen had soon rummaged out what there was to be drunk in the cabin, Bramble and I returned on deck. We found the Frenchmen in charge of the watch diligent: one was looking out forward, another at the taffrail; the remaining three were walking the deck. Bramble went to the gangway, and I followed him.

"Tom, I see the hatchway grating is on deck—I only wish we once had them all beneath it."

"I only wish we had all but the watch—I'd have a try for it then," replied I.

"No, no, Tom, that wouldn't do; but we must trust to Providence and a sharp look-out. See where you can put your hand upon a crowbar or handspike, in case you want it; but don't touch it. Come, there's nothing to be done in any way just now, so let's go down and take a snooze for an hour or two; and, Tom, if they ask us to drink, drink with them, and pretend to be half fuddled."

We went down again, and found the privateer's-men getting very jolly; but they did not offer us anything to drink, so we laid on some spare sails outside the cabin, and tried to go to sleep, but I could not, for I was very unhappy. I could see no chance of our escape, as nothing but a man-of-war would be likely to interfere and re-capture us. I thought of Virginia and Lady O'Connor, and then I thought of poor Bessy, and having left her in such an unfriendly way, perhaps to remain in a French prison for years. Bramble and I were fully aware that the promises of the prizemaster were only to cajole us, and that once in a French port, had we claimed the fulfilment of them, a kick would have been all which we should, in all probability, receive for our pains.

About one o'clock in the morning I rose and went on deck. The watch had been relieved, the weather also looked brighter, as if it were going to clear up, and I became still more depressed. Bramble soon followed me.

"It's clearing up," said I, "but I don't think it will last."

"Never a bit," replied Bramble; "in half-an-hour it will be thicker than ever, so now I'll go and call the officer, and

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tell him he had better get under weigh : that will make him have less suspicion of us."

Bramble did so. The officer came on deck, the men were turned out, and the windlass was manned ; for, although so large a vessel, she had no capstan. The men hove in the cable in silence, and were short stay apeak, when, as we had foreseen, it came on thicker than ever. Bramble pointed it out to the officer, who was perfectly satisfied that nothing could be done ; the cable was veered out again, and the men sent below.

"We hope you'll think of your promise to us, sir," said Bramble to the officer, as he was going down.

"Yes, I will, I swear," replied he, slapping Bramble on the back.

The morning broke, and the weather continued the same ; it was not possible to see ten yards clear of the ship, and, of course, in such weather it was not likely that any other vessels would be attempting to pass through the Channel. At noon it cleared up a little, and the windlass was again manned ; but in a short time the fog became thicker than ever. The Frenchmen now became very impatient, but there was no help for it ; they walked about the deck, swearing and stamping, and throwing out invectives against the fog and rain as they looked up at it. The night closed in ; the men were kept on deck until eleven o'clock, when the flood tide made, and then they were sent down again, as nothing could be done until the ebb. At twelve o'clock the weather became worse, the wind freshened considerably, and veered more to the southward, the rain poured down in torrents, and the men of the watch sheltered themselves down the hatchway. The officer came up on the deck, and called Bramble, who had been down below. Bramble told him, what was very true, that the wind would probably shift and the weather clear up in a few hours, and that we should be able to weigh with the coming down of the ebb. He asked Bramble whether he thought it would blow hard. Bramble could not say, but it would be better that the men should not turn in, as they might be wanted ; and that if the foretopmast staysail was hoisted, she would lie better at her anchor, and in case of parting, he would be able to manage her till sail was set. This advice was followed, and all the

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men sat up in the cabin drinking, those who had the watch occasionally coming down to refresh themselves.

They gave us a glass of grog each that night, a proof that they had drunk until they were good-natured. Bramble said to me, as we sat down outside, "It will be clear to-morrow morning, Tom, that's sartain—it must be to-night or never. I've been thinking of lowering the quarter boat down, when they are a little more mizzled; they are getting on pretty fast, for Frenchmen haven't the heads for drinking that Englishmen have. Now it pours down beautifully, and here they come down again for shelter."

For three hours we watched; it was then four o'clock, and the men were most of them asleep or more than half drunk. Those of the middle watch came down dripping wet, and called the others to relieve them, but only two of them answered to the call. They who had come down began to drink freely, to warm themselves after their ducking, and by half-past four, except the two men on deck, every Frenchman was either fast asleep or muddled.

"Tom," said Bramble, "now's our time. Slip up on deck, go forward if no one is there, and saw through the cable as quickly as you can; it won't take long, for it's a coir rope. As soon as you have got through two strands out of the three, come aft."

I went on deck, and looked round; I could not see the two men, it was so dark. I then walked forward, and looking well round to see that they were not on the forecastle, I sat down before the windlass and commenced operations. In a couple of minutes I had divided the two strands, and I went aft, where I found Bramble at the binnacle, in which a light was burning.

"I have done it," said I, "and if the wind freshens at all, she will part."

"All's right," said Bramble, "those two fellows are fast asleep under the taffrail, covered up with the trysail, which lies there. Now, Tom, for a bold push: go down once more, and see how they are getting on in the cabin."

I went down: every man was asleep—some on the locker, some with their heads on the table. I came on deck; it rained harder than ever.

"This will be a clearing shower, Tom, depend upon it;

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and the wind is freshening up again. Now, have you looked out for a handspike or crowbar?"

"Yes, I know where there are two."

"Then come with me: we must unship the ladder, and pull it up on deck, and then put on the grating; after that we must take our chance: we may succeed, and we may not—all depends upon their not waking too soon."

We went to the hatchway, cut the cleat-lashings, hauled the ladder on deck, and then put on the grating.

"That will do, Tom, for the present. Now do you take the helm, with a crowbar all ready by your side. I will go forward and cut the cable; if those fellows rouse up while I am forward, you must do your best. I leave you, Tom, because you are more powerful than I am."

"I'll manage them both, never fear," whispered I.

"When she swings, mind you put the helm a-starboard, Tom," said Bramble in my ear.

This was the most nervous part of the whole transaction: the men abaft might wake, and I should have to master them how I could—and even if I did, the scuffle might awake those below, who were not yet secured; although, for a time, it would be difficult for them to get on deck. But fortune favoured us: the cable was severed, the ship swung round, and Bramble returned aft, and took the helm.

"Now is the time to see if I'm a pilot or not, Tom," said he. "I think I can steer her through by compass, now that it's nearly high water—luck's all." It was fortunate that we got the staysail hoisted for us, or we could have made nothing of it.

"It's clearing up fast," said I, as I kept my eyes upon where the men were lying abaft; "and there'll be plenty of wind."

"Yes, and we'll have daylight soon. Tom, I don't want you: I should like you to step aft, and stand over those two chaps; if they wake, knock them senseless—don't kill them, as you can easily bind them while they are stupefied. And, Tom, look about you for some seizings all ready. I wish they would wake, for we are not safe while they are not secure. Put a handspike by me, and, if necessary, I will leave the helm for a minute, and help you: it's better that

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she should go on shore than they should master us. We're pretty safe now, at all events: I see the land—all's right."

It was now daylight. After this whispering with Bramble, I went aft with a handspike in my hand; and I had not been there more than two minutes when one of the privateer's-men turned the canvas on one side, and looked up. The handspike came down upon his head, and he dropped senseless; but the noise roused up the other, and I dealt him a blow more severe than the first. I then threw down my weapon, and, perceiving the deep-sea lead-line coiled up on the reel, I cut off sufficient, and in a short time had bound them both by the hands and feet. They groaned heavily, and I was afraid that I had killed them; but there was no help for it.

"They are safe," said I, returning to Bramble.

"I thought I heard you, but I did not look round at the time. Half-an-hour more, Tom, and, even with this wind, we shall be safe—and, Tom, our fortune's made. If they wake below, we must fight hard for it, for we've a right to salvage, my boy—one-eighth of the whole cargo—that's worth fighting for. Depend upon it, they'll be stirring soon; so, Tom, go aft, and drag the trysail here, and put it on the hatchway grating—its weight will prevent their lifting it up in a hurry. If we can only hold our own for twenty minutes longer she is ours, and all right."

As soon as I had stowed the trysail on the hatchway grating, I looked about to see what else I could put on the skylight, which they might also attempt to force up. I could find nothing but the coils of rope, which I piled on; but, while I was so doing, a pistol was fired at me from below, and the ball passed through the calf of my leg; it was, however, not a wound to disable me, and I bound it up with my handkerchief.

"They're all alive now, Tom, so you must keep your eyes open. However, we're pretty safe—the light vessel is not a mile off. Keep away from the skylight—you had better stand upon the trysail, Tom—you will help to keep the hatchway down, for they are working at it."

Another pistol was now fired at Bramble, which missed him.

"Tom, see if there's no bunting aft, and if so, just throw

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some over this part of the skylight, it will blind them, at all events; otherwise I'm just a capital mark for them."

I ran aft, and gathered some flags, which I brought and laid over the skylight, so as to intercept their view of Bramble; but whilst I was so doing another pistol-shot was fired—it passed me, but hit Bramble, taking off one of his fingers.

"That's no miss, but we've got through the worst of it, Tom—I don't think they can see me now—don't put that English ensign on, but hoist it Union downwards. I shall round-to now; there's the men-of-war in the Medway. Why don't the fools look out, and they will see that they can't escape?"

"They've only the stern windows to look out of: the quarter-galleries are boarded up."

"Then, Tom, just look if they have not beat them out, for you know they may climb on deck by them."

It was fortunate that Bramble mentioned this: I went aft with the handspike in my hand, and when I was about to look over, I met face to face a Frenchman, who had climbed out of the starboard quarter-gallery, and was just gaining the deck. A blow with the handspike sent him overboard, and he went astern; but another was following him, and I stood prepared to receive him. It was the officer in command, who spoke English. He paused at the sight of the other man falling overboard and my uplifted handspike; and I said to him, "It's of no use—look at the English men-of-war close to you; if you do not go back to the cabin, and keep your men quiet, when the men-of-war's men come on board we will show you no quarter."

We were now entering the Medway, and the Frenchman perceived that they could not escape, and would only bring mischief on themselves by any further assaults, so he got into the quarter-gallery again, and spoke to his men. As soon as I perceived that he was entering, I ran over to the other side to the larboard quarter-gallery, and there again I found a Frenchman had nearly gained the deck. I levelled the handspike at his head, but he dodged, and returned to the cabin by the way he came; and after that there were no more attempts at recovering the vessel. In five minutes more we were abreast of the *Euphrosyne*, Sir

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James O'Connor's frigate, which was now lying, with only her lower masts in, alongside of the hulk. I hailed for assistance, and let fly the foretopmast staysail sheet, while Bramble rounded the ship to. The boats were sent on board immediately; and as we had not a cable bent, they made the ship fast to the hulk astern of them. We stated our case in few words to the officer; and having ascertained that Sir James O'Connor was on board, requested that we might be sent to the frigate.

"Is it you?" said Sir James, as I came on the gang-way; "what is it all about—are you hurt? Come down in the cabin."

Bramble and I followed him down into the cabin, and I stated the whole particulars of the capture and recapture.

"Excellent—most excellent! I wish you both joy; but first we must have the surgeon here." Sir James rang the bell; and when the surgeon came he went on deck to give orders.

The ball had passed through my leg, so that the surgeon had little to do to me. Bramble's finger was amputated, and in a few minutes we were all right, and Sir James came down again.

"I should say, stay on board till you are able to get about again; but the ship will be paid off to-morrow, so I had better send you up to Chatham directly. You are entitled to salvage if ever men were, for you have earned it gloriously; and I will take care that you are done justice to. I must go now and report the vessel and particulars to the admiral, and the first lieutenant will send you to Chatham in one of the cutters. You'll be in good hands, Tom, for you will have two nurses."

We were taken up to Chatham to the hotel, where we found Lady O'Connor and Virginia very much surprised, as may be imagined, at our being brought there wounded; however, we were neither of us ill enough to go to bed, and had a sitting-room next to theirs.

This recapture made a great deal of noise. At first the agent for the prize wrote down a handsome letter to us, complimenting us upon our behaviour, and stating that he was authorised to present us each with five hundred pounds for our conduct. But Sir James O'Connor answered the letter,

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informing him that we claimed, and would have, our one-eighth, as entitled to by law, and that he would see us righted. Mr. Wilson, whom we employed as our legal adviser, immediately gave the prize agent notice of an action in the Court of Admiralty, and finding we were so powerfully backed, and that he could not help himself, he offered forty thousand pounds, which was one-eighth, valuing the cargo at three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The cargo proved to be worth more than four hundred thousand pounds, but Mr. Wilson advised us to close with the offer, as it was better than litigating the question ; so we assented to it, and the money was paid over.

In a fortnight we were both ready to travel again. Sir James O'Connor had remained a week longer than he intended to have done at Chatham on our account. We now took leave of them, and having presented Virginia with five thousand pounds, which I had directed Mr. Wilson to settle upon her, we parted, the O'Connors and Virginia for Leamington, and Bramble and I for Deal.

CHAPTER LI

Being the last chapter, the reader may pretty well guess the contents of it.

TOM, do you know that I very often find myself looking about me, and asking myself if all that has happened is true or a dream," said Bramble to me, as we sat inside of the coach to Dover, for there were no other inside passengers but ourselves. "I can't help thinking that great good fortune is as astounding as great calamity. Who would have thought, when I would, in spite of all Bessy's remonstrances, go round in that ship with you, that in the first place we should have been taken possession of by a privateer in the very narrows (he was a bold cruiser, that Frenchman)? After we were captured I said to myself, Bessy must have had a forewarning of what was to happen, or she never would have been, as I thought, so perverse. And since it

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has turned out so fortunately, I can't help saying how fortunate it was that we did not allow her to persuade us; for had we not both gone, nothing could have been done. Well, I think we may promise Bessy this time when we meet her, that we will not trust ourselves to salt water again in a hurry. What do you think, Tom?"

"No; I think the best thing I can do is to marry, and live on shore," replied I.

"Yes, Tom, that's it. Give me your hand, you don't know how happy you make me; we'll all live together. But where shall we live? for the poor little cottage that I thought quite big enough for us a month ago will not do now."

"We have plenty of time to talk that over, father. I love the cottage for many reasons; although, as you say, it is not large enough now for our means, or future way of living."

"And I love it too, boy; I love to look out of the door and see the spot where my Bessy rescued me from death. God bless her! she is a noble girl, Tom, though I say it who—but I'm not her father, after all, and if I were, I would still say it."

"It is evident, by her letter to you, that she has been most anxious about us. What will she say when she hears we have both been wounded?"

"Ay! it wouldn't have done to have told her that, or she would have set off for Chatham, as sure as we are sitting here."

Here a pause ensued for some time, and we were busied with our own thoughts: the silence was at last broken by me.

"Father," said I, "I should like to ask my father and Peter Anderson to come down to us; they can easily get leave."

"Is it to be present at your wedding, Tom?"

"Exactly—if Bessy will consent."

"Well, I have no doubt of that, Tom; but she will now require a little courting, you know why."

"Why, because all women like it, I suppose."

"No, Tom; it is because she was in love before you were, d'ye understand?—and now that things are all smooth, and you follow her, why, it's natural, I suppose, that she should

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shy off a little in her turn. You must mind that, Tom ; it's a sort of soothing to the mortification of having at one time found herself, as it were, rejected."

"Well, I shan't mind that ; it will only serve me right for being such a fool as not to have perceived her value before. But how do you understand women so well, father ?"

"Because, Tom, I've been looking on, and not performing, all my life : except in one instance in a long life, I've only been a bystander in the way of courtship and matrimony. Here we are at last, and now for a chaise to Deal. Thank God, we can afford to shorten the time, for Bessy's sake, poor thing !"

We arrived at the cottage : the sound of the wheels had called out not only Bessy and Mrs. Maddox, but all the neighbours ; for they had heard of our good fortune. Bessy, as soon as she had satisfied herself that it was Bramble and me, went into the cottage again. Once more we entered the humble roof. Bessy flew into her father's arms, and hung weeping on his shoulder.

"Haven't you a kind word to say for Tom ?" said Bramble, kissing her as he released himself.

"Does he deserve it, to leave me as he did, laughing at my distress ? *He* had no right to treat me so."

"Indeed, Bessy, you do me injustice. I said at the time that I thought there was no risk, and I certainly did think there was none. Who would have expected a privateer half-way up the Thames, any more than a vessel with twenty men on board could be recaptured by two men ?"

"Well, Bessy, you ought to make friends with him, for without his arm, your father would not have been back here quite so soon. He beat down the Frenchmen, one after another, in good style, when they attempted to recover the vessel—that he did, I can tell you, wounded as he was."

"Wounded ?" cried Bessy, starting, her eyes running over me to find out where.

"Yes, with a bullet in his leg ; I didn't like to say a word about it in the letter. But I suppose if he had been killed you would not have cared ?"

"O father !" cried Bessy, as she turned towards me, and I received her in my arms.

Bessy soon recovered her smiles, and thankful for our

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preservation and good fortune, and satisfied with our mutual affection, we passed a most happy evening. Somehow or another Bramble, having sent Mrs. Maddox on a message, found out that it was very sultry indoors, and that he would take his pipe on the beach. He left me alone with Bessy; and now, for the first time, I plainly told her the state of my affections, and asked her to consent to be my wife. I did not plead in vain, as the reader may suppose from what he has already been made acquainted with.

After Bessy had retired, and I was sitting with Bramble, who had his glass of grog and pipe as usual, I made him acquainted with my success.

"All right, Tom," said he, "I'm thankful—and God bless you both."

And had I not reason also to be thankful? When I had retired to my room that night, I thought over the various passages in my life. What might I have been if Providence had not watched over me? When neglected in my youth, in a situation which exposed me to every temptation, had not old Anderson been sent as a guardian to keep me in the right path, to instruct me, and to give me that education, without which my future success might have turned out a disadvantage instead of a source of gratitude? In Bramble, again, I had met with a father, to supply the place of one who was not in a situation to do his duty to me or forward me in life. In old Nanny I had met with a kind friend, one who, at the same time that she would lead me right, was a warning to me from her sufferings. To Mrs. St. Felix I was equally indebted, and had I not been permitted to pay the debt of gratitude to both of them? Even my mother's harshness, which appeared at first to my short-sightedness to have been so indefensible, was of great advantage to me, as it had stimulated me to exertion and industry, and pointed out to me the value of independence. Was I not also most fortunate in having escaped from the entanglement of Janet, who, had I married her, would, in all probability, have proved an useless if not a faithless helpmate; and still more so, in finding that there was, as it were, especially reserved for me the affection of such a noble, right-minded creature as Bessy? My life, commenced in rags and poverty, had, by industry and exertion, and the kindness of others, step by step pro-

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gressed to competence, and every prospect of mundane happiness. Had I not, therefore, reason to be grateful, and to feel that there had been a little cherub who had watched over the life of poor Jack? On my bended knees I acknowledged it fervently and gratefully, and prayed that, should it please Heaven that I should in after life meet any reverse, I might bear it without repining, and say, with all humility, "Thy will and not mine, O Lord, be done!"

How bright was the next morning, and how cheerful did the dancing waves appear to me!—and Bessy's eyes were radiant as the day, and her smiles followed in rapid succession; and Bramble looked so many years younger—he was almost too happy to smoke—it was really the sunshine of the heart which illumined our cottage. And thus did the few days pass, until Anderson and my father made their appearance. They were both surprised at Bessy's beauty, and told me so: they had heard that she was handsome, but they were not prepared for her uncommon style; for now that her countenance was lighted up with joy, she was indeed lovely.

"Well, Tom," observed my father, "there's only one thing which surprises me."

"What is that?"

"Why, how, with such a fine craft in view, you could ever have sailed in the wake of such a little privateer as—but I must not mention her—never mind, don't answer me that;—but another question—when are you going to be spliced?"

"Very soon, I hope; but I really don't exactly know: all I can say is the sooner the better."

"And so say I. Shall I bring up the subject on the plea of my leave being only for ten days?"

"Yes, father, I wish you would, as it is really a good reason to allege for its taking place immediately."

"Tom, my dear boy," said old Anderson, "from what I can perceive, you have great reason to be thankful in having obtained this young woman for your future partner in life. I admire her exceedingly, and I trust in Heaven that you will be happy."

"I ought to be," replied I, "and grateful also, particularly to you, to whom, under Providence, I am so much indebted."

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"If the seed is sown upon good ground, it will always yield a good harvest, Tom. You are a proof of it, so thank Heaven, and not me. I wish to tell you what your father has mentioned to me. The fact is, Tom, he is in what may be called a false position at Greenwich. He is a pensioner, and has now sufficient not to require the charity, and he thinks that he ought not to avail himself of it, now that you have made him independent; but if he leaves the hospital and remains at Greenwich, he and your mother would not agree well together; they are very good friends at a certain distance, but I do not think, with her high notions, that they could ever live together in the same house. He says that he should like to live either with you or near you; and I think myself, now that he is become so very steady a character, it does require your consideration whether you ought not to permit him. He will be a very good companion for Bramble, and they will get on well together. I do not mean to say that it might not be more agreeable if he were to remain at Greenwich, but he is your father, Tom, and you should make some sacrifice for a parent."

"As far as I am concerned, Anderson, I most gladly consent. Bramble is to live with us—that is arranged, and if no objections are raised by others you may be sure of my acceding, and, indeed, if objections should be raised, of persuading all I can."

"You can do no more, Tom," replied Anderson; "nor can more be expected."

This point was very satisfactorily arranged. Bramble and Bessy both gave their cheerful consent, and it was settled that as soon as we had a house to receive him, my father should quit Greenwich, and live with us. The arguments of my father, added to the persuasions of Bramble and me, had their due weight, and on the 13th of September 1807, Bessy and I exchanged our vows, and I embraced her as my own.

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FINALE

IF the reader will refer back to the first part of this narrative, he will find that I was born in the year 1786; and as I am writing this in the year 1840, I am now fifty-four years old. I was but little more than twenty-one when I married; I have, therefore, the experience of thirty-two years of a married life; but I will not anticipate. I ended the last chapter with my own happy union; I must now refer to those events which followed close upon that period.

Sir James and Lady O'Connor had taken up their residence at Leamington, then a small village, and not the populous place which it has since become. After a few months' residence, during which I had repeated letters from Lady O'Connor and Virginia, they were so pleased with the locality and neighbourhood, that Sir James purchased a property of some hundred acres, and added to a house which was upon it, so as to make it a comfortable and elegant residence. Lady O'Connor, after the first year, presented her husband with a son, and has since that been very assiduous in increasing his family—more so, perhaps, than would have been convenient to Sir James O'Connor's income at the time that he purchased the property, had it not been that the increase of its value, in consequence of a large portion of it having been taken as building land, has been so great as to place them in most affluent circumstances. About a year after my marriage I had notice from Lady O'Connor that a certain gentleman had arrived there who had shown great attention to Virginia; and she added that he had been very well received by my sister, being an old acquaintance of the name of Somerville, a clergyman with a good living, and a very superior young man. I immediately recollected him as the preceptor who had behaved with such propriety when my sister was persecuted by the addresses of the young nobleman; and I, therefore, felt very easy upon the subject. A few months afterwards I had a letter from Virginia, stating that he had

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proposed, and that she had conditionally accepted him. I wrote to her, congratulating her upon the choice she had made, giving her father's consent and blessing (of my mother hereafter); and shortly after they were married, and I am happy to say that her marriage has turned out as fortunate as my own.

We had remained in the cottage for some months after my own marriage, very undecided what we should do. Bramble did not like to quit the seaside, nor, I believe, his old habits and localities. Money was of little value to him; indeed, on my marriage, he had insisted upon settling upon Bessy and her children the whole sum he had received for the salvage of the Dutch Indiaman, reserving for himself his farm near Deal. It did so happen, however, that about that period, while we were still in perplexity, I received a letter from Mr. Wilson's son, at Dover, telling me that the manor-house and three hundred acres of land, adjoining to Bramble's farm, were to be disposed of. This exactly suited, so I made the purchase and took possession, and then sent for my father to join us, which he hastened to do. Bramble did not, however, give up his cottage on the beach. He left Mrs. Maddox in it, and it was a favourite retirement for my father and him, who would remain there for several days together, amusing themselves with watching the shipping, and gaining intelligence from the various pilots as they landed, as they smoked their pipes on the shingle beach. It was not more than half a mile from the great house, so that it was very convenient; and Bessy and I would often go with the children and indulge in reminiscences of the former scenes which had there occurred.

My father and mother parted very good friends: the fact was that she was pleased with the arrangement, as she did not like my father wearing a pensioner's coat, and did not want his company at her own house. When he left the hospital, she insisted upon paying him his rent; and she did so very punctually until she gave up business. On her marriage, my sister requested that we would come to Leamington and be present; to which we all consented, particularly as it was a good opportunity of introducing Bessy to her and Lady O'Connor. My mother was also to join the party on the occasion. The only circumstance

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worth mentioning was the surprise of my mother on being introduced to Lady O'Connor, and finding that in this great lady she met with her old acquaintance, Mrs. St. Felix. Whatever she may have felt, she certainly had tact enough to conceal it, and was as warm in her congratulations as the best well-wisher. I must say that I never knew my mother appear to such advantage as she did during this visit to Leamington: she dressed remarkably well, and would have persuaded those who did not know her history that she had always been in good society; but she had been a lady's maid and had learnt her mistress's airs, and as she could dress others so well, it would have been odd if she did not know how to dress herself. A good copy will often pass for an original. It was not till about six years after our marriage that my mother decided upon retiring from business. She had made a very comfortable provision for herself, as Mr. Wilson informed me, and took up her abode at Cheltenham, where she lived in a very genteel way, was considered quite a catch at card parties, and when she did ask people to tea, she always did the thing in better style than anybody else; the consequence was she was not only visited by most people, but in time became rather a person of consideration. As she never mentioned her husband, it was supposed that she was a widow, and in consequence of her well-regulated establishment, she received much attention from several Irish and foreign bachelors. In short, my mother obtained almost the pinnacle of her ambition when she was once fairly settled at Cheltenham. I ought to observe that when she arrived there she had taken the precaution of prefixing a name to her own to which by baptismal rite she certainly was not entitled, and called herself Mrs. Montague Saunders.

Shortly after Mrs. St. Felix had given notice to the doctor that she should not return, and that her shop and the goodwill thereof were for sale, I received a letter from my friend Tom Cobb, the doctor's assistant, telling me that as he perceived he had now no chance of Mrs. St. Felix, he had some idea of taking her shop, and setting up as a tobacconist; his reasons were that physic was a bore, and going out of nights when called up a still greater. I wrote to Lady O'Connor enclosing Mr. Tom's letter, and

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pointed out to her that I thought it would be a public benefit to prevent Tom from killing so many people, as he certainly would do if he continued in his present profession, and eventually set up for himself. She replied that she agreed with me, but at the same time that she was anxious to benefit fat Jane, who really was a very good girl; and that, therefore, she empowered me to enter into a treaty with Mr. Thomas, by which, provided he could obtain the lady's consent, he was to wed her, and receive the stock-in-trade, its contents, and fixtures, and goodwill, &c., as her portion.

As this was an offer which required some consideration before it was refused, I wrote to Tom pointing out to him the advantages of settling down with a good business, with a wife to assist him, and a cat and dog all ready installed, upon such advantageous conditions. Tom agreed with me, won the love of fat Jane, which was easily done as he had no rival, and in a short time was fairly set down as the successor of Mrs. St. Felix. As for the doctor, he appeared to envy Tom his having possession of the shop which his fair friend once occupied; he was inconsolable, and there is no doubt but that he, from the period of her quitting Greenwich, wasted away until he eventually was buried in the churchyard. A most excellent man was Doctor Tadpole, and his death was lamented by hundreds who esteemed his character, and many hundreds more who had benefited not only by his advice, but by his charitable disposition. About ten years after my marriage Ben the Whaler was summoned away. His complaint was in the liver, which is not to be surprised at, considering how many gallons of liquor he had drunk during his life.

Peter Anderson—my father, my friend, my preceptor—was for many years inspecting boatswain of the hospital. At last he became to a certain degree vacant in mind, and his situation was filled up by another. He was removed to what they call the helpless ward, where he was well nursed and attended. It is no uncommon, indeed I may say it is a very common thing, for the old pensioners, as they gradually decay, to have their health quite perfect when the faculties are partly gone; and there is a helpless ward established for that very reason, where those who

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are infirm and feeble, without disease, or have lost their faculties while their bodily energies remain, are sent to, and there they pass a quiet easy life, well attended, until they sink into the grave. Such was the case with Peter Anderson: he was ninety-seven when he died, but long before that time his mind was quite gone. Still he was treated with respect, and many were there who attended his funeral. I erected a handsome tombstone to his memory, the last tribute I could pay to a worthy, honest, sensible, and highly religious good man.

Mr. Wilson has been dead some time; he left me a legacy of five hundred pounds. I believe I have mentioned all my old acquaintances now, except Bill Harness and Opposition Bill. In living long certainly Opposition Bill has beat his opponent, for Harness is in the churchyard, while Opposition Bill still struts about with his hair as white as snow, and his face shrivelled up like an old monkey's. The last time I was at Greenwich I heard the pensioners say to one another, "Why, you go ahead about as fast as Opposition Bill." I requested this enigma to me to be solved, and it appeared that one Greenwich fair, Opposition Bill had set off home rather the worse for what he had drunk, and so it happened that, crossing the road next to the hospital, his wooden leg had stuck in one of the iron plug-holes of the water conduit. Bill did not, in his situation, perceive that anything particular had occurred, and continued playing his fiddle and singing, and, as he supposed, walking on the whole time, instead of which he was continually walking round and round the one leg in the plug-hole with the other that was free. After about half-an-hour's trotting round and round this way, he began to think that he did not get home quite so fast as he ought, but the continual circular motion had made him more confused than before.

"By Gum!" said Bill, "this hospital is a confounded long way off. I'm sure I walk a mile, and I get no nearer; how-soebber, nebber mind—here goes."

Here Billy struck up a tune, and commenced a song along with it, still walking round and round his wooden leg which was firmly fixed in the plug-hole, and so he continued till he fell down from giddiness, and he was

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picked up by some of the people, who carried him home to the hospital.

I have but one more circumstance to relate. I was one day sitting with Bessy and my children, at the old cottage on the beach, Bramble and my father were smoking their pipes on a bench which they had set up outside, when one of the Deal boats landed with passengers. As they passed by us one old gentleman started, and then stopped short as he beheld Bessy.

"Mine frau!" he cried, "mine frau dat was in heaven!"

We stared very much, as we did not comprehend him; but he then came up to me, and said, "I beg your pardon, mynheer, but what is dat young woman?"

"She is my wife," replied I.

"I was going to say dat she was my wife, but dat is impossible. Look you here, sar."

The old man pulled a miniature out of his breast, and certainly the resemblance to Bessy was most remarkable.

"Now, sar, dat was my wife. Where did you get dis young woman?"

I requested him to walk into the cottage, and then told him the history of Bessy.

"Sar, my wife was coming home with her child in a brig, and the brig was never heard of. It was supposed that she did perish, and every one else too. Sar, this lady must be my daughter."

"I'm sorry that we have no proofs to offer you," replied I; "she had only bedclothes on when she was taken into the boat, and there is nothing to establish her identity."

"I am content, sar; she must be my daughter. She was in a brig with her mother, and she was saved the very same year that her mother come home. There, sar, look at this picture; it is the same person. I want no more proof—she is my daughter."

Although this was what might be called only collateral proof, I did agree with the old gentleman that it was very strong; at all events, it was sufficient for him, and he claimed Bessy as his child. Had he claimed her to take her away, I might have disputed it; but as he loaded her with presents, and when he died, which he did three years afterwards, and

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left twenty thousand rix dollars, of course I was perfectly satisfied with his relationship.

So much for what has occurred since the time I married; and now, as the reader may, perhaps, wish to know something about the present condition of myself and family, I must inform him that my father and Bramble are still alive, and flourishing under their grey hairs. My sister has four children, and her husband is now a dean: they do say that, from the interest of his patron, he will in all probability be a bishop, a distinction not to be envied in these days, and therefore I do not wish him success. My mother is, however, of the contrary opinion, having been told that her daughter as a bishop's lady will take precedence and be led out before Lady Hercules. Sir James and Lady O'Connor are still well, and as happy as they well can be. Bessy has blessed me with three boys and three girls, now all grown up; but the boys came first. The eldest is a lieutenant in his Majesty's service, the second is a captain of an Indiaman, and the third commands a free trader. They are all well-to-do, and independent of their father. My girls, who are much younger, have been well educated, and people say that they are very handsome; at all events, they are modest and good-tempered. I have not attempted to conceal what I once was, yet Time has called away most of those who knew me in my profession. I am still considered as having been a seafaring man, but nevertheless, in consequence of my property, I am generally addressed by the title of Squire Saunders. By not assuming a station which does not become me, I find myself treated not only with respect, but with friendship, by those who are in birth, as well as other qualifications, my superiors. My daughters are invited out to all the balls and *fêtes* in the neighbourhood, and are great favourites wherever they go; they all of them are like their mother, not only in appearance, but in temper and disposition. We have plenty of young men who visit the house, and I am afraid that we shall soon have to part with two of them, my eldest, Virginia, being engaged to a ship-builder at Limehouse, and Elizabeth to a young clergyman in the neighbourhood. Jane thinks she never will marry, and, as I tell her, I suppose she never will till she is asked. To wind up, I may say that Bessy and I have

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been very happy, and promise still to be as happy as most people are who pass through this pilgrimage. We have competence—the good opinion of the world—a family who have never caused us one hour's uneasiness (how few can say that?), and we have, I trust, a due sense of God's mercy and kindness towards us, and never lie down in our beds without thanking Him for the many mercies we have received, and acknowledging how unworthy we are to have been so signally blessed.

THE END.

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CHAPTER I

IT was in the year 1794, that an English family went out to settle in Canada. This province had been surrendered to us by the French, who first colonised it, more than thirty years previous to the year I have mentioned. It must, however, be recollected, that to emigrate and settle in Canada was, at that time, a very different affair to what it is now. The difficulty of transport, and the dangers incurred, were much greater, for there were no steamboats to stem the currents and the rapids of the rivers; the Indians were still residing in Upper and many portions of Lower Canada, and the country was infested with wild animals of every description—some useful, but many dangerous: moreover, the Europeans were fewer in number, and the major portion of them were French, who were not pleased at the country having been conquered by the English. It is true that a great many English settlers had arrived, and had settled upon different farms; but as the French settlers had already possession of all the best land in Lower Canada, these new settlers were obliged to go into or toward Upper Canada, where, although the land was better, the distance from Quebec and Montreal, and other populous parts, was much greater, and they were left almost wholly to their own resources, and almost without protection. I mention all this, because things are so very different at present: and now I shall state the cause which induced this family to leave their home, and run the risk and dangers which they did.

Mr. Campbell was of a good parentage, but, being the son of one of the younger branches of the family, his father

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was not rich, and Mr. Campbell was, of course, brought up to a profession. Mr. Campbell chose that of a surgeon; and after having walked the hospitals (as it is termed), he set up in business, and in a few years was considered as a very able man in his profession. His practice increased very fast; and before he was thirty years of age he married.

Mr. Campbell had an only sister, who resided with him, for their father and mother were both dead. But about five years after his own marriage, a young gentleman paid his addresses to her; and although not rich, as his character was unexceptionable, and his prospects good, he was accepted. Miss Campbell changed her name to Percival, and left her brother's house to follow her husband.

Time passed quickly; and, at the end of ten years, Mr. Campbell found himself with a flourishing business, and at the same time with a family to support, his wife having presented him with four boys, of whom the youngest was but a few months old.

But, although prosperous in his own affairs, one heavy misfortune fell upon Mr. Campbell, which was the loss of his sister, Mrs. Percival, to whom he was most sincerely attached. Her loss was attended with circumstances which rendered it more painful, as, previous to her decease, the house of business in which Mr. Percival was a partner failed; and the incessant toil and anxiety which Mr. Percival underwent brought on a violent fever, which ended in his death. In this state of distress, left a widow with one child of two years old—a little girl—and with the expectation of being shortly again confined, Mrs. Percival was brought to her brother's house, who, with his wife, did all he could to soften down her grief; but she had suffered so much by the loss of her husband, that when the period arrived, her strength was gone, and she died in giving birth to a second daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of course, took charge of these two little orphan girls, and brought them up with their own children.

Such was the state of affairs about ten or eleven years after Mr. Campbell's marriage, when a circumstance occurred as unexpected as it was welcome.

Mr. Campbell had returned from his round of professional visits; dinner was over, and he was sitting at the table with

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his wife and elder children (for it was the Christmas holidays, and they were all at home), and the bell had just rung for the nurse to bring down the two little girls and the youngest boy, when the postman rapped at the door, and the parlour-maid brought in a letter with a large black seal. Mr Campbell opened it, and read as follows :—

“SIR,—We have great pleasure in making known to you, that upon the demise of Mr. Sholto Campbell, of Wexton Hall, Cumberland, which took place on the 19th ultimo, the entailed estates, in default of more direct issue, have fallen to you, as nearest of kin; the presumptive heir having perished at sea, or in the East Indies, and not having been heard of for twenty-five years. We beg to be the first to congratulate you upon your accession to real property amounting to £14,000 per annum. No will has been found, and it has been ascertained that none was ever made by the late Mr. Sholto Campbell. We have, therefore, put seals upon the personal property, and shall wait your pleasure. We can only add, that if in want of professional advice, and not being already engaged, you may command the services of your most obedient,

“HARVEY, PAXTON, THORPE, & Co.”

“What can be the matter, my dear?” exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, who had perceived most unusual agitation in her husband’s countenance.

Mr. Campbell made no reply, but handed the letter to his wife.

Mrs. Campbell read it, and laid it down on the table.

“Well, my dear!” exclaimed Mr. Campbell joyfully, and starting up from his chair.

“It is a sudden shock, indeed,” observed Mrs. Campbell thoughtfully and slowly. “I have often felt that we could bear up against any adversity. I trust in God, that we may be as well able to support prosperity, by far the hardest task, my dear Campbell, of the two.”

“You are right, Emily,” replied Mr. Campbell, sitting down again; “we are, and have long been, happy.”

“This sudden wealth cannot add to our happiness, my dear husband; I feel it will rather add to our cares; but it

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may enable us to add to the happiness of others; and with such feelings, let us receive it with thankfulness."

"Very true, Emily; but still we must do our duty in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call us. Hitherto I have by my profession been of some benefit to my fellow-creatures; and if in my change of condition I no more leave my warm bed to relieve their sufferings, at all events, I shall have the means of employing others so to do. We must consider ourselves but as the stewards of Him who has bestowed this great wealth upon us, and employ it as may be acceptable to His service."

"There my husband spoke as I felt he would," said Mrs. Campbell, rising up, and embracing him. "Those who feel as you do can never be too rich."

I must not dwell too long upon this portion of my narrative. I shall therefore observe that Mr. Campbell took possession of Wexton Hall, and lived in a style corresponding to his increased fortune; but, at the same time, he never let pass an opportunity of doing good, and in this task he was ably assisted by his wife. They had not resided there three or four years before they were considered as a blessing to all around them—encouraging industry, assisting the unfortunate, relieving the indigent, building almshouses and schools, and doing all in their power to promote the welfare and add to the happiness of those within many miles of the Hall. At the time that Mr. Campbell took possession, the estate had been neglected, and required large sums to be laid out upon it, which would much increase its value.

Thus all the large income of Mr. Campbell was usefully and advantageously employed. The change in Mr. Campbell's fortune had also much changed the prospects of his children. Henry, the eldest, who had been intended for his father's profession, was first sent to a private tutor, and afterward to college. Alfred, the second boy, had chosen the navy for his profession, and had embarked on board a fine frigate. The other two boys, one named Percival, who was more than two years old at the time that they took possession of the property, and the other, John, who had been born only a few months, remained at home, receiving tuition from a young curate, who lived near the Hall; while a

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governess had been procured for Mary and Emma Percival, who were growing up very handsome and intelligent girls.

Such was the state of affairs at the time when Mr. Campbell had been about ten years in possession of the Wexton estate, when one day he was called upon by Mr. Harvey, the head of the firm which had announced to him his succession to the property.

Mr. Harvey came to inform him that a claimant had appeared, and given notice of his intent to file a bill in Chancery to recover the estate, being, as he asserted, the son of the person who had been considered as the presumptive heir, and who had perished so many years back. Mr. Harvey observed, that although he thought it his duty to make the circumstance known to Mr. Campbell, he considered it as a matter of no consequence, and in all probability would turn out to be a fraud got up by some petty attorney, with a view to a compromise. He requested Mr. Campbell not to allow the circumstance to give him any annoyance, stating that if more was heard of it, Mr. Campbell should be immediately informed. Satisfied with the opinion of Mr. Harvey, Mr. Campbell dismissed the circumstance from his mind, and did not even mention it to his wife.

But three months had not passed away before Mr. Campbell received a letter from his solicitor, in which he informed him that the claim to the estate was carrying on with great vigour, and he was sorry to add, wore (to use his own term) a very ugly appearance; and that the opposite parties would, at all events, put Mr. Campbell to a very considerable expense. The solicitor requested Mr. Campbell's instructions, again asserting, that although it was artfully got up, he considered that it was a fraudulent attempt. Mr. Campbell returned an answer, in which he authorised his solicitor to take every needful precaution, and to incur all necessary expense. On reflection, Mr. Campbell, although much annoyed, determined not to make Mrs. Campbell acquainted with what was going on; it could only distress her, he thought, and he therefore resolved for the present to leave her in ignorance.

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CHAPTER II

AFTER a delay of some months, Mr. Harvey called upon Mr. Campbell, and stated to him that the claim of the opposite party, so far from being fraudulent as he had supposed, was so clear, that he feared the worst results.

It appeared that the heir to the estates, who had remained between Mr. Campbell's title, had married in India, and had subsequently, as it had been supposed, died; but there was full and satisfactory proof that the marriage was valid, and that the party who claimed was his son. It was true, Mr. Harvey observed, that Mr. Campbell might delay for some time the restoration of the property, but that eventually it must be surrendered.

As soon as Mr. Campbell received this letter, he went to his wife and acquainted her with all that had been going on for some months, and with the reasons which induced him to say nothing to her until the receipt of Mr. Harvey's letter, which he now put into her hands, requesting her opinion on the subject. Mrs. Campbell, after having read the letter, replied—

"It appears, my dear husband, that we have been called to take possession of a property, and to hold for many years that which belongs to another. We are now called upon to give it up to the rightful owner. You ask my opinion; surely there is no occasion to do that. We must of course now, that we know the claim is just, do as we would be done by."

"That is, my dearest, we must surrender it at once, without any more litigation. It certainly has been my feeling ever since I have read Mr. Harvey's letter. Yet it is hard to be beggars."

"It is hard, my dear husband, if we may use that term; but, at the same time, it is the will of Heaven. We received the property supposing it to have been our own; we have, I hope, not misused it during the time it has been entrusted to us; and, since it pleases Heaven that we should be deprived of it, let us, at all events, have the satisfaction of acting

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conscientiously and justly, and trust to Him for our future support."

"I will write immediately," replied Mr. Campbell, "to acquaint Mr. Harvey, that although I litigated the point as long as the claim was considered doubtful, now that he informs me that the other party is the legal heir, I beg that all proceedings may be stopped, as I am willing to give immediate possession."

"Do so, my dear," replied his wife, embracing him. "We may be poor, but I trust we shall still be happy."

Mr. Campbell sat down and wrote the letter of instructions to his solicitor, sealed it, and sent a groom with it to the post.

As soon as the servant had closed the door of the room, Mr. Campbell covered his face with his hands.

"It is, indeed, a severe trial," said Mrs. Campbell, taking the hand of her husband; "but you have done your duty."

"I care not for myself; I am thinking of my children."

"They must work," replied Mrs. Campbell. "Employment is happiness."

"Yes, the boys may get on; but those poor girls! what a change will it be for them!"

"I trust they have not been so badly brought up, Campbell, but that they will submit with cheerfulness, and be a source of comfort to us both. Besides, we may not be absolutely beggars."

"That depends upon the other party. He may claim all arrears of rent; and if so, we are more than beggars. However, God's will be done. Shall we receive good, and shall we not receive evil?"

"There's hope, my husband," replied Mrs. Campbell in a cheering tone; "let us hope for the best."

"How little do we know what is for our good, short-sighted mortals as we are!" observed Mr. Campbell. "Had not this estate come to us, I should, by following up my profession as surgeon, in all probability, have realised a good provision for my children: now, this seeming good turn of fortune leaves me poor. I am too old now to resume my profession, and, if I did, have no chance of obtaining the practice which I left. You see that which appeared to us

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and every one else the most fortunate occurrence in my life, has eventually proved the contrary."

"As far as our limited view of things can enable us to judge, I grant it," replied Mrs. Campbell; "but who knows what might have happened if we had remained in possession? All is hidden from our view. *He* acts as *He* thinks best for us; and it is for us to submit without repining. Come, dearest, let us walk out; the air is fresh, and will cool your heated brow."

Two days after this conversation a letter was received from Mr. Harvey, informing them that he had made known Mr. Campbell's determination to resign the property without further litigation; that the reply of the other party was highly honourable, stating that it was not his intention to make any claim for the back rents, and requesting that Mr. Campbell and family would consider Wexton Hall at their disposal for three months, to enable them to make arrangements, and dispose of their furniture, &c.

The contents of this letter were a great relief to the mind of Mr. Campbell, as he was now able to ascertain what his future means might be, and was grateful for the handsome behaviour of the new proprietor in not making any claim for back rents, which would have reduced him at once to penury. He wrote immediately to Mr. Harvey, requesting him to send in his account of legal expenses, that it might be liquidated as soon as possible. In three days it arrived, and a letter with it, in which Mr. Harvey acquainted him, that it was in consequence of his having so handsomely surrendered the property as soon as the claim was substantiated, together with the knowledge how much the estate had been improved during the ten years in which it had been in his possession, which induced the new proprietor to behave in so liberal a manner. This was very gratifying to Mr. Campbell, but the legal expenses proved enormous, amounting to many thousand pounds.

Mr. Campbell read the sum total, and threw the heap of papers down on the table in despair.

"We are still ruined, my dear," said he mournfully.

"Let us hope *not*," replied Mrs. Campbell. "At all events, we now know the worst of it, and we must look it boldly in the face."

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"I have not so much money as will pay this bill by nearly a thousand pounds, my dearest wife."

"It may be so," replied Mrs. Campbell; "but still there is the furniture, the horses, and carriages; surely they are worth much more."

"But we have other bills to pay; you forget them."

"No, I do not; I have been collecting them all, and they do not amount to more than £300, as near as I can judge; but we have no time to lose, dearest, and we must show courage."

"What then do you advise, Emily?" said Mr. Campbell.

"We must incur no more expense; our present establishment must be dismissed at once. Send for all the servants to-morrow morning, and explain what has occurred. This evening I will make it known to the two girls and Miss Paterson, who must of course be discharged, as we can no longer afford a governess. We must retain only the cook, housemaid, and footman, and a groom to look after the horses until they are sold. Send a letter to Mr. Bates, the auctioneer, to give notice of an early sale of the furniture. You must write to Henry; of course, he can no longer remain at college. We have plenty of time to consider what shall be our future plans, which must depend much upon what may prove to be our future means."

This judicious advice was approved of by Mr. Campbell. Miss Paterson was greatly distressed when the news was communicated to her by Mrs. Campbell. Mary and Emma Percival felt deeply for their kind benefactors, but thought nothing of themselves. As Mrs. Campbell had truly observed, they had been too well brought up. As soon as they were informed of what had happened, they both ran to Mr. Campbell's room, and hung upon his neck, declaring they would do all they could to make him happy, and work for him, if necessary, from morning till night.

The next day the whole household were summoned into the dining-room, and made acquainted by Mr. Campbell with what had taken place, and the necessity of their immediate removal. Their wages had been calculated, and were paid them before they quitted the room, which they all did with many expressions of regret. Miss Paterson requested leave to remain with them as a friend for a few days

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longer, and as she was deservedly a favourite, her request was acceded to.

"Thank Heaven, that is over!" said Mr. Campbell, after all the household had been dismissed. "It is quite a relief to my mind."

"Here's a letter from Alfred, uncle," said Emma Percival, entering the room. "He has just arrived at Portsmouth, and says the ship is ordered to be paid off immediately, and his captain is appointed to a fifty-gun ship, and intends to take him with him. He says he will be here in a few days, and——"

"And what, dearest?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"He says his time will be short, but he hopes you won't object to his bringing two of his messmates down with him."

"Poor fellow! I am sorry that he will be disappointed," replied Mr. Campbell. "You must write to him, Emma, and tell him what has happened."

"I must write to him, uncle?"

"Yes, dear Emma, do you write to him," replied Mrs. Campbell; "your uncle and I have much to attend to."

"I will, since you wish me," said Emma, the tears starting in her eyes as she quitted the room.

"Mr. Bates, the auctioneer, wishes to see you, sir," said the footman, as he came in.

"Request that he will walk in," replied Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Bates, the auctioneer, came in, and presented a letter to Mr. Campbell, who requested him to take a chair while he read it. It was from Mr. Douglas Campbell, the new proprietor of the estate, requesting Mr. Bates would ascertain if Mr. Campbell was willing that the furniture, &c., should be disposed of by valuation, and if so, requesting Mr. Bates to put a liberal value on it, and draw upon him for the amount.

"This is very considerate of Mr. Douglas Campbell," observed Mrs. Campbell; "of course, my dear, you can have no objection?"

"None whatever; return my best thanks to Mr. Douglas Campbell for his kindness; and, Mr. Bates, if you can possibly value by to-morrow or next day, I should esteem it a favour."

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"It shall be done, sir," replied Mr. Bates, who then rose and took his leave.

As soon as the valuation was finished, Mr. Campbell was enabled to make an estimate of what remained to them out of the property, and found that the whole sum amounted to between seventeen and eighteen hundred pounds.

CHAPTER III

IT may appear strange that, after having been in possession of the estate for ten years, and considering that he had younger children to provide for, Mr. Campbell had not laid up a larger sum; but this can be fully explained. As I before said, the estate was in very bad order when Mr. Campbell came into possession, and he devoted a large portion of the income to improving it; and, secondly, he had expended a considerable sum in building almshouses and schools, works which he would not delay, as he considered them as religious obligations. The consequence was, that it was not until a year before the claim was made to the estate, that he had commenced laying by for his younger children; and as the estate was then worth £2000 per annum more than it was at the time that he came into possession of it, he had resolved to put by £5000 per annum, and had done so for twelve months. The enormous legal expenses had, however, swallowed up this sum, and more, as we have already stated; and thus he was left a poorer man by some hundreds than he was when the property fell to him. The day after the valuation, the eldest son, Henry, made his appearance; he seemed much dejected, more so than his parents, and those who knew him, would have supposed. It was, however, ascribed to his feeling for his father and mother, rather than for himself.

Many were the consultations held by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell as to their future plans; but nothing at all feasible, or likely to prove advantageous, suggested itself to them. With only sixteen or seventeen hundred pounds, they scarcely knew where to go, or how to act. Return to his profession Mr. Campbell knew that he could not, with any chance of

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supporting his family. His eldest son, Henry, might obtain a situation, but he was really fit for nothing but the bar or holy orders; and how were they to support him till he could support himself? Alfred, who was now a master's mate, could, it is true, support himself, but it would be with difficulty, and there was little chance of his promotion. Then there were the two other boys, and the two girls growing up fast; in short, a family of eight people. To put so small a sum in the funds would be useless, as they could not live upon the interest which it would give, and how to employ it they knew not. They canvassed the matter over and over, but without success, and each night they laid their heads upon the pillow more and more disheartened. They were all ready to leave the Hall, but knew not where to direct their steps when they left it; and thus they continued wavering for a week, until they were embraced by their son Alfred, who had made all speed to join them, as soon as the ship had been paid off. After the first joy of meeting between those who had been separated so long was over, Mr. Campbell said, "I'm sorry, Alfred, that I could not give your messmates any fishing."

"And so am I, and so were they, for your sakes, my dear father and mother; but what is, is—and what can't be helped, can't—so we must make the best of it; but where's Henry and my cousins?"

"They are walking in the park, Alfred; you had better join them; they are most anxious to see you."

"I will, mother; let us get over these huggings and kissings, and then we shall be more rational: so good-bye for half-an-hour," said Alfred, kissing his mother again, and then hastening out of the room.

"His spirits are not subdued, at all events," observed Mrs. Campbell. "I thank God for it."

Alfred soon fell in with his brother and his cousins, Mary and Emma, and after the huggings and kissings, as he termed them, were over, he made inquiries into the real state of his father's affairs. After a short conversation, Henry, who was very much depressed in his spirits, said, "Mary and Emma, perhaps you will now go in; I wish to have some conversation with Alfred."

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"You are terribly out of heart, Harry," observed Alfred, after his cousins had left them. "Are things so very bad?"

"They are bad enough, Alfred; but what makes me so low-spirited is, that I fear my folly has made them worse."

"How so?" replied Alfred.

"The fact is, that my father has but £1700 left in the world, a sum small enough; but what annoys me is this. When I was at college, little imagining such a reverse of fortune, I anticipated my allowance, because I knew that I could pay at Christmas, and I ran in debt about £200. My father always cautioned me not to exceed my allowance, and thinks that I have not done so. Now, I cannot bear the idea of leaving college in debt, and, at the same time, it will be a heavy blow to my poor father, if he has to part with £200 out of his trifling remainder, to pay my debt. This is what has made me so unhappy. I cannot bear to tell him, because I feel convinced that he is so honourable, he will pay it immediately. I am mad with myself, and really do not know what to do. I do nothing but reproach myself all day, and I cannot sleep at night. I have been very foolish, but I am sure you will kindly enter into my present feelings. I waited till you came home, because I thought you had better tell my father the fact, for I feel as if I should die with shame and vexation."

"Look you, Harry," replied Alfred, "as for outrunning the constable, as we term it at sea, it's a very common thing, and, all things considered, no great harm done, when you suppose that you have the means, and intend to pay; so don't lay that to heart. That you would give your right hand not to have done so, as things have turned out, I really believe; but, however, there is no occasion to fret any more about it. I have received three years' pay, and the prize-money for the last eighteen months, and there is still some more due, for a French privateer. Altogether it amounts to £250, which I had intended to have made over to my father, now that he is on a lee-shore; but it will come to the same thing, whether I give it to you to pay your debts, or give it to him, as he will pay them, if you do not; so here it is, take what you want, and hand me over what's left. My father don't know that I have any money, and now he won't know it; at the same time he won't know that you owe

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any ; so that squares the account, and he will be as well off as ever."

"Thank you, my dear Alfred ; you don't know what a relief this will be to my mind. Now I can look my father in his face."

"I hope you will ; we are not troubled with such delicate feelings on board ship, Harry. I should have told him the truth long before this. I couldn't bear to keep anything on my conscience. If this misfortune had happened last cruise, I should have been just in your position ; for I had a tailor's bill to pay as long as a frigate's pennant, and not enough in my pocket to buy a mouse's breakfast. Now, let's go in again, and be as merry as possible, and cheer them up a little."

Alfred's high spirits did certainly do much to cheer them all up ; and after tea, Mr. Campbell, who had previously consulted his wife, as soon as the servant had quitted the room, entered on a full explanation of the means which were left to them ; and stated, that he wished in his difficulty to put the question before the whole family, and ascertain whether any project might come into their heads upon which they might decide and act. Henry, who had recovered his spirits since the assistance he had received from Alfred, was desired to speak first. He replied :

"My dear father and mother, if you cannot between you hit upon any plan, I am afraid it is not likely that I can assist you. All I have to say is, that whatever may be decided upon, I shall most cheerfully do my duty toward you and my brothers and sisters. My education has not been one likely to be very useful to a poor man, but I am ready to work with my hands as well as with my head, to the best of my abilities."

"That I am sure of, my dear boy," replied his father. "Now, Alfred, we must look to you as our last hope, for your two cousins are not likely to give us much advice."

"Well, father, I have been thinking a good deal about it, and I have a proposal to make which may at first startle you, but it appears to me that it is our only, and our best resource. The few hundred pounds which you have left are of no use in this country, except to keep you from starving for a year or two ; but in another country they may be made to be

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worth as many thousands. In this country, a large family becomes a heavy charge and expense; in another country, the more children you have, the richer man you are. If, therefore, you would consent to transport your family and your present means into another country, instead of being a poor, you might be a rich man."

"What country is that, Alfred?"

"Why, father, the purser of our ship had a brother, who, soon after the French were beaten out of the Canadas, went out there to try his fortune. He had only three hundred pounds in the world: he has been there now about four years, and I read a letter from him which the purser received when the frigate arrived at Portsmouth, in which he states that he is doing well, and getting rich fast; that he has a farm of five hundred acres, of which two hundred are cleared; and that if he only had some children large enough to help him, he would soon be worth ten times the money, as he would purchase more land immediately. Land is to be bought there at a dollar an acre, and you may pick and choose. With your money you might buy a large property; with your children, you might improve it fast; and in a few years you would, at all events, be comfortable, if not flourishing, in your circumstances. Your children would work for you, and you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you left them independent and happy."

"I acknowledge, my dear boy, that you have struck upon a plan which has much to recommend it. Still there are drawbacks."

"Drawbacks!" replied Alfred, "yes, to be sure there are; if estates were to be picked up for merely going out for them, there would not be many left for you to choose; but, my dear father, I know no drawbacks which cannot be surmounted. Let us see what these drawbacks are. First, hard labour; occasional privation; a log hut, till we can get a better; severe winter; isolation from the world; occasional danger, even from wild beasts and savages. I grant these are but sorry exchanges for such a splendid mansion as this—fine furniture, excellent cooking, polished society, and the interest one feels for what is going on in our own country, which is daily communicated to us. Now, as to hard labour, I and Henry will take as much of that off your hands as we

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can : if the winter is severe, there is no want of firewood ; if the cabin is rude, at least we will make it comfortable ; if we are shut out from the world, we shall have society enough among ourselves ; if we are in danger, we will have firearms and stout hearts to defend ourselves ; and, really, I do not see but we may be very happy, very comfortable, and, at all events, very independent."

" Alfred, you talk as if you were going with us," said Mrs. Campbell.

" And do you think that I am not, my dear mother ? Do you imagine that I would remain here when you were there, and my presence would be useful ? No—no—I love the service, it is true, but I know my duty, which is, to assist my father and mother : in fact, I prefer it ; a midshipman's ideas of independence are very great ; and I had rather range the wilds of America free and independent, than remain in the service, and have to touch my hat to every junior lieutenant perhaps for twenty years to come. If you go, I go, that is certain. Why, I should be miserable if you went without me ; I should dream every night that an Indian had run away with Mary, or that a bear had eaten up my little Emma."

" Well, I'll take my chance of the Indian," replied Mary Percival.

" And I of the bear," said Emma. " Perhaps he'll only hug me as tight as Alfred did when he came home."

" Thank you, miss, for the comparison," replied Alfred, laughing.

" I certainly consider that your proposal, Alfred, merits due reflection," observed Mrs. Campbell. " Your father and I will consult, and perhaps by to-morrow morning we may have come to a decision. Now we had better all go to bed."

" I shall dream of the Indian, I am sure," said Mary.

" And I shall dream of the bear," added Emma, looking archly at Alfred.

" And I shall dream of a very pretty girl—that I saw at Portsmouth," said Alfred.

" I don't believe you," replied Emma.

Shortly afterward Mr. Campbell rang the bell for the servants ; family prayers were read, and all retired in good spirits.

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The next morning they all met at an early hour; and after Mr. Campbell had, as was his invariable rule, read a portion of the Bible, and a prayer of thankfulness, they sat down to breakfast. After breakfast was over, Mr. Campbell said—

“My dear children, last night, after you had left us, your mother and I had a long consultation, and we have decided that we have no alternative left us but to follow the advice which Alfred has given: if, then, you are all of the same opinion as we are, we have resolved that we will try our fortunes in the Canadas.”

“I am certainly of that opinion,” replied Henry.

“And you, my girls?” said Mr. Campbell.

“We will follow you to the end of the world, uncle,” replied Mary, “and try if we can by any means in our power repay your kindness to two poor orphans.”

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell embraced their nieces, for they were much affected by Mary’s reply.

After a pause, Mrs. Campbell said—

“And now that we have come to a decision, we must commence our arrangements immediately. How shall we dispose of ourselves? Come, Alfred and Henry, what do you propose doing?”

“I must return immediately to Oxford to settle my affairs, and dispose of my books and other property.”

“Shall you have sufficient money, my dear boy, to pay everything?” said Mr. Campbell.

“Yes, my dear father,” replied Henry, colouring up a little.

“And I,” said Alfred, “presume that I can be of no use here; therefore I propose that I should start for Liverpool this afternoon by the coach, for it is from Liverpool that we had better embark. I shall first write to our purser for what information he can procure, and obtain all I can at Liverpool from other people. As soon as I have anything to communicate, I will write.”

“Write as soon as you arrive, Alfred, whether you have anything to communicate or not; at all events, we shall know of your safe arrival.”

“I will, my dear mother.”

“Have you money, Alfred?”

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"Yes, quite sufficient, father. I don't travel with four horses."

"Well, then, we will remain here to pack up, Alfred; and you must look out for some moderate lodging for us to go into as soon as we arrive at Liverpool. At what time do the ships sail for Quebec?"

"Just about this time, father. This is March, and they will now sail every week almost. The sooner we are off the better, that we may be comfortably housed in before the winter."

A few hours after this conversation, Henry and Alfred left the Hall upon their several destinations. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and the two girls had plenty of employment for three or four days in packing up. It was soon spread through the neighbourhood that they were going to emigrate to Canada; and the tenants who had held their farms under Mr. Campbell, all came forward and proffered their waggons and horses to transport the effects to Liverpool, without his being put to any expense.

In the meantime a letter had been received from Alfred, who had not been idle. He had made acquaintance with some merchants who traded to Canada, and by them had been introduced to two or three persons who had settled there a few years before, and who were able to give him every information. They informed him what was most advisable to take out; how they were to proceed upon their landing; and, what was of more importance, the merchants gave him letters of introduction to English merchants at Quebec, who would afford them every assistance in the selecting and purchasing of land, and in their transport up the country. Alfred had also examined a fine timber-ship, which was to sail in three weeks; and had bargained for the price of their passage, in case they could get ready in time to go by her. He wrote all these particulars to his father, waiting for his reply to act upon his wishes.

Henry returned from Oxford, having settled his accounts, and with the produce of the sale of his classics and other books in his pocket. He was full of spirits, and of the greatest assistance to his father and mother.

Alfred had shown so much judgment in all he had undertaken, that his father wrote to him stating that they would

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be ready for the ship which he named, and that he might engage the cabins, and also at once procure the various articles which they were advised to take out with them, and draw upon him for the amount, if the people would not wait for the money. In a fortnight they were all ready; the waggons had left with their effects some days before. Mr. Campbell wrote a letter to Mr. Douglas Campbell, thanking him for his kindness and consideration to them, and informing him that they would leave Wexton Hall on the following day. He only begged, as a favour, that the schoolmaster and schoolmistress of the village school should be continued on, as it was of great importance that the instruction of the poor should not be neglected; and added, that perceiving by the newspapers that Mr. Douglas Campbell had lately married, Mrs. Campbell and he wished him and his wife every happiness, &c. &c.

Having despatched this letter, there was nothing more to be done, previous to their departure from the Hall, except to pay and dismiss the few servants who were with them; for Mrs. Campbell had resolved upon taking none out with her. That afternoon they walked round the plantation and park for the last time. Mrs. Campbell and the girls went round the rooms of the Hall to ascertain that everything was left tidy, neat, and clean. The poor girls sighed as they passed by the harp and piano in the drawing-room, for they were old friends.

"Never mind, Mary," said Emma; "we have our guitars, and may have music in the woods of Canada without harp or piano."

The following morning, the coach, of which they had secured the whole of the inside, drove up to the Hall door, and they all got in, the tenants and poor people standing round them, all with their hats in their hands out of respect, and wishing them every success as they drove away through the avenue to the park gates. The Hall and the park itself had been long out of sight before a word was exchanged. They checked their tears, but their hearts were too full for them to venture to speak.

The day afterward they arrived at Liverpool, where Alfred had provided lodgings. Everything had been sent on board, and the ship had hauled out in the stream. As they had

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nothing to detain them on the shore, and the captain wished to take advantage of the first fair wind, they all embarked four days after their arrival at Liverpool; and I shall now leave them on board of the *London Merchant*, which was the name of the vessel, making all their little arrangements previous to their sailing, under the superintendence of Alfred, while I give some little more insight into the characters, ages, and dispositions of the family.

CHAPTER IV

MR. CAMPBELL was a person of many amiable qualities. He was a religious, good man, very fond of his wife, to whose opinions he yielded in preference to his own, and very partial to his children, to whom he was inclined to be over-indulgent. He was not a person of much energy of character, but he was sensible and well-informed. His goodness of heart rendered him liable to be imposed upon, for he never suspected any deceit, notwithstanding that he was continually deceived. His character was therefore that of a simple, good, honest man.

Mrs. Campbell was well matched with him as a wife, as she had all that energy and decision of character which was sometimes wanting in her husband. Still there was nothing masculine in her manners and appearance; on the contrary, she was delicate in her form, and very soft in her manners. She had great firmness and self-possession, and had brought up all her children admirably. Obedience to their parents was the principle instilled into them after their duty to God; for she knew too well that a disobedient child can never prosper. If ever there was a woman fitted to meet the difficulty and danger which threatened them, it was Mrs. Campbell, for she had courage and presence of mind, joined to activity and cleverness.

Henry, the eldest son, was now nearly twenty years of age. He possessed much of the character of his father, was without vice, but rather inclined to inaction than otherwise. Much was to be ascribed to his education and college life, and more to his natural disposition.

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Alfred, the sailor, was, on the contrary, full of energy and active in everything, patient and laborious if required, and never taking anything in hand without finishing it, if possible. He was rough, but not rude, both in his speech and his manners, very kind-hearted, at the same time very confident in himself and afraid of nothing.

Mary Percival was a very amiable, reflective girl, quiet without being sad, not often indulging in conversation, except when alone with her sister Emma. She was devotedly attached to her uncle and aunt, and was capable of more than she had any idea of herself, for she was of a modest disposition, and thought humbly of herself. Her disposition was sweet, and was portrayed in her countenance. She was now seventeen years old, and very much admired.

Her sister Emma, who was but fifteen, was of a very different disposition, naturally gay, and inclined to find amusement in everything—cheerful as the lark, and singing from morning to night. Her disposition, owing to Mrs. Campbell's care and attention, was equally amiable as her sister's, and her high spirits seldom betrayed her into indiscretion. She was the life of the family when Alfred was away: he only was her equal in high spirits.

Percival, the third boy, was now twelve years old; he was a quiet, clever lad, very obedient and very attentive to what was told him, very fond of obtaining information, being naturally very inquisitive.

John, the fourth boy, was ten years old—a sturdy John Bull sort of a boy, not very fond of learning, but a well-disposed boy in most things. He preferred anything to his book; at the same time, he was obedient, and tried to keep up his attention as well as he could, which was all that could be expected from a boy of his age. He was very slow in everything, very quiet, and seldom spoke unless first spoken to. He was not silly, although many people would have thought him so, but he certainly was a very strange boy, and it was difficult to say what he would turn out.

I have now described the family as they appeared at the time that they embarked on board of the *London Merchant*; and have only to add, that on the third day after their embarkation, they made sail with a fair wind, and ran down the Irish Channel.

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The *London Merchant* sailed for Cork, where the North American convoy were to assemble. At the time we speak of, the war had recommenced between this country and the French, who were suffering all the horrors of the Revolution. On their arrival at Cork, our party recovered a little from the sea-sickness to which all are subject on their first embarkation. They found themselves at anchor with more than a hundred merchant vessels, among which were to be perceived the lofty masts and spars of a large fifty-gun ship, and two small frigates, which were appointed to convoy them to their destination.

The rest of the party, still suffering, soon went down below again, but Alfred remained on deck leaning against the bulwarks of the vessel, his eyes and his thoughts intently fixed upon the streaming pennants of the men-of-war, and a tear rolled down his cheek, as he was reminded that he no longer could follow up his favourite profession. The sacrifice he had made to his family was indeed great. He had talked lightly of it before them, not wishing them to believe it was so. He had not told his father that he had passed his examination for lieutenant before he had been paid off at Portsmouth; and that his captain, who was very partial to him, had promised that he should soon be advanced in the service. He had not told them that all his wishes, all his daily hopes, the most anxious desire of his existence, which was to become a post-captain, and in command of a fine frigate, were blighted by this sacrifice he had made for them and their comfort. He had concealed all this, and assumed a mirth which he did not feel; but now that he was alone, and the pennant was once more presented to his view, his regrets could not be controlled. He sighed deeply, and turning away with his arms folded, said to himself—"I have done my duty. It is hard, after having served so long, and now just arrived at the time in which I have reason to expect my reward—to rise in the service—distinguish myself by my zeal, and obtain a reputation, which, if it pleased God, I would have done—very hard, to have to leave it now, and to be hid in the woods, with an axe in my hand; but how could I leave my father, my mother, and my brothers and sisters, to encounter so much difficulty and privation by themselves, when I have a strong arm to help them! No! no!—

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I have done my duty to those who ever did their duty to me, and I trust that my own conscience will prove my reward, and check that repining which we are too apt to feel when it pleases Heaven to blight what appears to be our fairest prospects. . . . I say, my good fellow," said Alfred, after a while, to a man in a boat, "what is the name of that fifty-gun ship?"

"I don't know which ship has fifty guns, or which has a hundred," replied the Irishman; "but if you mean the biggest of the three, she is called the *Portsmouth*."

"The *Portsmouth*! the very ship Captain Lumley was appointed to," cried Alfred. "I must go on board."

Alfred ran down to the cabin, and requested the captain of the transport, whose name was Wilson, to allow him the small boat to go on board the man-of-war. His request was granted, and Alfred was soon up the side of the *Portsmouth*. There were some of his old messmates on the quarter-deck, who welcomed him heartily, for he was a great favourite. Shortly afterward, he sent down a message by the steward, requesting that Captain Lumley would see him, and was immediately afterward ordered to go into the cabin.

"Well, Mr. Campbell," said Captain Lumley, "so you have joined us at last; better late than never. You're but just in time. I thought you would soon get over that foolish whim of yours, which you mentioned in your letter to me, of leaving the service, just after you had passed, and had such good chance of promotion. What could have put it in your head?"

"Nothing, sir," replied Alfred, "but my duty to my parents. It is a most painful step for me to take, but I leave you to judge whether I can do otherwise."

Alfred then detailed to Captain Lumley all that had occurred, the resolution which his father and mother had taken, and their being then on board the timber-ship, and about to proceed to their new destination.

Captain Lumley heard Alfred's story without interruption, and then, after a pause, said, "I think you are right, my boy, and it does you honour. Where you are going to, I have no doubt but your courage and your protection will be most important. Yet it is a pity you should be lost to the service."

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"I feel most sincerely, sir, I assure you, but——"

"But you sacrifice yourself; I know that. I admire the resolution of your father and mother. Few could have the courage to have taken such a step—few women, especially. I shall call upon them, and pay my respects. In half-an-hour I shall be ready, and you shall accompany me, and introduce me. In the meantime you can go and see your old messmates."

Alfred left the cabin, much flattered by the kindness of Captain Lumley, and went down to his former messmates, with whom he remained until the boatswain piped away the crew of the captain's barge. He then went on deck, and as soon as the captain came up, he went into the boat. The captain followed, and they were soon on board of the *London Merchant*. Alfred introduced Captain Lumley to his father and mother; and in the course of half-an-hour, being mutually pleased with each other, an intimacy was formed, when Captain Lumley observed, "I presume that, much as you may require your son's assistance on your arrival at Canada, you can dispense with his presence on board of this vessel. My reason for making this observation is that no chance should ever be thrown away. One of my lieutenants wishes to leave the ship on family concerns. He has applied to me, and I have considered it my duty to refuse him, now that we are on the point of sailing, and I am unable to procure another. But for your son's sake, I will now permit him to go, and will, if you will allow him to come on board of the *Portsmouth*, give Alfred an acting-lieutenant's order. Should anything occur on the passage out, and it is not at all impossible, it will ensure his promotion; even if nothing occurs, I will have his acting order confirmed. At Quebec, he shall, of course, leave the ship, and go with you. I don't pretend to detain him from his duty; but you will observe, that if he does obtain his rank, he will also obtain his half-pay, which, if he remains in Canada with you, will be a great assistance; and if things should turn out so well, that you can, after a year or two, do without him, and allow him to return to the service, he will then have already gained the most important step, and will, I have no doubt, soon rise to the command of a ship. I will give you till to-morrow to decide. Alfred can come on board in the morning, and let me know."

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"I think I may say, Captain Lumley," replied Mrs. Campbell, "that my husband could have but one reason in hesitating a moment, and that is, to ascertain whether I should like to part with my son during our passage out. I should, indeed, be a very weak woman, if I did not make such a trifling sacrifice for his benefit, and, at the time, feel most grateful to you for your kind intentions toward him. I rather think that Mr. Campbell will not find it necessary to have till to-morrow morning to consider the proposal; but I leave him to answer for himself."

"I can assure you, Captain Lumley, that Mrs. Campbell has only expressed my own feelings, and, as far as we are concerned, your offer is most gratefully accepted."

"Then, Alfred," replied Captain Lumley, "has only to make his appearance on board of the *Portsmouth* to-morrow morning, and he will find his acting-order ready for him. We sail, I believe, the day after, if the weather is at all favourable; so, if I have not another opportunity to pay my respects to you, you must allow me to say farewell now. I shall keep my eye upon your vessel during the passage; at all events, Alfred will, I'm very sure."

Captain Lumley shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, bowed to the rest of the cabin party, and quitted the ship. As he went over the side, he observed to Alfred, "I perceive you have some attractions in your party. It is quite melancholy to think that those pretty cousins of yours should be buried in the woods of Canada. To-morrow, at nine o'clock, then, I shall expect you.—Adieu!"

Although the idea of Alfred leaving them during the passage out was not pleasant, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were most happy at the chance which had offered itself for their son's advantage, and seemed in good spirits when he took leave of them on the following morning.

"Captain Wilson, you sail so well, that I hope you will keep close to us all the passage out," observed Alfred, as he was taking leave.

"Except you happen to come to action with an enemy, and then I shall haul off to a respectful distance, Mr. Alfred," replied Captain Wilson, laughing.

"That, of course. Cannon-balls were never invented for ladies, although they have no objection to balls,—have they,

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Emma? Well, good-bye once more. You can often see me with the spy-glass if you feel inclined. Recollect that."

Alfred shoved off in the boat, and was soon on board of the *Portsmouth*. The following day they sailed with a fair wind and moderate weather; the convoy now increased to one hundred and twenty vessels.

We must leave Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and family on board the *London Merchant*, and follow Alfred in the *Portsmouth*, during the passage to Quebec.

For several days the weather was moderate, although the wind was not always fair, and the convoy was kept together, and in good order. The *London Merchant* was never far away from the *Portsmouth*, and Alfred employed a large portion of his time, when he was not keeping his watch, in keeping his spy-glass upon the vessel, and watching the motions of his cousins and the rest of the family. On board of the *London Merchant* they were similarly occupied, and very often a handkerchief was waved by way of salute and recognition. At last they arrived off the banks of Newfoundland, and were shrouded in a heavy fog, the men-of-war constantly firing guns, to inform the merchant-ships in what direction they were to steer, and the merchant-vessels of the convoy ringing their bells, to warn each other, that they might not be run foul of.

The fog lasted two days, and was still continuing, when the party on board the *London Merchant*, just as they were sitting down to dinner in the cabin, heard a noise and bustle on deck. Captain Wilson ran hastily up and found that his vessel had been boarded by a French boat's crew, who had beaten down the men and taken possession. As there was no help, all he could do was to go down to the cabin, and inform his passengers that they were prisoners. The shock of this intelligence was very great, as may be supposed, but still there was no useless lamentation or weeping. One thing is certain, that this news quite spoiled their appetite for their dinner, which, however, was soon despatched by the French officer and his men, after the boat had left, and the vessel's head had been put in an opposite direction.

Captain Wilson, who had returned on deck, came down in about a quarter of an hour, and informed the party, who were silently brooding over this sudden change in their

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prospects, that the wind was very light, and that he thought the fog was clearing off a little, and that if it did so before it was dark, he was in great hopes that they should be recaptured. This intelligence appeared to revive the hopes of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and they were still more encouraged when they heard the sound of guns at no very great distance. In a few minutes afterward the cannonading became very furious, and the Frenchmen who were on board began to show strong signs of uneasiness.

The fact was, that a French squadron, of one sixty-gun ship, and two corvettes, had been on the look-out for the convoy, and had come in among them during the fog. They had captured and taken possession of several vessels before they were discovered, but the sixty-gun ship at last ran very near to the *Portsmouth*, and Alfred, who had the watch, and was on a sharp look-out, soon perceived through the looming fog, that she was not one of the convoy. He ran down to acquaint the captain, and the men were immediately ordered to their quarters, without beating the drum, or making any noise that might let the enemy know they were so near. The yards were then braced in, to check the way of the *Portsmouth*, so that the strange vessel might come up with her. Silence was kept fore and aft, not a whisper was to be heard; and as the Frenchmen neared them, they perceived a boat putting off from her to board another vessel close to them, and also heard the orders given to the men in the French language. This was sufficient for Captain Lumley: he put the helm down, and poured a raking broadside into the enemy, who was by no means prepared for such a sudden salute, although her guns were cast loose, ready for action, in case of accident. The answer to the broadside was a cry of "*Vive la République!*" and, in a few seconds, both ships were hotly engaged—the *Portsmouth* having the advantage of lying upon the bow of her antagonist.

As is often the case, the heavy cannonading brought on a dead calm, and the two ships remained in their respective positions, except that the *Portsmouth's* was more favourable, having drawn ahead of the French vessel, so that her broadside was poured into her opponent, without her being able to return the fire from more than four or five of her guns. The fog became more opaque than ever; the two ships had

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neared each other considerably, or it would have been impossible to distinguish. All that they could see from the deck of the *Portsmouth* was the jib-boom and cap of the bowsprit of the Frenchman, the rest of her bowsprit, and her whole hull, were lost in the impenetrable gloom; but that was sufficient for the men to direct their guns, and the fire from the *Portsmouth* was most rapid, although the extent of its execution was unknown. After half-an-hour of incessant broadsides, the two vessels had approached each other so close, that the jib-boom of the Frenchman was pointed between the fore and main rigging of the *Portsmouth*. Captain Lumley immediately gave orders to lash the Frenchman's bowsprit to his mainmast, and this was accomplished by the first lieutenant, Alfred, and the seamen, without any serious loss, for the fog was still so thick, that the Frenchman on their forecastle could not perceive what was doing at their bowsprit's cap.

"She is ours now," said Captain Lumley to the first lieutenant.

"Yes, sir,—fast enough. I think, if the fog were to clear away, they would haul down their colours."

"Not till the last, depend upon it," replied Captain Lumley. "Fire away there, on the main-deck, give them no time to take breath. Mr. Campbell, tell the second lieutenant to let the foremost lower deck guns be pointed more aft. I say, not till the last," repeated Captain Lumley to the first lieutenant; "these republicans will take a good deal of beating, even upon the water."

"It's clearing up, sir, to the northward a little," said the master.

"I see—yes, it is," replied Captain Lumley. "Well, the sooner the better: we shall see what has become of all the shot we have been throwing away."

A white silvery line appeared on the horizon, to the northward; gradually it increased, and as it rose up, became broader, till at last the curtain was lifted up, and a few feet were to be seen above the clear blue water. As it continued to approach, the light became more vivid, the space below increased, and the water was ruffled with the coming wind, till at last the fog rolled off as if it had been gradually furled, and sweeping away in a heavy bank to leeward,

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exposed the state and position of the whole convoy, and the contending vessels. The English seamen on board of the *Portsmouth* cheered the return of daylight, as it might truly be termed. Captain Lumley found that they had been contending in the very centre of the convoy, which was still lying around them, with the exception of about fifteen vessels, which were a few miles apart, with their heads in an opposite direction. These were evidently those which had been captured. The two frigates, which had been stationed in the rear of the convoy, were still two or three miles distant, but making all sail to come up and assist the *Portsmouth*. Many of the convoy, which had been in the direction of the fire, appeared to have suffered in their masts and sails; but whether any injury had been received in their hulls it was not possible to say. The French line-of-battle ship had suffered dreadfully from the fire of the *Portsmouth*. Her main-mast and mizzen-mast were over the side, her forward ports were many of them almost beat into one, and everything on board appeared to be in the greatest confusion.

"She can't stand this long," observed Captain Lumley. "Fire away, my lads."

"The *Circe* and *Vixen* are coming down to us, sir," observed the first lieutenant; "we do not want them, and they will only be an excuse for the Frenchman to surrender to a superior force. If they recaptured the vessels taken, they would be of some service."

"Very true. Mr. Campbell, make their signal to pursue captured vessels."

Alfred ran aft to obey the orders. The flags had just flown out at the masthead, when he received a bullet through his arm: for the French, unable to use the major portion of their guns, had, when the fog cleared up, poured in incessant volleys of musketry upon the decks of the *Portsmouth*. Alfred desired the quarter-master to untie his neck handkerchief for him, and bind up his arm. Having so done, he continued to do his duty. A bold attempt was now made by the French to clear their vessel by cutting the fastening of her bowsprit, but the marines of the *Portsmouth* were prepared for them, and after about twenty gallant fellows had dropped down on the booms and gangways of

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the *Portsmouth*, the attempt was given up, and four minutes afterward the French colours were hauled down. She was boarded from her bowsprit by the first lieutenant and a party of seamen. The lashings were cast off, and the vessels cleared of each other, and then the English seamen gave three cheers in honour of the victory.

CHAPTER V

THE French sixty-gun ship proved to be the *Leonidas*; she had been sent out with two large frigates on purpose to intercept the convoy, but she had parted with her consorts in a gale of wind. Her loss of men was very great; that on board of the *Portsmouth* was trifling. In a couple of hours the *Portsmouth* and her prize in tow were ready to proceed with the convoy, but they still remained hove to, to wait for the frigates which were in chase of the captured vessels. All of these were speedily come up with except the *London Merchant*, which sailed so remarkably well. At last, to the great joy of Alfred (who as soon as the bullet had been extracted and his arm dressed, had held his telescope fixed upon the chase), she hove to, and was taken possession of. Before night the convoy were again collected together, and were steering for their destination. The next morning was clear, and the breeze moderate. Mrs. Campbell, who, as well as all the rest, was very anxious about Alfred, requested Captain Wilson to run down to the *Portsmouth*, that they might ascertain if he was safe. Captain Wilson did as she requested, and writing in chalk "All well" in large letters upon the log-board, held it over the side as he passed close to the *Portsmouth*. Alfred was not on deck—fever had compelled him to remain in his hammock—but Captain Lumley made the same reply on the log-board of the *Portsmouth*, and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were satisfied.

"How I should like to see him," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, madam," observed Captain Wilson, "but they have too much to do on board of the *Portsmouth* just now; they have to repair damages and to look after the wounded; they have a great quantity of prisoners on board, as you may

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see, for a great many are now on the booms; they have no time for compliments."

"That is very true," replied Mr. Campbell, "we must wait till we arrive at Quebec."

"But we did not see Alfred," said Emma.

"No, miss, because he was busy enough below, and I dare say no one told him. They have said that all's well, and that is sufficient; and now we must haul off again, for with such a heavy ship in tow, Captain Lumley will not thank me if I am always coming so close to him."

"I am satisfied, Captain Wilson; pray do nothing that might displease Captain Lumley. We shall soon see Alfred, I dare say, with the spy-glass."

"I see him now," said Mary Percival, "he has his telescope, and he is waving his hat to me."

"Thank God," replied Mrs. Campbell; "now I am satisfied."

The *Portsmouth* cast off the French line-of-battle ship, as soon as they had jury-masts up and could make sail on them, and the convoy proceeded to the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

"Captain Wilson," said Percival, whose eyes were fixed on the water, "what animals are those, tumbling about and blowing,—those great white things?"

"They are what are called the white whale, Percival," replied Captain Wilson; "they are not often seen, except about here."

"Then what is the colour of the other whales?"

"The northern whales are black—they are called the black whales; but the southern, or spermaceti whales, are not so dark in colour."

Captain Wilson then, at Percival's request, gave him an account of how the whales were caught, for he had been several voyages himself in the northern whale fishery.

Percival was never tired of asking questions, and Captain Wilson was very kind to him, and always answered him. John, generally speaking, stood by when Captain Wilson was talking, looking very solemn and very attentive, but not saying a word.

"Well, John," said Emma to him after the conversation had been ended, "what was Captain Wilson telling you about?"

"Whales," replied John, walking past her.

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"Well, but is that all you can tell me, John?"

"Yes," replied John, walking away.

"At all events, Miss Emma, he keeps all his knowledge to himself," observed Captain Wilson, laughing.

"Yes; I shall know nothing about the whale-fishery, unless you will condescend to tell me yourself, that is evident," replied Emma, taking the offered arm of Captain Wilson, who, at her request, immediately resumed the subject.

In three weeks from the day of the action they had anchored off the town of Quebec.

As soon as they had anchored, Alfred obtained leave to go on board of the *London Merchant*, and then, for the first time, his family knew that he had been wounded. His arm was still in a sling, but was healing fast.

I shall pass over the numerous inquiries on his part, relative to their capture and recapture, and on theirs, as to the action with the French ship.

While they were in conversation, Captain Lumley was reported to be coming on board in his boat. They went on the deck of the vessel to receive him.

"Well, Mrs. Campbell," said Captain Lumley after the first salutations were over, "you must congratulate me on my having captured a vessel somewhat larger than my own; and I must congratulate you on the conduct and certain promotion of your son Alfred. He has richly deserved it."

"I am very thankful, Captain Lumley, and do most heartily congratulate you," replied Mrs. Campbell; "I only regret that my boy has been wounded."

"The very thing that you should, on the contrary, be thankful for, Mrs. Campbell," replied Captain Lumley. "It is the most fortunate wound in the world, as it not only adds to his claims, but enables me to let him join you and go to Canada with you, without it being supposed that he has quitted the service."

"How so, Captain Lumley?"

"I can discharge him to sick-quarters here at Quebec. If they think anything about it at all at home, it will be that his wound is much more severe than it really is; and he can remain on half-pay as long as he pleases. There are plenty ready to be employed. But I cannot wait any longer. I am going on shore to call upon the Governor, and I thought

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I would just see you on my way. You may assure yourselves that if I can be of any use to you, I will not fail to exert any little influence I may have."

Captain Lumley then took a cordial leave of the whole party, telling Alfred that he might consider himself as discharged from the ship, and might rejoin his family.

"Heaven sends us friends when we most need them and least expect them," said Mrs. Campbell, as she watched the boat pulling away. "Who would have imagined, when we anchored at Cork, that such good fortune should have awaited us; and that, at the very time Alfred had given up his profession for our sake, his promotion in the service was awaiting him?"

Shortly afterward Mrs. Campbell and Henry went on shore with Captain Wilson to look out for lodgings, and present the letters of introduction which he had received for some Quebec merchants. As they were looking for lodgings in company with a Mr. Farquhar, who had kindly volunteered to assist them, they met Captain Lumley on his return from the Governor.

"I am glad to have met you, Mrs. Campbell," said Captain Lumley; "I found on paying my respects to the Governor, that there is what they call the Admiralty House here, which is kept furnished by Government for the senior officers of his Majesty's ships. It is at my disposal; and as the Governor has requested me to take up my abode at Government House, I beg you will consider it at your service. You will find better accommodation there than in lodgings, and it will save you considerable expense."

"We need look no further, Mrs. Campbell," said Mr. Farquhar.

Mrs. Campbell expressed her acknowledgments to Captain Lumley, and returned on board with this pleasing intelligence.

"Oh, Alfred, how much we are indebted to you, my dear boy," said Mrs. Campbell.

"To me, mother?—to Captain Lumley, I should rather think."

"Yes, to Captain Lumley, I grant; but still it has been your good conduct when under his command which has made him attached to you; and it is to that we owe his acquaintance, and all the kindness we have received from him."

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The next day the family disembarked and took possession of the Admiralty House. Mr. Farquhar procured them a female servant, who, with a man and his wife left in charge of the house, supplied all the attendance they required. Mrs. Campbell settled with Captain Wilson, who very generously refused to take any money for Alfred's passage, as he had not remained on board of the *London Merchant*: promising, however, to accept their invitation to come to them whenever he could find leisure, he took leave of them for the present, and they were left alone in their new residence.

In a few days the Campbells found themselves comfortably settled in the Admiralty House, but they had no intention of remaining there longer than was necessary; as, notwithstanding the accommodation, their residence at Quebec was attended with expense, and Mr. Campbell was aware that he had no money to throw away.

On the fourth day after their landing, Captain Lumley called to take leave; but the day previous, he had introduced them to the Governor, who returned Mr. Campbell's call, and appeared to be much interested in their welfare, owing of course to the representations of Captain Lumley. It was not, therefore, surprising that they should part with regret from one who had proved himself such a kind friend; and many were the expressions of gratitude which were made by the whole party. Captain Lumley shook hands with them all; and, assuring Alfred that he would not lose sight of his interests, wished them every success, and left the house. An hour afterward the *Portsmouth* was under weigh, and running out with a fine breeze.

On the following day the Governor requested Mr. Campbell would call upon him; and when they met, he pointed out to him that he would have great difficulties, and, he was fearful, great hardships, to encounter in following up his plan of settling in Upper Canada. He did not dissuade him from so doing, as he had nothing more promising to offer which might induce him to change his mind, but he thought it right to forewarn him of trials, that he might be well prepared.

"I feel, of course, a strong interest in any English family so well brought up, and accustomed, as I find yours has been,

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to luxury, being placed in such a situation ; and the interest which my old friend, Captain Lumley, takes in you, is quite sufficient to induce me to offer you every assistance in my power : that you may depend upon, Mr. Campbell. The Surveyor-General is coming here immediately, I must first introduce you to him, as it is from him that the land must be obtained, and of course he can advise you well on the point of locality ; but you must recollect that it is not much more than thirty years since these provinces have been surrendered to Great Britain, and that not only the French population, but the Indians, are very hostile to the English, for the Indians were, and still are, firm allies to the French, and detest us. I have been reflecting upon the affair, and I hope to be of some service to you ; if I am not, it will not, I assure you, be from any want of will ; under every advantage which may be procured for you, at all events, you will require stout hearts and able hands. Your son Alfred will be of great service, but we must try and procure you some other assistance that can be trusted."

A long conversation then took place between the Governor and Mr. Campbell, during which the latter received much valuable information : it was interrupted, however, by the arrival of the Surveyor-General, and the topic was resumed.

"The land that I would propose to Mr. Campbell," observed the Surveyor-General, after a time, "if there is no objection to part with it, is a portion of what has been laid aside as Government reserve on this part of the Lake Ontario ; there are lands to be obtained nearer to Montreal, but all the land of good quality has been purchased. This land, you will observe, Mr. Campbell, is peculiarly good, having some few acres of what we call prairie, or natural meadow. It has also the advantage of running with a large frontage on the beach, and there is a small river on one side of it ; besides, it is not a great distance, perhaps four or five miles, from Fort Frontignac, and it might be easy to obtain assistance if required."

The Surveyor-General pointed to a part of the map, near to Presqu' Ile de Quinte, as he made this observation to the Governor.

"I agree with you," replied the Governor, "and I observe

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that there is already a settler on the other side of the stream."

"Yes, sir," replied the Surveyor; "that allotment was granted before it was decided that the rest should be a Government reserve; and if proof were required of the goodness of the land, it would be found in the person who took it. It was taken four years ago by the old hunter, Malachi Bone; he has been over every part of it, of course, and knows what it is. You recollect the man, don't you, sir? He was a guide to the English army before the surrender of Quebec; General Wolfe had a high opinion of him, and his services were so good that he was allowed that tract of a hundred and fifty acres."

"I now remember him," replied the Governor, "but as I have not seen him for so many years, he had escaped my recollection."

"It will be a great advantage to you, Mr. Campbell, having this man as a neighbour."

"Now," continued the Governor, addressing the Surveyor-General, "do you know of any person who would be willing to serve Mr. Campbell, and who can be depended upon; of course one who understands the country, and who would be really useful?"

"Yes, Governor, I do know a very good man, and you know him also; but you know the worst part of him, for he is generally in trouble when you see him."

"Who is that?"

"Martin Super, the trapper."

"Why, that is the young fellow who breeds such disturbances, and who, if I recollect right, is now in prison for a riot."

"The very same, sir; but Martin Super, although a troublesome fellow at Quebec, is worth his weight in gold when he is out of the town. You may think it strange, Mr. Campbell, that I should recommend a man who appears to be so unruly a character; but the fact is, that the trappers, who go in pursuit of the game for their skins, after having been out for months, undergoing every privation that can be imagined, return home with their packages of skins, which they dispose of to the merchants of this town; and as soon as they have their money, they never cease their revelry of

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every description until their earnings are all gone, and then they set off again on their wild and venturesome pursuit. Now Martin Super, like all the rest, must have his fun when he comes back, and being a very wild fellow, he is often in scrapes when he has drunk too much, so that he is occasionally put into prison for being riotous; but I know him well, he has been with me surveying for months, and when he is on service, a more steady, active, and brave man I do not know."

"I believe you are right in recommending him," observed the Governor, "he will not be sorry to get out of the gaol, and I have no doubt but that he will conduct himself well if he once agrees to take your service, Mr. Campbell, for one or two years. As for the Canadians, they are very harmless, but at the same time very useful. There are exceptions, no doubt; but their general character is anything but that of activity and courage. As I said before, you will require stout hearts, and Martin Super is one, that is certain. Perhaps you can arrange this for Mr. Campbell?"

The Surveyor-General promised to do so; shortly after which, Mr. Campbell, with many thanks, took his leave of the Governor.

Mr. Campbell, who had gained every possible information relative to what would be most necessary for him to take with him, was actively employed for a fortnight in making his purchases. During this time much attention was shown to them both by the English and French residents at Quebec. Alfred, whose wound was now nearly healed, was as active as usual, and Henry was of great assistance to his father in taking inventories and making out lists, &c. Nor were Mrs. Campbell and the two girls unemployed; they had purchased the coarse manufactures of the country, and were very busy making dresses for themselves and for the children. Mr. Campbell had been one morning at Mr. Farquhar's, the merchant's, to make inquiries about a conveyance up to his new purchase (for he had concluded his arrangements with the Surveyor-General), when the Governor sent a message by one of his aides-de-camp, to say that it was his intention in the course of ten days to send a detachment of soldiers up to Fort Frontignac—news having been received that the garrison was weakened by a fever which

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had broken out; and that if Mr. Campbell would like to avail himself of the opportunity, he and his family, and all his luggage, should go under the escort of the officer and troops. The offer was of course joyfully accepted, and on Mr. Campbell's calling upon the Governor to return his thanks, the latter told him that there would be plenty of room in the *bateaux* and canoes for them and all their luggage, and that he need not give himself further trouble, or incur any further expense.

CHAPTER VI

THE next day the Surveyor-General called, bringing with him Martin Super, the trapper.

"Mr. Campbell," said the Surveyor, "this is my friend Martin Super; I have spoken to him, and he has consented to take service for one year, and he will remain, if he is satisfied. If he serves you as well as he has served me when I have travelled through the country, I have no doubt but you will find him a valuable assistant."

Martin Super was rather tall, very straight-limbed, showing both activity and strength. His head was smaller than usually is the case, which gave him the appearance of great lightness and agility. His countenance was very pleasing, being expressive of continual good humour, which was indeed but corresponding to his real character. He was dressed in a sort of hunting coat of deer-skin, blue cloth leggings, a cap of raccoon's skin, with a broad belt round his waist, in which he wore his knife.

"Now, Martin Super, I will read the terms of the agreement between you and Mr. Campbell, that you may see if all is as you wish."

The Surveyor-General read the agreement, and Martin nodded his head in acquiescence.

"Mr. Campbell, if you are satisfied, you may now sign it; Martin shall do the same."

Mr. Campbell signed his name, and handed the pen to Martin Super, who then for the first time spoke.

"Surveyor, I don't know how my name is spelt; and if I

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did, I couldn't write it, so I must do it Indian fashion, and put my totem to it."

"What is your name among the Indians, Martin?"

"The Painter," replied Martin, who then made under Mr. Campbell's name, a figure like saying, "There, that's my name as near as I can draw it."



"Very good," replied the Surveyor-General; "here is the document all right, Mr. Campbell. Ladies, I fear I must run away, for I have an engagement. I will leave Martin Super, Mr. Campbell, as you would probably like a little conversation together."

The Surveyor-General then took his leave, and Martin Super remained. Mrs. Campbell was the first who spoke: "Super," said she, "I hope we shall be very good friends, but now tell me what you mean by your—totem, I think you called it?"

"Why, ma'am, a totem is an Indian's mark, and you know I am almost an Indian myself. All the Indian chiefs have their totems. One is called the Great Otter, another the Serpent, and so on, and so they sign a figure like the animal they are named from. Then, ma'am, you see, we trappers, who almost live with them, have names given to us also, and they have called me the Painter."

"Why did they name you the Painter?"

"Because I killed two of them in one day."

"Killed two painters!" cried the girls.

"Yes, miss; killed them both with my rifle."

"But why did you kill the men?" said Emma; "was it in battle?"

"Kill the men, miss; I said nothing about men; I said I killed two painters," replied Martin, laughing, and showing a row of teeth as white as ivory.

"What is a painter, then, Super?" inquired Mrs. Campbell.

"Why, it's an animal, and a very awkward creature, I can tell you, sometimes."

"The drawing is something like a panther, mamma," exclaimed Mary.

"Well, miss, it may be a panther, but we only know them by the other name."

Mr. Farquhar then came in, and the question was referred

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to him; he laughed and told them that painters were a species of panther, not spotted, but tawny-coloured, and at times very dangerous.

"Do you know the part of the country where we are going to?" said Henry to Super.

"Yes, I have trapped thereabouts for months, but the beavers are scarce now."

"Are there any other animals there?"

"Yes," replied Martin, "small game, as we term it."

"What sort are they?"

"Why, there's painters, and bears, and catamounts."

"Mercy on us! do you call that small game? why, what must the large be, then?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Buffaloes, missus, is what we call big game."

"But the animals you speak of are not good eating, Super," said Mrs. Campbell; "is there no game that we can eat?"

"Oh yes, plenty of deer and wild turkey, and bear's good eating, I reckon."

"Ah! that sounds better."

After an hour's conversation, Martin Super was dismissed; the whole of the family (except Alfred, who was not at home) very much pleased with what they had seen of him.

A few days after this, Martin Super, who had now entered upon service, and was very busy with Alfred, with whom he had already become a favourite, was sent for by Mr. Campbell, who read over to him the inventory of the articles which they had, and inquired of him if there was anything else which might be necessary or advisable to take with them.

"You said something about guns," replied Martin, "what sort of guns did you mean?"

"We have three fowling-pieces and three muskets, besides pistols."

"Fowling-pieces,—they are bird-guns, I believe,—no use at all; muskets are soldiers' tools,—no use; pistols are pops, and nothing better. You have no rifles; you can't go into the woods without rifles. I have got mine, but you must have some."

"Well, I believe you are right, Martin; it never occurred to me. How many ought we to have?"

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"Well, that's according—how many be you in family?"

"We are five males and three females."

"Well, then, sir, say ten rifles; that will be quite sufficient. Two spare ones in case of accident," replied Martin.

"Why, Martin," said Mrs. Campbell, "you do not mean that the children and these young ladies and I are to fire off rifles?"

"I do mean to say, ma'am, that before I was as old as that little boy," pointing to John, "I could hit a mark well; and a woman ought at least to know how to prime and load a rifle, even if she does not fire it herself. It is a deadly weapon, ma'am, and the greatest leveller in creation, for the trigger pulled by a child will settle the business of the stoutest man. I don't mean to say that we may be called to use them in that way, but it's always better to have them, and to let other people know that you have them, and all ready loaded too, if required."

"Well, Martin," said Mr. Campbell, "I agree with you, it is better to be well prepared. We will have the ten rifles, if we can afford to purchase them. What will they cost?"

"About sixteen dollars will purchase the best, sir; but I think I had better choose them for you, and try them before you purchase."

"Do so, then, Super; Alfred will go with you as soon as he comes back, and you and he can settle the matter."

"Why, Super," observed Mrs. Campbell, "you have quite frightened us women at the idea of so many firearms being required."

"If Pontiac was alive, missus, they would all be required, but he's gone now; still there are many outlying Indians, as we call them, who are no better than they should be; and I always like to see rifles ready loaded. Why, ma'am, suppose now that all the men were out in the woods, and a bear should pay you a visit during our absence, would it not be just as well for to have a loaded rifle ready for him; and would not you or the young misses willingly prefer to pull the trigger at him than to be hugged in his fashion?"

"Martin Super, you have quite convinced me: I shall not only learn to load a rifle but to fire one also."

"And I'll teach the boys the use of them, ma'am, and they will then add to your defence."

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"You shall do so, Martin," replied Mrs. Campbell; "I am convinced that you are quite right."

When Super had quitted the room, which he did soon afterward, Mr. Campbell observed—"I hope, my dear, that you and the girls are not terrified by the remarks of Martin. It is necessary to be well armed when isolated as we shall be, and so far from any assistance; but it does not follow, because we ought to be prepared against danger, that such danger should occur."

"I can answer for myself, my dear Campbell," replied his wife; "I am prepared, if necessary, to meet danger, and do what a weak woman can do; and I feel what Martin says is but too true, that with a rifle in hand, a woman or a child is on a par with the strongest man."

"And I, my dear uncle," said Mary Percival, "shall, I trust, with the blessing of God, know how to do my duty, however peculiar the circumstances may be to a female."

"And I, my dear uncle," followed up Emma, laughing, "infinitely prefer firing off a rifle to being hugged by a bear or an Indian, because of two evils one should always choose the least."

"Well, then, I see Martin has done no harm, but, on the contrary, he has done good. It is always best to be prepared for the worst, and to trust to Providence for aid in peril."

At last all the purchases were completed, and everything was packed up and ready for embarkation. Another message from the Governor was received, stating that in three days the troops would be embarked, and also informing Mr. Campbell that if he had not purchased any cows or horses, the officer at Fort Frontignac had more cattle than were requisite, and could supply him; which, perhaps, would be preferable to carrying them up so far. Mr. Campbell had spoken about, but not finally settled for, the cows, and therefore was glad to accept the Governor's offer. This message was accompanied with a note of invitation to Mr. Campbell, the ladies, and Henry and Alfred, to take a farewell dinner at Government House the day before their departure. The invitation was accepted, and Mr. Campbell was introduced to the officer commanding the detachment which was about to proceed to Fort Frontignac, and received from him every assurance of his doing all he could to make them comfortable. The kindness

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of the Governor did not end here : he desired the officer to take two large tents for the use of Mr. Campbell, to be returned to the fort when the house had been built, and they were completely settled. He even proposed that Mrs. Campbell and the Misses Percival should remain at Government House until Mr. Campbell had made every preparation to receive them ; but this Mrs. Campbell would not consent to, and, with many thanks, she declined the offer.

CHAPTER VII

ALTHOUGH it was now the middle of May, it was but a few days before their departure that there was the least sign of verdure, or the trees had burst into leaf ; but in the course of the three days before they quitted Quebec, so rapid was the vegetation, that it appeared as if summer had come upon them all at once. The heat was also very great, although, when they had landed, the weather was piercing cold ; but in Canada, as well as in Northern America, the transitions from heat to cold, and from cold to heat, are very rapid.

My readers will be surprised to hear that when the winter sets in at Quebec, all the animals required for the winter's consumption are at once killed. If the troops are numerous, perhaps three or four hundred bullocks are slaughtered and hung up. Every family kill their cattle, their sheep, pigs, turkeys, fowls, &c., and all are put up in the garrets, where the carcasses immediately freeze hard, and remain quite good and sweet during the six or seven months of severe winter which occur in that climate. When any portion of meat is to be cooked, it is gradually thawed in lukewarm water, and after that is put to the fire. If put at once to the fire in its frozen state it spoils. There is another strange circumstance which occurs in these cold latitudes ; a small fish, called the snow-fish, is caught during the winter by making holes in the thick ice, and these fish coming to the holes in thousands to breathe, are thrown out with hand-nets upon the ice, where they become in a few minutes frozen quite hard, so that, if you wish it, you may break them in half like a rotten stick. The cattle are fed upon these fish during the winter

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months. But it has been proved, which is very strange, that if, after they have been frozen for twenty-four hours or more, you put these fish into water and gradually thaw them as you do the meat, they will recover and swim about again as well as ever. To proceed, however, with our history :—

Mr. Campbell found that, after all his expenses, he had still three hundred pounds left, and this money he left in the Quebec Bank, to use as he might find necessary. His expenditure had been very great. First, there was the removal of so large a family, and the passage out ; then he had procured at Liverpool a large quantity of cutlery and tools, furniture, &c., all of which articles were cheaper there than at Quebec. At Quebec he had also much to purchase : all the most expensive portion of his house, such as windows, ready glazed, stoves, boarding for floors, cupboards, and partitions ; salt provisions, crockery of every description, two small waggons ready to be put together, several casks of nails, and a variety of things which it would be too tedious to mention. Procuring these, with the expenses of living, had taken away all his money, except the three hundred pounds I have mentioned.

It was on the 13th of May that the embarkation took place, and it was not until the afternoon that all was prepared, and Mrs. Campbell and her nieces were conducted down to the *bateaux*, which lay at the wharf, with the troops all ready on board of them. The Governor and his aides-de-camp, besides many other influential people of Quebec, escorted them down, and as soon as they had paid their adieus, the word was given, the soldiers in the *bateaux* gave three cheers, and away they went from the wharf into the stream. For a short time there was waving of handkerchiefs and other tokens of goodwill on the part of those who were on the wharf ; but that was soon left behind them, and the family found themselves separated from their acquaintances, and silently listening to the measured sound of the oars, as they dropped into the water.

And it is not to be wondered at that they were silent, for all were occupied with their own thoughts. They called to mind the beautiful park at Wexton, which they had quitted, after having resided there so long and so happily ; the hall, with all its splendour and all its comfort, rose up in their

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remembrance; each room with its furniture, each window with its view, was recalled to their memories; they had crossed the Atlantic, and were now about to leave civilisation and comfort behind them—to isolate themselves in the Canadian woods—to trust to their own resources, their own society, and their own exertions. It was, indeed, the commencement of a new life, and for which they felt themselves little adapted, after the luxuries they had enjoyed in their former condition; but if their thoughts and reminiscences made them grave and silent, they did not make them despairing or repining; they trusted to that Power who alone could protect—who gives and who takes away, and doeth with us as He judges best; and if hope was not buoyant in all of them, still there was confidence, resolution, and resignation. Gradually they were roused from their reveries by the beauty of the scenery and the novelty of what met their sight; the songs, also, of the Canadian boatmen were musical and cheering, and by degrees, they had all recovered their usual good spirits.

Alfred was the first to shake off his melancholy feelings, and to attempt to remove them from others; nor was he unsuccessful. The officer who commanded the detachment of troops, and who was in the same *bateau* with the family, had respected their silence upon their departure from the wharf—perhaps he felt much as they did. His name was Sinclair, and his rank that of senior captain in the regiment—a handsome, florid young man, tall and well made, very gentlemanlike, and very gentle in his manners.

“How very beautiful the foliage is on that point, mother,” said Alfred, first breaking the silence, “what a contrast between the leaves of the sycamore, so transparent and yellow, with the sun behind them, and the new shoots of the spruce fir.”

“It is, indeed, very lovely,” replied Mrs. Campbell; “and the branches of the trees, feathering down as they do to the surface of the water——”

“Like good Samaritans,” said Emma, “extending their arms, that any unfortunate drowning person who was swept away by the stream might save himself by their assistance.”

“I had no idea that trees had so much charity or reflection, Emma,” rejoined Alfred.

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"I cannot answer for their charity, but, by the side of this clear water, you must allow them reflection, cousin," replied Emma.

"I presume you will add vanity to their attributes?" answered Alfred; "for they certainly appear to be hanging over the stream that they may look and admire themselves in the glassy mirror."

"Pretty well that for a midshipman; I was not aware that they used such choice language in a cockpit," retorted the young lady.

"Perhaps not, cousin," answered Alfred; "but when sailors are in the company of ladies, they become refined, from the association."

"Well, I must admit, Alfred, that you are a great deal more polished after you have been a month on shore."

"Thank you, cousin Emma, even for that slight admission," replied Alfred, laughing.

"But what is that?" said Mary Percival, "at the point, it is a village—one, two, three houses—just opening upon us?"

"That is a raft, Miss Percival, which is coming down the river," replied Captain Sinclair. "You will see when we are nearer to it, that perhaps it covers two acres of water, and there are three tiers of timber on it. These rafts are worth many thousand pounds. They are first framed with logs, fastened by wooden tree-nails, and the timber placed within the frame. There are, perhaps, from forty to a hundred people on this raft to guide it down the stream, and the houses you see are built on it for the accommodation of these people. I have seen as many as fifteen houses upon a raft, which will sometimes contain the cargoes of thirty or forty large ships."

"It is very wonderful how they guide and direct it down the stream," said Mr. Campbell.

"It is very dexterous; and it seems strange that such an enormous mass can be so guided, but it is done, as you will perceive; there are three or four rudders made of long sweeps, and, as you may observe, several sweeps on each side."

All the party were now standing up in the sternsheets of the *bateau* to look at the people on the raft, who amounted to about fifty or sixty men—now running over the top to one side, and dragging at the sweeps, which required the joint

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power of seven or eight men to each of them—now passing again over to the opposite sweeps, as directed by the steersman. The *bateau* kept well in to the shore, out of the way, and the raft passed them very quickly. As soon as it was clear of the point, as their course to Quebec was now straight, and there was a slight breeze down the river, the people on board of the raft hoisted ten or fifteen sails upon different masts, to assist them in their descent; and this again excited the admiration of the party.

The conversation now became general, until the *bateaux* were made fast to the shores of the river, while the men took their dinners, which had been prepared for them before they left Quebec. After a repose of two hours, they again started, and at nightfall arrived at St. Anne's, where they found everything ready for their reception. Although their beds were composed of the leaves of the maize or Indian corn, they were so tired that they found them very comfortable, and at daylight arose quite refreshed, and anxious to continue their route. Martin Super, who, with the two youngest boys, had been placed in a separate boat, had been very attentive to the comforts of the ladies after their embarkation; and it appeared that he had quite won the hearts of the two boys by his amusing anecdotes during the day.

Soon after their embarkation, the name of Pontiac being again mentioned by Captain Sinclair, Mrs. Campbell observed—

“Our man Super mentioned that name before. I confess that I do not know anything of Canadian affairs; I know only that Pontiac was an Indian chief. Can you, Captain Sinclair, give us any information relative to a person who appears so well known in the province?”

“I shall be happy, Mrs. Campbell, as far as I am able, to satisfy you. On one point, I can certainly speak with confidence, as my uncle was one of the detachment in the fort of Detroit at the time that it was so nearly surprised, and he has often told the history of the affair in my presence. Pontiac was chief of all the Lake tribes of Indians. I will not repeat the names of the different tribes, but his own particular tribe was that of the Ottawas. He ruled at the time that the Canadas were surrendered to us by the French. At first, although very proud and haughty, and claiming the

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sovereignty of the country, he was very civil to the English, or at least appeared so to be; for the French had given us so bad a reputation with all the northern tribes, that they had hitherto shown nothing but the most determined hostility, and appeared to hate our very name. They are now inclined to be quiet, and it is to be hoped their fear of us, after the severe conflicts between us, will induce them to remain so. You are, perhaps, aware that the French had built many forts at the most commanding spots in the interior and on the lakes, all of which, when they gave up the country, were garrisoned by our troops, to keep the Indians under control.

"All these forts are isolated, and communication between them is rare. It was in 1763 that Pontiac first showed his hostility against us, and his determination, if possible, to drive us from the lakes. He was as cunning as he was brave; and, as an Indian, showed more generalship than might be expected—that is, according to their system of war, which is always based upon stratagem. His plan of operation was, to surprise all our forts at the same time, if he possibly could; and so excellent were his arrangements, that it was only fifteen days after the plan was first laid that he succeeded in gaining possession of all but three; that is, he surprised ten out of thirteen forts. Of course, the attacks were made by other chiefs, under his directions, as Pontiac could not be at all the simultaneous assaults."

"Did he murder the garrisons, Captain Sinclair?" said Alfred.

"The major portion of them; some were spared, and afterward were ransomed at high prices. I ought to have mentioned as a singular instance of the advance of this chief in comparison with other Indians, that at this time he issued bills of credit on slips of bark, signed with his totem, the otter; and that these bills, unlike many of more civilised society, were all taken up and paid."

"That is very remarkable in a savage," observed Mrs. Campbell; "but how did this Pontiac contrive to surprise all the forts?"

"Almost the whole of them were taken by a singular stratagem. The Indians are very partial to, and exceedingly dexterous at, a game called the 'Baggatiway': it is played

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with a ball and a long-handled sort of racket. They divide into two parties, and the object of each party is to drive the ball to their own goal. It is something like hurley in England or golf in Scotland. Many hundreds are sometimes engaged on both sides; and the Europeans are so fond of seeing the activity and dexterity shown by the Indians at this game, that it was very common to request them to play it, when they happened to be near the forts. Upon this, Pontiac arranged his plan, which was, that his Indians should commence the game of ball under the forts, and after playing a short time, strike the ball into the fort: of course, some of them would go in for it; and having done this two or three times, and recommenced the play to avoid suspicion, they were to strike it over again, and follow it up by a rush after it through the gates: and then, when they were all in, they would draw their concealed weapons, and overpower the unsuspecting garrison."

"It was certainly a very ingenious stratagem," observed Mrs. Campbell.

"And it succeeded, as I have observed, except on three forts. The one which Pontiac directed the attack upon himself, and which was that which he was most anxious to obtain, was Detroit, in which, as I have before observed, my uncle was garrisoned; but there he failed, and by a singular circumstance."

"Pray tell us how, Captain Sinclair," said Emma; "you don't know how much you have interested me."

"And me, too, Captain Sinclair," continued Mary.

"I am very happy that I have been able to wear away any portion of your tedious journey, Miss Percival, so I shall proceed with my history.

"The fort of Detroit was garrisoned by about three hundred men, when Pontiac arrived there with a large force of Indians, and encamped under the walls, but he had his warriors so mixed up with the women and children, and brought so many articles for trade, that no suspicion was created. The garrison had not heard of the capture of the other forts which had already taken place. At the same time the unusual number of the Indians was pointed out to Major Gladwin, who commanded the fort, but he had no suspicions. Pontiac sent word to the major, that he wished

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to 'have a talk' with him, in order to cement more fully the friendship between the Indians and the English; and to this Major Gladwin consented, appointing the next day to receive Pontiac and his chiefs in the fort.

"Now it so happened that Major Gladwin had employed an Indian woman to make him a pair of moccasins out of a very curious marked elk-skin. The Indian woman brought him the moccasins with the remainder of the skin. The Major was so pleased with them that he ordered her to make him a second pair of moccasins out of the skin, and then told her that she might keep the remainder for herself. The woman having received the order, quitted the major, but instead of leaving the fort, remained loitering about till she was observed, and they inquired why she did not go. She replied, that she wanted to return the rest of the skin, as he set so great a value on it; and as this appeared strange conduct, she was questioned, and then she said, that if she took away the skin then, she never would be able to return it.

"Major Gladwin sent for the woman, upon hearing of the expressions which she had used, and it was evident that she wanted to communicate something, but was afraid; but on being pressed hard and encouraged, and assured of protection, she then informed Major Gladwin that Pontiac and his chiefs were to come into the fort to-morrow, under the plea of holding a talk; but that they had cut the barrels of their rifles short, to conceal them under their blankets, and that it was their intention, at a signal given by Pontiac, to murder Major Gladwin and all his officers who were at the council; while the other warriors, who would also come into the fort with concealed arms, under pretence of trading, would attack the garrison outside.

"Having obtained this information, Major Gladwin did all he could to put the fort into a state of defence, and took every necessary precaution. He made known to the officers and men what the intentions of the Indians were, and instructed the officers how to act at the council, and the garrison how to meet the pretended traders outside.

"About ten o'clock, Pontiac and his thirty-six chiefs, with a train of warriors, came into the fort to their pretended council, and were received with great politeness. Pontiac made his speech, and when he came forward to present the

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wampum belt, the receipt of which by the major was, as the Indian woman had informed them, to be the signal for the chiefs and warriors to commence the assault, the major and his officers drew their swords half out of their scabbards, and the troops, with their muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, appeared outside and in the council-room, all ready to present. Pontiac, brave as he really was, turned pale: he perceived that he was discovered, and consequently, to avoid any open detection, he finished his speech with many professions of regard for the English. Major Gladwin then rose to reply to him, and immediately informed him that he was aware of his plot and his murderous intentions. Pontiac denied it; but Major Gladwin stepped to the chief, and drawing aside his blanket, exposed his rifle cut short, which left Pontiac and his chiefs without a word to say in reply. Major Gladwin then desired Pontiac to quit the fort immediately, as otherwise he should not be able to restrain the indignation of the soldiers, who would immolate him and all his followers who were outside of the fort. Pontiac and his chiefs did not wait for a second intimation, but made all the haste they could to get outside of the gates."

"Was it prudent in Major Gladwin to allow Pontiac and his chiefs to leave, after they had come into the fort with an intent to murder him and his men?" said Henry Campbell. "Would not the Major have been justified in detaining them?"

"I certainly think he would have been, and so did my uncle, but Major Gladwin thought otherwise. He said that he had promised safe conduct and protection to and from the fort before he was aware of the conspiracy; and, having made a promise, his honour would not allow him to depart from it."

"At all events, the major, if he erred, erred on the right side," observed Alfred. "I think myself that he was too scrupulous, and that I in his place should have detained some of them, if not Pontiac himself, as a hostage for the good behaviour of the rest of the tribes."

"The result proved that if Major Gladwin had done so he would have done wisely; for the next day Pontiac, not at all disarmed by Major Gladwin's clemency, made a most furious attack upon the fort. Every stratagem was resorted to, but the attack failed. Pontiac then invested it, cut off all their

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supplies, and the garrison was reduced to great distress. But I must break off now, for here we are at Trois Rivières, where we shall remain for the night. I hope you will not find your accommodations very uncomfortable, Mrs. Campbell: I fear as we advance you will have to put up with worse."

"And we are fully prepared for it, Captain Sinclair," replied Mr. Campbell; "but my wife and my nieces have too much good sense to expect London hotels in the wilds of Canada."

The *bateaux* were now on shore, and the party landed to pass the night at the small stockaded village of Trois Rivières.

CHAPTER VIII

CAPTAIN SINCLAIR having stated that they would have a longer journey on the following day, and that it would be advisable to start as soon as possible, they rose at daylight, and in half-an-hour had breakfasted, and were again in the boats. Soon after they had pushed into the stream and hoisted the sails, for the wind was fair, Mr. Campbell inquired how far they had to go on that day?

"About fifty miles, if we possibly can," replied Captain Sinclair. "We have made seventy-two miles in the first two days; but from here to Montreal it is about ninety, and we are anxious to get the best part over to-day, so that we may land on a cleared spot which we know of, and that I feel quite sure in; for, I regret to say, you must trust to your tents and your own bedding for the night, as there is no habitation large enough to receive us on the river's side, anywhere near where we wish to arrive."

"Never mind, Captain Sinclair, we shall sleep very well, I dare say," replied Mrs. Campbell; "but where do all the rest of the party sleep?—there is only one tent."

"Oh! never mind the rest of the party; we are used to it, and your gentlemen won't mind it; some will sleep in the *bateaux*, some at the fire, some will watch and not sleep at all."

After some further conversation, Mary Percival observed to Captain Sinclair: "You had not, I believe, Captain Sinclair, quite finished your account of Pontiac where you left off

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yesterday, at the time when he was blocking the fort at Detroit. Will you oblige us by stating what afterwards took place?"

"With great pleasure, Miss Percival. There was great difficulty in relieving the fort as all communication had been cut off; at last the Governor sent his aide-de-camp, Captain Dalyell, who contrived to throw himself in the fort with about two hundred and fifty men. He shortly afterwards sallied out to attack the entrenchments of the Indians, but Pontiac having received intelligence of his intention, laid an ambuscade for him, beat back the troops with great loss, and poor Dalyell fell in the combat, that took place near a bridge, which still goes by the name of Bloody Bridge. Pontiac cut off the head of Captain Dalyell, and set it upon a post."

"So much for Major Gladwin's extreme sense of honour," exclaimed Alfred; "had he detained Pontiac as a prisoner, nothing of this would have happened."

"I agree with you, Mr. Alfred," replied Captain Sinclair, "it was letting loose a wolf; but Major Gladwin thought he was doing what was right, and therefore cannot be well blamed. After this defeat, the investment was more strict than ever, and the garrison suffered dreadfully. Several vessels which were sent out to supply the garrison fell into the hands of Pontiac, who treated the men very cruelly. What with the loss of men and constant watching, as well as the want of provisions, the garrison was reduced to the greatest privations. At last a schooner came off with supplies, which Pontiac, as usual, attacked with his warriors in their canoes. The schooner was obliged to stand out again, but the Indians followed, and by their incessant fire killed or wounded almost every man on board her, and at length boarded and took possession. As they were climbing up the shrouds and over the gunnel of the vessel, the captain of the vessel, who was a most determined man, and resolved not to fall into the hands of the Indians, called out to the gunner to set fire to the magazine, and blow them all up together. This order was heard by one of Pontiac's chiefs acquainted with English; he cried out to one of the other Indians, and sprang away from the vessel; the other Indians followed him, and hurried away in their canoes, or by swimming as fast as they could from the vessel. The captain

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took advantage of the wind and arrived safe at the fort ; and thus was the garrison relieved and those in the fort saved from destruction by the courage of this one man."

"You say that Pontiac is now dead, at least Martin Super told us so. How did he die, Captain Sinclair?" inquired Mrs. Campbell.

"He was killed by an Indian, but it is difficult to say why. For many years he had made friends with us, and he had received a liberal pension from the Government; but it appears that his hatred against the English had again broken out, and in a council held by the Indians, he proposed assailing us anew. After he had spoken an Indian buried his knife in his heart, but whether to gratify a private animosity or to avoid a further warfare with those who had always thinned their tribes, it is difficult to ascertain. One thing is certain, that most of the Indian animosity against the English is buried with him."

"Thank you, Captain Sinclair," said Mary Percival, "for taking so much trouble. I think Pontiac's history is a very interesting one."

"There was much to admire and much to deplore in his character, and we must not judge the Indian too harshly. He was formed for command, and possessed great courage and skill in all his arrangements, independent of his having the tact to keep all the Lake tribes of Indians combined,—no very easy task. That he should have endeavoured to drive us away from those lands of which he considered himself (and very correctly too) as the sovereign, is not to be wondered at, especially as our encroachments daily increased. The great fault of his character, in our eyes, was his treachery; but we must remember that the whole art of Indian warfare is based upon stratagem."

"But his attacking the fort after he had been so generously dismissed when his intentions were known, was surely very base," remarked Mrs. Campbell.

"What we consider a generous dismissal, he probably mistook for folly and weakness. The Indians have no idea of generosity in warfare. Had Pontiac been shot, he would have died bravely, and he had no idea that, because Major Gladwin did not think proper to take his life, he was therefore bound to let us remain in possession of his lands. But

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whatever treachery the Indians consider allowable and proper in warfare, it is not a portion of the Indian character; for at any other time his hospitality and good faith are not to be doubted, if he pledges himself for your safety. It is a pity that they are not Christians. Surely it would make a great improvement in a character which, even in its unenlightened state, has in it much to be admired.

"When the form of worship and creed is simple, it is difficult to make converts, and the Indian is a clear reasoner. I once had a conversation with one of the chiefs on the subject. After we had conversed for some time, he said, 'You believe in one God—so do we; you call Him by one name—we call Him another; we don't speak the same language, that is the reason. You say, suppose you do good, you go to the land of Good Spirits—we say so too. Then Indians and Yangees (that is English) both try to gain the same object, only try in not the same way. Now I think it much better that, as we all go along together, that every man paddle his own canoe. That is my thought.'"

"It is, as you say, Captain Sinclair, difficult to argue with men who look so straightforward and are so practical in their ideas. Nevertheless," said Mrs. Campbell, "a false creed must often lead to false conduct; and whatever is estimable in the Indian character, would be strengthened and improved by the infusion of Christian principles and Christian hopes,—so that I must still consider it very desirable that the Indians should become Christians,—and I trust that by judicious and discreet measures such a result may gradually be brought about."

It was two hours before sunset when they arrived at the spot at which they intended passing the night; they landed, and some of the soldiers were employed in setting up the tent on a dry hillock, while others collected logs of wood for the fire. Martin Super brought on shore the bedding, and, assisted by Alfred and Henry, placed it in the tent. Captain Sinclair's canteen provided sufficient articles to enable them to make tea, and in less than half-an-hour the kettle was on the fire. As soon as they had partaken of these refreshments and the contents of a basket of provisions procured at Trois Rivières, the ladies retired for the night. Captain Sinclair stationed sentinels at different posts as a security from any

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intruders, and then the remainder of the troops with the other males composing the party lay down with their feet toward a large fire, composed of two or three trunks of trees, which blazed for many yards in height. In a short time all was quiet, and all were in repose except the sentinels, the sergeant and corporal, and Captain Sinclair, who relieved each other.

The night passed without any disturbance, and the next morning they re-embarked and pursued their course. Before sunset they arrived at the town of Montreal, where it was arranged that they should wait a day. Mr. Campbell had a few purchases to make here, which he completed. It had been his intention also to procure two of the small Canadian horses, but by the advice of Captain Sinclair he abandoned the idea. Captain Sinclair pointed out to him, that having no forage or means of subsistence for the animals, they would be a great expense to him during the first year without being of much use; and further, that in all probability, when the garrison was relieved at Fort Frontignac on the following year, the officers would be too glad to part with their horses at a lower price than what they could be purchased for at Montreal. Having a letter of introduction to the Governor, they received every attention. The society was almost wholly French; and many of the inhabitants called out of politeness, or to gratify their curiosity. The French ladies shrugged up their shoulders, and exclaimed, "Est-il possible?" when they heard that the Campbells were about to proceed to such a distant spot and settle upon it. The French gentlemen told the Miss Campbells that it was a great sacrifice to bury so much beauty in the wilderness; but what they said had little effect upon any of the party. Captain Sinclair offered to remain another day if Mr. Campbell wished it; but, on the contrary, he was anxious to arrive as soon as possible at his destination; and the following morning they again embarked, having now about three hundred and sixty miles to ascend against the current and the occasional rapids. It would take too much space if I were to narrate all that took place during their difficult ascent; how they were sometimes obliged to land and carry the cargoes of the boats; how one or two *bateaux* were upset and some of their stores lost; and how their privations increased on each following day of their

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journey. I have too much to relate to enter into this portion of the narrative, although there might be much interest in the detail; it will be sufficient to say that, after sixteen days of some peril and much fatigue, and of considerable suffering from the clouds of mosquitoes which assailed them during the night, they were landed safely at Fort Frontignac, and treated with every attention by the commandant, who had received letters from the Governor of Quebec, desiring him to do all that he possibly could to serve them. The commandant, Colonel Forster, had shown Mr. Campbell and his party the rooms which had been provided for them, and now, for the first time after many days, they found themselves all together and alone.

After a short conversation, in which they canvassed and commented upon the kindness which they had received, and the difficulties which they had, in consequence, surmounted, during their long and tedious journey to Quebec, Mr. Campbell observed: "My dear wife and children, we have thus far proceeded without serious casualty: it has pleased the Almighty to conduct us safely over a boisterous sea, to keep our spirits up by providing us with unexpected friends and support, and we now have arrived within a few miles of our destination. But let us not suppose that our perils and difficulties are terminated; on the contrary, without wishing to dishearten you, I feel that they are about to commence. We have much privation, much fatigue, and, perhaps, much danger to encounter, before we can expect to be in comfort or in security; but we must put our trust in that gracious Providence which has hitherto so mercifully preserved us, and at the same time not relax in our own energy and industry, which must ever accompany our faith in the Divine aid. It is long since we have had an opportunity of being gathered together and alone. Let us seize this opportunity of pouring out our thanks to God for His mercies already vouchsafed, and praying for a continuance of His protection. Even in the wilderness, let us walk with Him, trust in Him, and ever keep Him in our thoughts. We must bear in mind that this entire life is but a pilgrimage; that if, during its course, we should meet with affliction or distress, it is His appointment, and designed undoubtedly for our good. It is our wisdom, as well as duty, to submit patiently to whatever

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may befall us, never losing our courage or becoming disheartened by suffering, but trusting to the mercy and power of Him who can and will, at His own good time, deliver us from evil." Mr. Campbell kneeled down, surrounded by his family, and, in a fervent and feeling address, poured forth his thanksgiving for past mercies and humble solicitation for further assistance. So powerful and so eloquent were his words, that the tears coursed down the cheeks of his wife and nieces; and when he had finished, all their hearts were so full, that they retired to their beds without further exchange of words than receiving his blessing, and wishing each other good night.

CHAPTER IX

THE party were so refreshed by once more sleeping upon good beds, that they were up and dressed very early, and shortly after seven o'clock were all collected upon the rampart of the fort, surveying the landscape, which was indeed very picturesque and beautiful. Before them, to their left, the lake was spread, an inland sea, lost in the horizon, now quite calm, and near to the shores studded with small islands covered with verdant foliage, and appearing as if they floated upon the transparent water. To the westward, and in front of them, were the clearings belonging to the fort, backed with the distant woods: a herd of cattle were grazing on a portion of the cleared land; the other was divided off by a snake fence, as it is termed, and was under cultivation. Here and there a log-building was raised as a shelter for the animals during the winter, and at half-a-mile's distance was a small fort, surrounded with high palisades, intended as a place of retreat and security for those who might be in charge of the cattle, in case of danger or surprise. Close to the fort, a rapid stream, now from the freshets overflowing its banks, poured down its waters into the lake, running its course through a variety of shrubs and larches and occasional elms which lined its banks. The sun shone bright—the woodpeckers flew from tree to tree, or clung to the rails of the fences—the belted kingfisher darted up and down over

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the running stream—and the chirping and wild notes of various birds were heard on every side of them.

"This is very beautiful, is it not?" said Mrs. Campbell; "surely it cannot be so great a hardship to live in a spot like this?"

"Not if it were always so, perhaps, madam," said Colonel Forster, who had joined the party as Mrs. Campbell made the observation. "But Canada in the month of June is very different from Canada in the month of January. That we find our life monotonous in this fort, separated as we are from the rest of the world, I admit, and the winters are so long and severe as to tire our patience; but soldiers must do their duty, whether burning under the tropics or freezing in the wilds of Canada. It cannot be a very agreeable life, when even the report of danger near to us becomes a pleasurable feeling from the excitement it causes for the moment.

"I have been talking, Mr. Campbell, with Captain Sinclair, and find you have much to do before the short summer is over, to be ready to meet the coming winter; more than you can well do with your limited means. I am happy that my instructions from the Governor will permit me to be of service to you. I propose that the ladies shall remain here, while you, with such assistance as I can give you, proceed to your allotment, and prepare for their reception."

"A thousand thanks for your kind offer, Colonel—but no, no, we will all go together," interrupted Mrs. Campbell; "we can be useful, and we will remain in the tents till the house is built. Do not say a word more, Colonel Forster, that is decided; although I again return you many thanks for your kind offer."

"If such is the case, I have only to observe that I shall send a fatigue party of twelve men, which I can well spare for a few weeks, to assist you in your labours," replied Colonel Forster. "Their remuneration will not put you to a very great expense. Captain Sinclair has volunteered to take charge of it."

"Many thanks, sir," replied Mr. Campbell; "and as you observe that we have no time to lose, with your permission we will start to-morrow morning."

"I certainly shall not dissuade you," replied the commandant, "although I did hope that I should have had the

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pleasure of your company for a little longer. You are aware that I have the Governor's directions to supply you with cattle from our own stock, at a fair price. I hardly need say that you may select as you please."

"And I," said Captain Sinclair, who had been in conversation with Mary Percival, and who now addressed Mr. Campbell, "have been making another collection for you among my brother-officers, which you were not provided with, and will find very useful, I may say absolutely necessary."

"What may that be, Captain Sinclair?" said Mr. Campbell.

"A variety of dogs of every description. I have a pack of five; and, although not quite so handsome as your pet dogs in England, you will find them well acquainted with the country, and do their duty well. I have a pointer, a bulldog, two terriers, and a fox-hound—all of them of good courage, and ready to attack catamount, wolf, lynx, or even a bear, if required."

"It is, indeed, a very valuable present," replied Mr. Campbell, "and you have our sincere thanks."

"The cows you had better select before you go, unless you prefer that I should do it for you," observed Colonel Forster. "They shall be driven over in a day or two, as I presume the ladies will wish to have milk. By-the-bye, Mr. Campbell, I must let you into a secret. The wild onions which grow so plentiful in this country, and which the cattle are very fond of, give a very unpleasant taste to the milk. You may remove it by heating the milk as soon as it has been drawn from the cows."

"Many thanks, Colonel, for your information," replied Mr. Campbell, "for I certainly have no great partiality to the flavour of onions in milk."

A summons to breakfast broke up the conversation. During the day, Henry and Alfred, assisted by Captain Sinclair and Martin Super, were very busy in loading the two *bateaux* with the stores, tents, and various trunks of linen and other necessities which they had brought with them. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, with the girls, were equally busy in selecting and putting on one side articles for immediate use on their arrival at the allotment. As they were very tired, they went to bed early, that they might be ready for the next day's re-embarkation; and after breakfast, having taken

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leave of the kind commandant and the other officers, they went down to the shore of the lake, and embarked with Captain Sinclair in the commandant's boat, which had been prepared for them. Martin Super, Alfred and Henry, with the five dogs, went on board of the two *bateaux*, which were manned by the corporal and twelve soldiers, lent by the commandant to Mr. Campbell. The weather was beautifully fine, and they set off in high spirits. The distance by water was not more than three miles, although by land it was nearly five, and in half-an-hour they entered the cove adjoining to which the allotment lay.

"There is the spot, Mrs. Campbell, which is to be your future residence," said Captain Sinclair, pointing with his hand; "you observe where that brook runs down into the lake, that is your eastern boundary; the land on the other side is the property of the old hunter we have spoken of. You see his little log-hut, not much bigger than an Indian lodge, and the patch of Indian corn now sprung out of the ground which is enclosed by the fence. This portion appears not to be of any use to him, as he has no cattle of any kind, unless indeed they have gone into the bush; but I think some of our men said that he lived entirely by the chase, and that he has an Indian wife."

"Well," said Emma Percival, laughing, "female society is what we never calculated upon. What is the man's name?"

"Malachi Bone," replied Captain Sinclair. "I presume you expect Mrs. Bone to call first?"

"She ought to do so, if she knows the *usage* of society," replied Emma; "but if she does not, I think I shall waive ceremony and go and see her. I have great curiosity to make acquaintance with an Indian squaw."

"You may be surprised to hear me say so, Miss Emma, but I assure you, without having ever seen her, that you will find her perfectly well-bred. All the Indian women are—their characters are a compound of simplicity and reserve.—Keep the boat's head more to the right, Selby, we will land close to that little knoll."

The commandant's boat had pulled much faster, and was a long way ahead of the *bateaux*. In a few minutes afterward they had all disembarked and were standing on the knoll, surveying their new property. A portion of about thirty

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acres, running along the shore of the lake, was what is termed natural prairie, or meadow of short fine grass; the land immediately behind the meadow was covered with brushwood for about three hundred yards, and then rose a dark and impervious front of high timber which completely confined the landscape. The allotment belonging to the old hunter, on the opposite side of the brook, contained about the same portion of natural meadow, and was in other respects but a continuation of the portion belonging to Mr. Campbell.

"Well," said Martin Super, as soon as he had come up to the party on the knoll, for the *bateaux* had now arrived, "I reckon, Mr. Campbell, that you are in luck to have this piece of grass. It would have taken no few blows of the axe to have cleared it away out of such a wood as that behind us. Why, it is as good as a fortune to a new settler."

"I think it is, Martin," said Mr. Campbell.

"Well, sir, now to work as soon as you please, for a day is a day, and must not be lost. I'll go to the wood with five or six of the men who can handle an axe, and begin to cut down, leaving you and the captain there to decide where the house is to be; the other soldiers will be putting up the tents all ready for to-night, for you must not expect a house over your heads till next full moon."

In a quarter of an hour all were in motion. Henry and Alfred took their axes, and followed Martin Super and half of the soldiers, the others were busy landing the stores and pitching the tents, while Captain Sinclair and Mr. Campbell were surveying the ground, that they might choose a spot for the erection of the house. Mrs. Campbell remained sitting on the knoll, watching the debarkation of the packages; and Percival, by her directions, brought her those articles which were for immediate use. Mary and Emma Percival, accompanied by John, as they had no task allotted to them, walked up the side of the stream toward the wood.

"I wish I had my box," said John, who had been watching the running water.

"Why do you want your box, John?" said Mary.

"For my hooks in my box," replied John.

"Why, do you see any fish in this small stream?" said Emma.

"Yes," replied John, walking on before them.



“My good man, you are Malachi Bone, are you not?”

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Mary and Emma followed him, now and then stopping to pick a flower unknown to them : when they overtook John, he was standing immovable, pointing to a figure on the other side of the stream, as fixed and motionless as himself.

The girls started back, as they beheld a tall gaunt man, dressed in deer hides, who stood leaning upon a long gun with his eyes fixed upon them. His face was browned and weather-beaten—indeed so dark that it was difficult to say if he were of the Indian race or not.

"It must be a hunter, Emma," said Mary Percival ; "he is not dressed like the Indians we saw at Quebec."

"It must be," replied Emma ; "won't he speak ?"

"We will wait and see," replied Mary. They did wait for a minute or more, but the man neither spoke nor shifted his position.

"I will speak to him, Mary," said Emma at last. "My good man, you are Malachi Bone, are you not ?"

"That's my name," replied the hunter in a deep voice ; "and who on earth are you, and what are you doing here ? Is it a frolic from the fort, or what is it, that causes all this disturbance ?"

"Disturbance !—why, we don't make a great deal of noise ; no, it's no frolic ; we are come to settle here, and shall be your neighbours."

"To settle here !—why, what on earth do you mean, young woman ? Settle here !—not you, surely."

"Yes, indeed, we are. Don't you know Martin Super, the trapper ? He is with us, and now at work in the woods getting ready for raising the house, as you call it.—Do you know, Mary," said Emma in a low tone to her sister, "I'm almost afraid of that man, although I do speak so boldly."

"Martin Super—yes, I know him," replied the hunter, who without any more ceremony threw his gun into the hollow of his arm, turned round, and walked away in the direction of his own hut.

"Well, Mary," observed Emma, after a pause of a few seconds, during which they watched the receding form of the hunter, "the old gentleman is not over-polite. Suppose we go back and narrate our first adventure ?"

"Let us walk up to where Alfred and Martin Super are at work, and tell them," replied Mary.

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They soon gained the spot where the men were felling the trees, and made known to Alfred and Martin what had taken place.

"He is angered, miss," observed Martin; "I guessed as much; well, if he don't like it he must squat elsewhere."

"How do you mean squat elsewhere?"

"I mean, miss, that if he don't like company so near him he must shift and build his wigwam further off."

"But why should he not like company? I should have imagined that it would be agreeable rather than otherwise," replied Mary Percival.

"You may think so, miss; but Malachi Bone thinks otherwise; and it's natural; a man who has lived all his life in the woods, all alone, his eye never resting, his ear ever watching; catching at every sound, even to the breaking of a twig or the falling of a leaf; sleeping with his finger on his trigger and one eye half open, gets used to no company but his own, and can't abide it. I recollect the time that I could not. Why, miss, when a man hasn't spoken a word perhaps for months, talking is a fatigue, and, when he hasn't heard a word spoken for months, listening is as bad. It's all custom, miss, and Malachi, as I guessed, don't like it, and so he's *rily* and angered. I will go see him after the work is over."

"But he has a wife, Martin, has he not?"

"Yes; but she's an Indian wife, Master Alfred, and Indian wives don't speak unless they're spoken to."

"What a recommendation," said Alfred, laughing; "I really think I shall look after an Indian wife, Emma."

"I think you had better," replied Emma. "You'd be certain of a quiet house,—when *you* were out of it,—and when at home, you would have all the talk to yourself, which is just what you like. Come, Mary, let us leave him to dream of his squaw."

The men selected by the commandant of the fort were well used to handle the axe; before dusk, many trees had been felled, and were ready for sawing into lengths. The tents had all been pitched: those for the Campbells on the knoll we have spoken of; Captain Sinclair's and that for the soldiers about a hundred yards distant; the fires were lighted, and as the dinner had been cold, a hot supper was prepared,

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by Martin and Mrs. Campbell, assisted by the girls and the younger boys. After supper they all retired to an early bed; Captain Sinclair having put a man as sentry, and the dogs having been tied at different places, that they might give the alarm if there was any danger; which, however, was not anticipated, as the Indians had for some time been very quiet in the neighbourhood of Fort Frontignac.

CHAPTER X

THE next morning, when they assembled at breakfast, after Mr. Campbell had read the prayers, Mary Percival said, "Did you hear that strange and loud noise last night? I was very much startled with it; but, as nobody said a word, I held my tongue."

"Nobody said a word, because everybody was fast asleep, I presume," said Alfred; "I heard nothing."

"It was like the sound of cart-wheels at a distance, with whistling and hissing," continued Mary.

"I think I can explain it to you, as I was up during the night, Miss Percival," said Captain Sinclair. "It is a noise you must expect every night during the summer season; but one to which you will soon be accustomed."

"Why, what was it?"

"Frogs,—nothing more; except, indeed, the hissing, which, I believe, is made by the lizards. They will serenade you every night. I only hope you will not be disturbed by anything more dangerous."

"Is it possible that such small creatures can make such a din?"

"Yes; when thousands join in the concert; I may say millions."

"Well, I thank you for the explanation, Captain Sinclair, as it has been some relief to my mind."

After breakfast, Martin (we shall for the future leave out his surname) informed Mr. Campbell that he had seen Malachi Bone, the hunter, who had expressed great dissatisfaction at their arrival, and his determination to quit the place if they remained.

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"Surely, he hardly expects us to quit the place to please him?"

"No," replied Martin; "but if he were cankered in disposition, which I will say Malachi is not, he might make it very unpleasant for you to remain, by bringing the Indians about you."

"Surely, he would not do that?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"No, I don't think he would," replied Martin; "because, you see, it's just as easy for him to go further off."

"But why should we drive him away from his property any more than we leave our own?" observed Mrs. Campbell.

"He says he won't be crowded, ma'am; he can't bear to be crowded."

"Why, there's a river between us."

"So there is, ma'am, but still that's his feeling. I said to him, that if he would go, I dared say Mr. Campbell would buy his allotment of him, and he seems to be quite willing to part with it."

"It would be a great addition to your property, Mr. Campbell," observed Captain Sinclair. "In the first place, you would have the whole of the prairie and the right of the river on both sides, apparently of no consequence now, but as the country fills up, most valuable."

"Well," replied Mr. Campbell, "as I presume we shall remain here, or, at all events, those who survive me will, till the country fills up, I shall be most happy to make any arrangement with Bone for the purchase of his property."

"I'll have some more talk with him, sir," replied Martin.

The second day was passed as was the first, in making preparations for erecting the house, which, now that they had obtained such unexpected help, was, by the advice of Captain Sinclair, considerably enlarged beyond the size originally intended. As Mr. Campbell paid the soldiers employed a certain sum per day for their labour, he had less scruple in employing them longer. Two of them were good carpenters, and a sawpit had been dug, that they might prepare the doors and the frames for the window-sashes which Mr. Campbell had taken the precaution to bring with him. On the third day a boat arrived from the fort, bringing the men's rations and a present of two fine bucks from the commandant. Captain Sinclair went in the boat to

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procure some articles which he required, and returned in the evening. The weather continued fine, and in the course of a week a great deal of timber was cut and squared. During this time Martin had several meetings with the old hunter, and it was agreed that he should sell his property to Mr. Campbell. Money he appeared to care little about—indeed it was useless to him; gunpowder, lead, flints, blankets, and tobacco, were the principal articles requested in the barter; the amount, however, was not precisely settled. An intimacy had been struck up between the old hunter and John; in what manner it was difficult to imagine, as they both were very sparing of their words; but this was certain, that John had contrived to get across the stream somehow or another, and was now seldom at home to his meals. Martin reported that he was in the lodge of the old hunter, and that he could come to no harm; so Mrs. Campbell was satisfied.

"But what does he do there, Martin?" said Mrs. Campbell, as they were clearing away the table after supper.

"Just nothing but look at the squaw, or at Malachi cleaning his gun, or anything else he may see. He never speaks, that I know of, and that's why he suits old Malachi."

"He brought home a whole basket of trout this afternoon," observed Mary; "so he is not quite idle."

"No, miss; he's fishing at daylight, and gives one-half to you and the other to old Bone. He'll make a crack hunter one of these days, as old Malachi says. He can draw the bead on the old man's rifle in good style already, I can tell you."

"How do you mean, Martin?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"I mean that he can fire pretty true, ma'am, although it's a heavy gun for him to lift; a smaller one would do better for him."

"But is he not too young to be trusted with a gun, uncle?" said Mary.

"No, miss," interrupted Martin, "you can't be too young here; the sooner a boy is useful the better; and the boy with a gun is almost as good as a man; for the gun kills equally as well if pointed true. Master Percival must have his gun as soon as I am at leisure to teach him."

"I wish you were at leisure now, Martin," cried Percival.

"You forget, aunt, that you promised to learn to load and fire a rifle yourself," said Mary.

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"No. I do not; and I intend to keep my word, as soon as there is time; but John is so very young."

"Well, Mary, I suppose we must enlist too?" said Emma.

"Yes; we'll be the female rifle brigade," replied Mary, laughing.

"I really quite like the idea," continued Emma; "I will put up with no impertinence, recollect, Alfred; excite my displeasure, and I shall take down my rifle."

"I suspect you will do more execution with your eyes, Emma," replied Alfred, laughing.

"Not upon a catamount, as Martin calls it. Pray what is a catamount?"

"A painter, miss."

"Oh, now I know; a catamount is a painter, a painter is a leopard or a panther.—As I live, uncle, here comes the old hunter, with John trotting at his heels. I thought he would come at last. The visit is to me, I'm sure, for when we first met he was dumb with astonishment."

"He well might be," observed Captain Sinclair; "he has not often met with such objects as you and your sister in the woods."

"No," replied Emma; "an English squaw must be rather a rarity."

As she said this old Malachi Bone came up, and seated himself, without speaking, placing his rifle between his knees.

"Your servant, sir," said Mr. Campbell; "I hope you are well."

"What on earth makes you come here?" said Bone, looking round him. "You are not fit for the wilderness! Winter will arrive soon; and then you go back, I reckon."

"No, we shall not," replied Alfred, "for we have nowhere to go back to; besides, the people are too crowded where we came from, so we came here for more room."

"I reckon you'll crowd *me*," replied the hunter, "so I'll go further."

"Well, Malachi, the gentleman will pay you for your clearing."

"I told you so," said Martin.

"Yes, you did; but I'd rather not have seen him or his goods."

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"By goods, I suppose you mean us about you?" said Emma.

"No, girl, I didn't mean you. I meant gunpowder and the like."

"I think, Emma, you are comprehended in the last word," said Alfred.

"That is more than you are, then, for he did not mention lead," retorted Emma.

"Martin Super, you know I did specify lead on the paper," said Malachi Bone.

"You did, and you shall have it," said Mr. Campbell. "Say what your terms are now, and I will close with you."

"Well, I'll leave that to Martin and you, stranger. I clear out to-morrow."

"To-morrow; and where do you go to?"

Malachi Bone pointed to the westward.

"You'll not hear my rifle," said the old hunter, after a pause; "but I'm thinking you'll never stay here. You don't know what an Ingen's life is; it ain't fit for the like of you. No, there's not one of you, 'cept this boy," continued Malachi, putting his hand on John's head, "that's fit for the woods. Let him come to me. I'll make a hunter of him; won't I, Martin?"

"That you will, if they'll spare him to you."

"We cannot spare him altogether," replied Mr. Campbell, "but he shall visit you, if you wish it."

"Well, that's a promise; and I won't go so far as I thought I would. He has a good eye; I'll come for him."

The old man then rose up, and walked away, John following him, without exchanging a word with any of the party.

"My dear Campbell," said his wife, "what do you intend to do about John? You do not intend that the hunter should take him with him?"

"No, certainly not," replied Mr. Campbell; "but I see no reason why he should not be with him occasionally."

"It will be a very good thing for him to be so," said Martin. "If I may advise, let the boy come and go. The old man has taken a fancy to him, and will teach him his woodcraft. It's as well to make a friend of Malachi Bone."

"Why, what good can he do us?" inquired Henry.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed, sir; and a friend

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in the wilderness is not to be thrown away. Old Malachi is going further out, and if danger occurs, we shall know it from him, for the sake of the boy, and have his help too, if we need it."

"There is much good sense in Martin Super's remarks, Mr. Campbell," observed Captain Sinclair. "You will then have Malachi Bone as an advanced guard, and the fort to fall back upon, if necessary to retreat."

"And, perhaps, the most useful education which he can receive to prepare him for his future life will be from the old hunter."

"The only one which he will take to kindly, at all events," observed Henry.

"Let him go, sir; let him go," said Martin.

"I will give no positive answer, Martin," replied Mr. Campbell. "At all events, I will permit him to visit the old man; there can be no objection to that;—but it is bedtime."

CHAPTER XI

WE must pass over six weeks, during which the labour was continued without intermission, and the house was raised, of logs, squared and well fitted; the windows and doors were also put in, and the roof well covered in with large squares of birch-bark, firmly fixed on the rafters. The house consisted of one large room, as a dining-room, and the kitchen, with a floor of well-beaten clay, a smaller room, as a sitting-room, and three bedrooms, all of which were floored; one of the largest of them fitted all round with bed-places against the walls, in the same way as on board of packets; this room was for the four boys, and had two spare bed-places in it. The others, which were for the two girls and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, were much smaller. But before the house was half built, a large outhouse adjoining to it had been raised to hold the stores which Mr. Campbell had brought with him, with a rough granary made above the store-room. The interior of the house was not yet fitted up, although the furniture had been put in, and the family slept in it, rough as it was, in preference to the tents, as they were very much

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annoyed with mosquitoes. The stores were now safe from the weather, and they had a roof over their heads, which was the grand object that was to be obtained. The carpenters were still very busy fitting up the interior of the house, and the other men were splitting rails for a snake-fence and also selecting small timber for raising a high palisade round the premises. Martin had not been idle. The site of the house was just where the brushwood joined to the prairie, and Martin had been clearing it away and stacking it, and also collecting wood for winter fuel. It had been decided that the four cows, which had been driven round from the fort, should be housed during the winter in the small building on the other side of the stream, which had belonged to Malachi Bone, as it was surrounded with a high snake-fence, and sufficiently large to hold them and even more. The commandant had very kindly selected the most quiet cows to milk, and Mary and Emma Percival had already entered upon their duties: the milk had been put into the store-house until a dairy could be built up. A very neat bridge had been thrown across the stream, and every morning the two girls, generally attended by Henry, Alfred, or Captain Sinclair, crossed over, and soon became expert in their new vocation as dairy-maids. Altogether, things began to wear a promising appearance. Henry and Mr. Campbell had dug up as fast as Martin and Alfred cleared away the brushwood, and the garden had already been cropped with such few articles as could be put in at the season. The commandant had some pigs ready for the settlers as soon as they were ready to receive them, and had more than once come up in the boats to ascertain their progress and to offer any advice that he might consider useful.

We must not, however, forget Malachi Bone. The day after Bone had come to Mr. Campbell, Emma perceived him going away into the woods, with his rifle, followed by her cousin John, and being very curious to see his Indian wife, she persuaded Alfred and Captain Sinclair to accompany her and Mary to the other side of the stream. The great point was to know where to cross it, but as John had found out the means of so doing, it was to be presumed that there was a passage, and they set off to look for it. They found that, about half a mile up the stream, which there ran through

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the wood, a large tree had been blown down and laid across it, and with the assistance of the young men, Mary and Emma passed it without much difficulty; they then turned back by the side of the stream until they approached the lodge of old Malachi. As they walked toward it, they could not perceive any one stirring; but at last a dog of the Indian breed began to bark; still nobody came out, and they arrived at the door of the lodge where the dog stood; when, sitting on the floor, they perceived the Indian girl whom they were in search of. She was very busy sewing a pair of moccasins out of deer leather. She appeared startled when she first saw Alfred; but when she perceived that the young ladies were with him, her confidence returned. She slightly bowed her head, and continued her work.

"How very young she is," said Emma; "why she cannot be more than eighteen years old."

"I doubt if she is so much," replied Captain Sinclair.

"She has a very modest, unaffected look, has she not, Alfred?" said Mary.

"Yes; I think there is something very prepossessing in her countenance."

"She is too young a wife for the old hunter, at all events," observed Alfred.

"That is not unusual among the Indians," said Captain Sinclair; "a very old chief will often have three or four young wives; they are to be considered more in the light of his servants than anything else."

"But she must think us very rude to talk and stare at her in this manner; I suppose she cannot speak English."

"I will speak to her in her own language, if she is a Chippeway or of any of the tribes about here, for they all have the same dialect," said Captain Sinclair.

Captain Sinclair addressed her in the Indian language, and the Indian girl replied in a very soft voice.

"She says her husband is gone to bring home venison."

"Tell her we are coming to live here, and will give her anything she wants."

Captain Sinclair again addressed her, and received her answer.

"She says that you are beautiful flowers, but not the wild flowers of the country, and that the cold winter will kill you."

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"Tell her she will find us alive next summer," said Emma; "and, Captain Sinclair, give her this brooch of mine, and tell her to wear it for my sake."

Captain Sinclair gave the message and the ornament to the Indian girl, who replied, as she looked up and smiled at Emma,

"That she would never forget the beautiful lily who was so kind to the little strawberry-plant."

"Really her language is poetical and beautiful," observed Mary; "I have nothing to give her—Oh! yes, I have; here is my ivory needle-case, with some needles in it. Tell her it will be of use to her when she sews her moccasins. Open it and show her what is inside."

"She says that she will be able to work faster and better, and wishes to look at your foot, that she may be grateful; so put your foot out, Miss Percival."

Mary did so; the Indian girl examined it, and smiled and nodded her head.

"Oh, Captain Sinclair, tell her that the little boy who is gone with her husband is our cousin."

Captain Sinclair reported her answer, which was, "He will be a great hunter and bring home plenty of game by-and-by."

"Well, now, tell her that we shall always be happy to see her, and that we are going home again; and ask her name, and tell her our own."

As Captain Sinclair interpreted, the Indian girl pronounced after him the names of Mary and Emma very distinctly. "She has your names, you perceive; her own, translated into English, is the strawberry-plant."

They then nodded farewell to the young Indian, and returned home. On the second evening after their visit, as they were at supper, the conversation turned upon the hunter and his young Indian wife, when John, who had, as usual, been silent, suddenly broke out with "Goes away to-morrow!"

"They go away to-morrow, John; where do they go to?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Woods," replied John.

John was correct in his statement. Early the next morning, Malachi Bone, with his rifle on his shoulder and an axe in his hand, was seen crossing the prairie belonging to Mr. Campbell, followed by his wife, who was bent double under

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her burden, which was composed of all the property which the old hunter possessed, tied up in blankets. He had left word the night before with Martin that he would come back in a few days, as soon as he had squatted, to settle the bargain for his allotment of land made over to Mr. Campbell. This was just before they had sat down to breakfast, and then they observed that John was missing.

"He was here just before prayers," said Mrs. Campbell. "He must have slipped away after the old hunter."

"No doubt of that, ma'am," said Martin. "He will go with him and find out where he puts up his wigwam, and after that he will come back to you; so there is no use sending after him; indeed, we don't know which way to send."

Martin was right. Two days afterward John made his appearance again, and remained very quietly at home during the whole week catching fish in the stream or practising with a bow and some arrows, which he had obtained from Malachi Bone; but the boy appeared to be more taciturn and more fond of being alone than even he was before; still he was obedient and kind toward his mother and cousins, and was fond of Percival's company when he went to take trout from the stream.

It was of course after the departure of the old hunter that his log hut was taken possession of, and the cows put into the meadow in front of it.

As the work became more advanced, Martin went out every day, accompanied either by Alfred or Henry, in pursuit of game. Mr. Campbell had procured an ample supply of ammunition, as well as the rifles, at Quebec. These had been unpacked, and the young men were becoming daily more expert. Up to the present the supply of game from the fort, and occasional fresh beef, had not rendered it necessary for Mr. Campbell to have much recourse to his barrels of salt-pork, but still it was necessary that a supply should be procured as often as possible, that they might husband their stores. Martin was a certain shot if within distance, and they seldom returned without a deer slung between them. The garden had been cleared away and the pig-sties were finished, but there was still the most arduous portion of the work to commence, which was the felling of the trees to clear the land for the growing of corn. In this they could

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expect no assistance from the garrison; indeed, from the indulgence of the commandant, they had already obtained more than they could have expected. It was in the last days of August, and the men lent from the garrison were about to be recalled; the houses were completed, the palisade had been raised round the house and store-house, and the men were now required at the fort. Captain Sinclair received several hints from the commandant that he must use all convenient despatch, and limit his absence to a few days more, which he trusted would be sufficient. Captain Sinclair, who would willingly have remained in society which he so much valued, and who had now become almost one of the family, found that he could make no more excuses. He reported that he would be ready to return on the 1st of September, and on the morning of that day the *bateaux* arrived to take back the soldiers, and bring the pigs and fowls which had been promised. Mr. Campbell settled his account with Captain Sinclair, by a draft upon his banker at Quebec, for the pay of the soldiers, the cows, and the pigs. The Captain then took leave of his friends with mutual regret, and many kind adieus, and, accompanied by the whole of the family to the beach, embarked with all his men and pulled away for the fort.

CHAPTER XII

THE Campbells remained for some time on the shore of the lake watching the receding *bateaux* until they turned round the point and were hidden from their sight, and then they walked back to the house. But few words were exchanged as they returned, for they felt a sensation of loneliness from having parted with so many of their own countrymen; not that they were, with the exception of Captain Sinclair, companions, but that, accustomed to the sight of the soldiers at their labour, the spot now appeared depopulated by their departure. Martin, too, and John, were both absent; the latter had been two days away, and Martin, who had not yet found time to ascertain where old Malachi Bone had fixed his new abode, had gone out in search of it, and to mention to him Mr. Campbell's wishes as to John's visits to him,

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which were becoming more frequent and more lengthened than Mr. Campbell wished them to be.

When they entered the house, they all sat down, and Mr. Campbell then first spoke.

"Well, my dearest wife, here we are at last, left to ourselves and to our own resources. I am not at all doubtful of our doing well, if we exert ourselves, as it is our duty to do. I grant that we may have hardship to combat, difficulties to overcome, occasional disappointments and losses to bear up against; but let us recollect how greatly we have, through Providence, been already assisted and encouraged, how much help we have received, and how much kindness we have experienced. Surely we ought to feel most grateful to Heaven for blessings already vouchsafed to us, and ought to have a firm and lively faith in Him, who has hitherto so kindly watched over us. Let us not then repine or feel dispirited, but with grateful hearts do our duty cheerfully in that state of life to which it has pleased Him to call us."

"I agree with you, my dear husband," replied Mrs. Campbell; "nay, I can say with sincerity, that I am not sorry we are now left to our own exertions, and that we have an opportunity of proving that we *can* do without the assistance of others. Up to the present, our trial has been nothing; indeed, I cannot fancy to myself what our trials are to be. Come they may, but from what quarter I cannot form an idea: should they come, however, I trust we shall show our gratitude for the past blessings, and our faith derived from past deliverances, by a devout submission to whatever the Almighty may please to try or chasten us with."

"Right, my dear," replied Mr. Campbell; "we will hope for the best; we are as much under His protection here in the wilderness, as we were at Wexton Park; we were just as liable to all the ills which flesh is heir to when we were living in opulence and luxury as we are now in this log-house; but we are, I thank God, not so liable in our present position to forget Him, who so bountifully provides for us and in His wisdom ordereth all our ways. Most truly has the poet said—

‘Sweet are the uses of adversity!’”

"Well," observed Emma, after a pause, as if to give a more lively turn to the conversation, "I wonder what *my*

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trials are to be! Depend upon it, the cow will kick down the pail, or the butter won't come!"

"Or you'll get chapped fingers in the winter-time, and chilblains on your feet," continued Mary.

"That will be bad; but Captain Sinclair says that if we don't take care we shall be frost-bitten and lose the tips of our noses."

"That would be hard upon you, Emma, for you've none to spare," said Alfred.

"Well, you have, Alfred, so yours ought to go first."

"We must look after one another's noses, they say, as we cannot tell if our own is in danger; and if we see a white spot upon another's nose, we must take a bit of snow and rub it well; a little delicate attention peculiar to this climate."

"I cannot say that I do not know what my trials are to be," said Alfred—"that is, trials certain; nor can Henry either. When I look at the enormous trunks of these trees, which we have to cut down with our axes, I feel positive that it will be a hard trial before we master them. Don't you think so, Harry?"

"I have made up my mind to have at least two new skins upon my hands before the winter comes on," replied Henry; "but felling timber was not a part of my university education——"

"No," replied Alfred; "Oxford don't teach that; now, my university education——"

"Your university education!" cried Emma.

"Yes, mine; I have sailed all over the universe, and that I call a university education; but here come Martin and John. Why, John has got a gun on his shoulder! He must have taken it with him when he last disappeared."

"I suppose that by this time he knows how to use it, Alfred," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martin, who had entered; "he knows well how to use and how to take care of it and take care of himself. I let him bring it home on purpose to watch him. He has fired and loaded twice as we came back, and has killed this woodchuck," continued Martin, throwing the dead animal on the floor. "Old Malachi has taught him well, and he has not forgotten his lessons."

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"What animal is that, Martin,—is it good to eat?" said Henry.

"Not very good, sir; it's an animal that burrows in the ground, and is very hurtful in a garden or to the young maize, and we always shoot them when we meet with them."

"It's a pity that it's not good to eat."

"Oh! you may eat it, sir; I don't say it's not fit to eat; but there are other things much better."

"That's quite sufficient for me, Martin," said Emma, "I shall not taste him; at all events, not this time, whatever I may have to do by-and-by."

"I spoke to old Bone, sir, and he says it's all right; that he won't keep him more than a day without first sending him to you to ask leave."

"That's all I require, Martin."

"They have been out these two days, and had only just come home when I arrived there. The game was still in the wood."

"I shot a deer," said John.

"You shot a deer, John!" said Alfred; "why what a useful fellow you will be by-and-by."

"Yes, sir; old Malachi told me that the boy had shot a deer, and that he would bring it here to-morrow himself."

"I am glad of that, for I wish to speak with him," said Mr. Campbell; "but, John, how came you to take the rifle with you without leave?"

John made no answer.

"Answer me, John."

"Can't shoot without a gun," replied John.

"No, you cannot; but the rifle is not yours."

"Give it to me, and I'll shoot everything for dinner," replied John.

"I think you had better do so, father," said Henry, in a low voice; "the temptation will be too strong."

"You are right, Henry," replied Mr. Campbell aside. "Now, John, I will give you the rifle, if you will promise me to ask leave when you want to go, and always come back at the time you have promised."

"I'll always tell when I go, if mamma will always let me go, and I'll always come back when I promise, if——"

"If what?"

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"If I've killed," replied John.

"He means, sir, that if he is on the track when his leave is out, that he must follow it; but as soon as he has either lost his game, or killed it, he will then come home. That's the feeling of a true hunter, sir, and you must not balk it."

"Very true; well then, John, recollect that you promise."

"Martin," said Percival, "when are you to teach me to fire the rifle?"

"Oh, very soon now, sir; but the soldiers are gone, and as soon as you can hit the mark, you shall go out with Mr. Alfred or me."

"And when are we to learn, Mary?" said Emma.

"I will teach you, cousins," said Alfred, "and give a lesson to my honoured mother."

"Well, we'll all learn," replied Mrs. Campbell.

"What's to be done to-morrow, Martin?" said Alfred.

"Why, sir, there are boards enough to make a fishing-punt, and if you and Mr. Henry will help me, I think we shall have one made in two or three days. The lake is full of fish, and it's a pity not to have some while the weather is so fine."

"I've plenty of lines in the store-room," said Mr. Campbell.

"Master Percival would soon learn to fish by himself," said Martin, "and then he'll bring as much as Master John."

"Fish!" said John with disdain.

"Yes, fish, Master John," replied Martin; "a good hunter is always a good fisherman, and don't despise them, for they often give him a meal when he would otherwise go to sleep with an empty stomach."

"Well, I'll catch fish with pleasure," cried Percival, "only I must sometimes go out hunting."

"Yes, my dear boy, and we must sometimes go to bed; and I think it is high time now, as we must all be up to-morrow at daylight."

The next morning Mary and Emma set off to milk the cows—not, as usual, attended by some of the young men, for Henry and Alfred were busy, and Captain Sinclair was gone. As they crossed the bridge Mary observed to her sister—

"No more gentlemen to attend us lady milk-maids, Emma."

"No," replied Emma; "our avocation is losing all its charms, and a pleasure now almost settles down to a duty."

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"Alfred and Henry are with Martin about the fishing-boat," observed Mary.

"Yes," replied Emma; "but I fancy, Mary, you were thinking more of Captain Sinclair than of your cousins."

"That is very true, Emma; I was thinking of him," replied Mary gravely. "You don't know how I feel his absence."

"I can imagine it, though, my dearest Mary. Shall we soon see him again?"

"I do not know; but I think not for three or four weeks, for certain. All that can be spared from the fort are gone haymaking, and if he is one of the officers sent with the men, of course he will be absent, and if he is left in the fort, he will be obliged to remain there; so there is no chance of seeing him until the haymaking is over."

"Where is it that they go to make hay, Mary?"

"You know they have only a sufficiency of pasture round the fort for the cattle during the summer, so they go along by the borders of the lake and islands, where they know there are patches of clear land, cut the grass down, make the hay, and collect it all in the *bateaux*, and carry it to the fort to be stacked for the winter. This prairie was their best help, but now they have lost it."

"But Colonel Forster has promised papa sufficient hay for the cows for this winter; indeed, we could not have fed them unless he had done so. Depend upon it, Captain Sinclair will bring the hay round, and then we shall see him again, Mary; but we must walk after our own cows now. No one to drive them for us. If Alfred had any manners he might have come."

"And why not Henry, Emma?" said Mary, with a smile.

"Oh! I don't know; Alfred came into my thoughts first."

"I believe that really was the case," replied Mary. "Now I'm even with you; so go along and milk your cows."

"It's all very well, miss," replied Emma, laughing; "but wait till I have learned to fire my rifle, and then you'll be more cautious of what you say."

On their return home, they found the old hunter with a fine buck lying before him. Mr. Campbell was out with the boys and Martin, who wished his opinion as to the size of the punt.

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"How do you do, Mr. Bone?" said Mary. "Did John shoot that deer?"

"Yes; and shot it as well as an old hunter, and the creatur' can hardly lift the gun to his shoulder. Which of you is named Mary?"

"I am," said Mary.

"Then I've something for you," said old Malachi, pulling from out of his vest a small parcel, wrapped up in thin bark, and handing it to her; "it's a present from the Strawberry."

Mary opened the bark, and found inside of it a pair of moccasins, very prettily worked in stained porcupines' quills.

"Oh! how beautiful, and how kind of her! Tell her that I thank her, and love her very much. Will you?"

"Yes; I'll tell her. Where's the boy?"

"Who, John? I think he's gone up the stream to take some trout; he'll be back to breakfast, and that's just ready. Come, Emma, we must go in with the milk."

Mr. Campbell and those who were with him soon returned.

Malachi Bone then stated that he had brought the buck killed by John; and that, if it suited, he would carry back with him a keg of gunpowder and some lead; that he wished Mr. Campbell to calculate what he considered due to him for the property, and let him take it out in goods, as he required them.

"Why don't you name your own price, Malachi?" said Mr. Campbell.

"How can I name a price? It was given to me and cost nothing. I leave it all to you and Martin Super, as I said before."

"You show great confidence in me, I must say. Well, Bone, I will not cheat you; but I am afraid you will be a long while before you are paid, if you only take it out in goods from my store-house."

"All the better, master; they will last till I die, and then what's left will do for the boy here," replied the old hunter, putting his hand upon John's head.

"Bone," said Mr. Campbell, "I have no objection to the boy going with you occasionally; but I cannot permit him to be away always. I want him to come home the day after he has been to see you."

"Well, that's not reasonable, master. We go out after

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the game; who knows where we may find it, how long we may look for it, and how far it may lead us? Must we give up the chase when close upon it, because time's up? That'll never do. I want to make the boy a hunter, and he must learn to sleep out and do everything else as concerns a hunter to do. You must let him be with me longer, and, if you please, when he comes back keep him longer; but if you wish him to be a man, the more he stays with me the better. He shall know all the Indian craft, I promise you, and the winter after this he shall take beavers and bring you the skins."

"I think, sir," observed Martin, "it's all in reason what the old man says."

"And so do I," said Alfred; "after all, it's only sending John to school. Let him go, father, and have him home for the holidays."

"I'll always come to you, when I can," said John.

"I am more satisfied at John's saying that than you might imagine," said Mrs. Campbell; "John is an honest boy, and does not say what he does not mean."

"Well, my dear, if you have no objection, I'm sure I will not raise any more."

"I think I shall gain more by John's affection than by compulsion, my dear husband. He says he will always come when he can, and I believe him; I have, therefore, no objection to let him stay with Malachi Bone, at all events for a week or so at a time."

"But his education, my dear."

"He is certain to learn nothing now that this fever for the woods, if I may so call it, is upon him. He will, perhaps, be more teachable a year or two hence. You must be aware that we have no common disposition to deal with in that child; and however my maternal feelings may oppose my judgment, it is still strong enough to make me feel that my decision is for his benefit. We must not here put the value upon a *finished* education which we used to do. Let us give him every advantage which the peculiarity of his position will allow us to do; but we are now in the woods, to a certain degree returned to a state of nature, and the first and most important knowledge, is to learn to gain our livelihoods."

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"Well, my dear, I think you are correct in your views on the subject, and therefore, John, you may go to school with Malachi Bone; come to see us when you can, and I expect you to turn out the Nimrod of the West."

Old Malachi stared at the conclusion of this speech; Alfred observed his surprise, and burst into a fit of laughter. He then said, "The English of all that is, Malachi, that my brother John has my father's leave to go with you, and you're to make a man of him."

"He who made him must make a man of him," replied Bone: "I can only make him a good hunter, and that I will, if he and I are spared. Now, master, if Martin will give me the powder and lead, I'll be off again. Is the boy to go?"

"Yes, if you desire it," replied Mrs. Campbell; "come, John, and wish me good-by and remember your promise."

John bade farewell to the whole party with all due decorum, and then trotted off after his schoolmaster.

CHAPTER XIII

IN the course of a week or two, things found their places, and the family began to feel more comfortable; there was also a degree of regularity and order established, which could not be effected during the time that the soldiers were employed. Mrs. Campbell and Percival took upon them all the work inside and round the house during the morning; the latter attending to the pigs and fowls, bringing water from the stream, &c. Mary and Emma milked the cows, and then assisted their mother during the day in washing, &c. Mr. Campbell instructed Percival, worked in the garden, and assisted as much as he could, where he might be found most useful; but he was too advanced in years to be capable of much hard work. Alfred, Henry, and Martin Super were employed during the whole day, clearing the ground and felling the timber; but every other day, one or the other went out with Martin into the woods to procure food, bringing home with them deer, wild turkeys, or other game, which, with an occasional piece of salt-pork, and the fish caught, were sufficient for the family consumption. Percival was

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now permitted to accompany the hunting-parties, and became somewhat expert with his rifle. He required only a little more practice to be a good shot.

They rose at half-past five,—were all assembled to prayers at half-past seven, previous to going to breakfast. They dined at one, and had a combined tea and supper at seven o'clock. At nine o'clock they went to bed. Before two months had passed away, everything went on like clock-work. One day passed away so like another, that the time flew imperceptibly, and they wondered that the Sundays came round so quick. They had now time to unpack everything, and the books which Mrs. Campbell had selected and brought with her had been arranged on shelves in the parlour; but they had not as yet much time to read, and were generally too tired before the day was over not to long for their beds. Indeed, the only interval of leisure during the whole day was between supper and bed-time, when they would all assemble in the kitchen and talk over the little matters which had occurred either during the chase or at home. But they were now in the middle of October, the winter was fast approaching, and they looked forward to it with some degree of anxiety.

John had kept his word very sacredly. He was occasionally absent for three or four days, but if so, he invariably came to the house and remained a day or two at home. Alfred and Martin had long finished the fishing-punt, and as it was light and easily handled, Henry and Percival went out in it together, and when he was at home, John with Percival would pull half a mile out into the lake, and soon return with a supply of large fish. Mrs. Campbell, therefore, had salted down sufficient to fill a barrel for the winter's use.

One day they were agreeably surprised by Captain Sinclair making his appearance. He had walked from the fort, to communicate to them that the hay had been gathered in, and would be sent round in a day or two, and also to inform Mr. Campbell that the commandant could spare them a young bullock, if he would wish to have it for winter provision. This offer was gladly accepted, and, having partaken of their dinner, Captain Sinclair was obliged to return to the fort, he being that night on duty. Previous, however, to his return, he had some conversation with Martin Super, unobserved by the rest of the party. Afterward he invited Alfred to walk

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back to the fort with him and return on the following morning. Alfred agreed to do so; and two hours before it was dark they set off, and as soon as they were on the opposite side of the brook they were joined by Martin Super.

"My reasons for asking you to come back with me were twofold," said Captain Sinclair to Alfred. "In the first place, I wish you to know the road to the fort, in case it should be necessary to make any communication during the winter; secondly, I wished to have some conversation with you and Martin relative to information we have received about the Indians. I can tell you privately what I was unwilling to say before your mother and cousins, as it would put them in a state of restlessness and anxiety, which could avail nothing and only annoy them. The fact is, we have for some time had information that the Indians have held several councils. It does not appear, however, that they have as yet decided upon anything, although it is certain that they have gathered together in large numbers not very far from the fort. No doubt but they have French emissaries inciting them to attack us. From what we can learn, however, they have not agreed among themselves, and, therefore, in all probability, nothing will be attempted until next year, for the autumn is their season for sending out their war-parties. At the same time, there is no security, for there is a great difference between a junction of all the tribes against us and a common Indian war-party. We must, therefore, be on the alert, for we have a treacherous foe to deal with. And now, for your portion of interest in this affair. If they attack the fort, which they may do, notwithstanding our treaties with them, you of course would not be safe where you are; but, unfortunately, you may not be safe even if we are not molested; for when the Indians collect (even though the main body decide upon nothing), there are always bands of five to ten Indians, who, having left their homes, will not return if they can help it without some booty; these are not regular warriors, or if warriors, not much esteemed by the tribe; in fact, they are the worst classes of Indians, who are mere robbers and banditti. You must, therefore, be on the look-out for the visits of these people. It is fortunate for you that old Bone has shifted his abode so many miles to the westward, and that you are on such good terms with him, as it is not very likely that any party of Indians

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can approach you without his meeting with them or their track during his excursions."

"That's true, Captain," observed Martin, "and I will go myself and put him on his guard."

"But, will they not attack him before they attack us?" said Alfred.

"Why should they?" replied Sinclair. "He is as much an Indian almost as they are, and is well known to most of them. Besides, what would they gain by attacking him? These straggling parties, which you have to fear, are in quest of booty, and will not expect to find anything in his wigwam except a few furs. No; they will not venture near his rifle, which they fear, when there is nothing to be obtained by so doing. I mention this to you, Alfred, that you may be prepared and keep a sharp look-out. It is very possible that nothing of the kind may occur, and that the winter may pass away without any danger, and I mention it to you and Martin, as I consider that the probabilities are not sufficient to warrant your alarming the other members of the family, especially the female portion of it. How far you may consider it advisable to communicate what has now passed to your father and Henry, it is for you to decide. As I said before, I do not imagine you have much to fear from a general attack; it is too late in the year, and we know that the councils broke up without coming to any decision. You have only to fear the attempts of small parties of marauders, and I think you are quite strong enough, both in numbers and in the defences of your habitation, to resist them successfully, if you are not suddenly surprised. That is all that you have to fear; and now that you are warned, half the danger is over."

"Well, Captain, I'll leave you now," said Martin, "I shall go over to old Malachi's to-night; for it occurs to me that any attack is more likely to be made between the fall of the leaf and the fall of the snow than afterward; so the sooner I put Malachi on his guard the better. Good-evening, sir."

Captain Sinclair and Alfred continued on their way to the fort. They had contracted a strong friendship, and were unreserved in their communication with each other.

"You have no idea, Alfred," said Captain Sinclair, "how the peculiar position of your family occupies my thoughts."

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It really appears almost like madness on the part of your father to bring out your mother and cousins to such a place, and expose them to such privations and dangers. I can hardly sleep at night when I reflect upon what might happen."

"I believe," replied Alfred, "that if my father had known exactly what his present position would have been, he would have decided upon not leaving England; but you must remember that he came out with much encouragement, and the idea that he would only have to surmount the hardships of a settler in clearing his land. He fancied, at least I'm sure *we* all did, that we should be surrounded by other farmers, and have no particular danger to incur. When at Quebec, he found that all the good land near to civilisation was bought up or possessed by the French Canadians; he was advised to come further westward by those who ought to have been aware of what he would have to encounter by so doing, but who probably considered that the danger we now apprehend no longer existed; and he has followed that advice which I have no doubt was conscientiously given. I think myself, even now, that the advice was good, although we are accompanied by females who have been brought up in so different a sphere, and for whose welfare such anxiety is shown; for observe now, Sinclair, suppose, without having made our acquaintance, you had heard that some settlers, men and women, had located themselves where we have done; should you have considered it so very rash an undertaking, presuming that they were merely farmers and farmers' wives?"

"I certainly should have troubled myself very little about them, and perhaps not thought upon the subject."

"But supposing the subject had been brought up at the fort, and you had heard the parties had a stockaded house and four or five good rifles to depend upon, with the fort to fall back upon if necessary?"

"I admit that I should most probably have said that they were in a position to protect themselves."

"Most assuredly, and therefore we are equally so; your feelings of interest in us magnify the danger, and I therefore trust that in future you will not allow our position to interfere with your night's rest."

"I wish I could bring myself to that feeling of security,

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Alfred. If I were only with you, to assist in protecting them, I should sleep sound enough."

"Then you would not be of much use as a watch," replied Alfred, laughing. "Never fear, Sinclair, we shall do well enough," continued he, "and if we require assistance, we will apply for you and a party of soldiers."

"There would be much difficulty about that, Alfred," replied Captain Sinclair; "if there were sufficient danger to make that demand upon the commandant, the same danger would require that he should not weaken his force in the fort; no, you would have to retreat to the fort, and leave your farm to the mercy of the Indians."

"It certainly would be the wisest plan of the two," replied Alfred; "at all events, we could send the women. But the Indians have not come yet, and we must hope that they will not."

The conversation was then changed, and in half-an-hour more they arrived at the fort.

Alfred was welcomed at the fort by Colonel Forster, with whom he was a great favourite. The Colonel could not refrain from expressing his opinion, that Mr. Campbell and his family were in a position of some danger, and lamenting that the female portion of the family, who had been brought up with such very different prospects, should be so situated. He even ventured to hint that if Mrs. Campbell and the two Misses Percival would pass the winter in the fort he would make arrangements to accommodate them. But Alfred at once replied, that he was convinced no inducement would persuade his mother or cousins to leave his father; they had shared his prosperity, and they would cling to him in adversity; that they all were aware of what they would have to risk before they came out, and his father preferred a life of honourable independence attended with danger, to seeking the assistance of others.

"But still I cannot perceive any reason for the ladies remaining to encounter the danger."

"The more we are, the stronger we are to repel danger," replied Alfred.

"But women surely will only be an encumbrance!"

"I think differently," replied Alfred. "Young and delicate as my cousins are, they will not shrink any more than my

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mother when their services are required. They now can all of them use a rifle, if required, and to defend a house, a determined woman is almost as effective as a man. Depend upon it, if it comes to the necessity, they will do so. You see, therefore, Colonel, that by taking away our ladies, you will weaken our force," continued Alfred, laughing.

"Well, my dear fellow, I will press it no more. Only recollect that I shall always be ready to send you any assistance when required."

"I have been thinking, Colonel Forster, that, as we have no horses at present, if you have any rockets, they might be useful in such a case. At the distance we are from you a rocket would be seen immediately if fired at night, and I promise you, that it shall not be fired without great necessity."

"I am glad that you have mentioned it, Alfred; you shall have a dozen to take with you. You go back with the boats that carry the hay to-morrow morning, do you not?"

"Yes; I shall take that opportunity, to save wearing out my shoes, as we have no cobbler near to us. I presume it will be the last trip made by the boats this season?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "the frost will soon set in now. In another fortnight we shall probably be visited with a heavy fall of snow, and the ground will then be covered till spring. But I suppose we shall see or hear from you occasionally?"

"Yes; as soon as I can push along in my snow-shoes, I will pay you a visit," replied Alfred, "but I have that art to learn yet."

The following morning the sky was clear and the day brilliant. The sun shone upon the dark, scarlet-tinged foliage of the oaks, and through the transparent yellow leaves of the maple. A slight frost had appeared for two or three mornings about a month back, and now they were enjoying what was termed the Indian summer, which is a return of fair and rather warm weather for a short time previous to the winter setting in.

The soldiers were busy carrying the hay down to the *bateaux*, and, before noon, Alfred bade farewell to Colonel Forster and the other officers of the fort, and, accompanied by Captain Sinclair, went down to embark. All was ready, and Alfred stepped into the boat; Captain Sinclair being on duty and not able to accompany him back.

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"I shall not fail to give directions to the sentries about the rockets, Alfred," said Captain Sinclair, "and so tell your mother and cousins; and mind to show them how to fire them off from out of the barrel of a musket. Good-bye; God bless you, my dear fellow."

"Good-bye," replied Alfred, as the boats pulled from the shore.

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER Alfred's return from the fort, a few days passed away without any incident: Martin had paid a visit to Malachi Bone, who had promised that he would be on the look-out and would give immediate information and assistance in case of any hostile measures on the part of the Indians. He told Martin, that in a few days he would discover what had taken place and what might be looked forward to. When Martin returned with his communication, Alfred was satisfied, and did not acquaint anybody except his brother Henry with the information which he had received from Captain Sinclair.

The monotony of their life was, however, broken in upon by the arrival of a corporal from the fort, who was the bearer of the first despatches which they had received since their arrival at the settlement. Letters, yes letters, not only from Quebec but from England, were announced. The whole house was in confusion, all crowding round Mr. Campbell while he unsealed the large packet. First a bundle of English newspapers from the Governor of Quebec—these were laid aside; a letter from Mr. Campbell's agent at Quebec—this was on business and could wait his leisure; then the letters from England—two long, well-filled double letters from Miss Paterson to Mary and Emma; another from Mr. Campbell's agent in England, and a large one on foolscap with "On His Majesty's Service," directed to Mr. Alfred Campbell. Each party seized upon their letters, and hastened on one side with them. Mrs. Campbell being the only one who had no correspondent, anxiously watched the countenance of Alfred, who, after a hasty glance, cried out, "I am confirmed to my rank, my dear mother; I am a lieutenant in his Majesty's service—huzza! Here's a letter enclosed from Captain Lumley;

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I know his handwriting." Alfred received the congratulations of the whole party, handed the official letter to his mother, and then commenced the perusal of the one from Captain Lumley. After a short silence, during which they were all occupied with their correspondence, Mr. Campbell said, "I also have good news to communicate to you; Mr. H. writes to me to say, that Mr. Douglas Campbell, on finding the green-houses and hot-houses so well stocked, considered that he was bound to pay for the plants; that they have been valued at seven hundred pounds, and that he has paid that money into my agent's hands. This is extremely liberal of Mr. Douglas Campbell, and I certainly did not expect, as I found plants there on my taking possession, that I was entitled to any remuneration for what I left. However, I am too poor to refuse his offer from any feelings of delicacy, and shall therefore write and thank him for his generous behaviour." Alfred had read the letter from Captain Lumley, which made him very thoughtful. The fact was, his promotion and the observations in Captain Lumley's letter had brought back all his former regret at having quitted the service, and he was very melancholy in consequence; but as his cousins read their letters aloud, he gradually recovered his spirits.

At last, all the letters were read, and then the newspapers were distributed. No more work was done that day, and in the evening they all sat round the kitchen fire and talked over the intelligence they had received until long after their usual time of retiring to bed.

"I have been thinking, my dear Emily," said Mr. Campbell, the next morning before they quitted their sleeping-room, "what a very seasonable supply of money this will be. My funds, as you have seen by the account of my Quebec agent, were nearly exhausted, and we have many things yet to procure. We shall require horses next year, and we must increase our stock in every way; indeed, if we could have another man or two, it would be very advantageous, as the sooner we clear the ground, the sooner we shall be independent."

"I agree with you, Campbell; besides, we shall now have Alfred's half-pay, poor fellow, which will help us very much; I have been thinking more of him than anything else this

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night; I watched him when he read Captain Lumley's letter, and I well understood the cause of his seriousness for some time afterward; I almost feel inclined to let him return to his profession; it would be painful parting with him, but the sacrifice on his part is very great."

"Still it's his duty," replied Mr. Campbell, "and, moreover, absolutely necessary at present, that he should remain with us. When we are more settled and more independent of his assistance we will talk over the subject."

In the meantime, Mary and Emma had gone out as usual to milk the cows. It was a beautiful clear day, but there was a bracing air which cheered the spirits, and the sunshine was pleasantly warm in situations sheltered from the winds; one of the few fine days just before the rushing in of winter. They had milked their cows, and had just turned them out again, when they both sat down with their pails before them on a log, which was in front of Malachi's lodge, now used as a cow-house.

"Do you know, Mary," said Emma, after a pause, "I'm almost sorry that I have received a letter from Miss Paterson."

"Indeed, dear Emma!"

"Yes, indeed it has unsettled me. I did nothing but dream all last night. Everything was recalled to my mind—all that I most wished to forget. I fancied myself again engaged in all the pursuits of our much-loved home; I was playing the harp, you were accompanying me on the piano as usual; we walked out in the shrubberies; we took an airing in the carriage; all the servants were before me; we went to the villages and to the almshouses; we were in the garden picking dahlias and roses; I was just going up to dress for a very large dinner-party, and had rung the bell for Simpson, when I woke up, and found myself in a log-hut, with my eyes fixed upon the rafters and bark covering of the roof, thousands of miles from Wexton Hall, and half-an-hour longer in bed than a dairy-maid should be."

"I will confess, my dear Emma, that I passed much such a night; old associations will rise up again when so forcibly brought to our remembrance as they have been by Miss Paterson's letters, but I strove all I could to banish them from my mind, and not indulge in useless repining."

"Repine, I do not, Mary, at least, I hope not, but one

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cannot well help regretting ; I cannot help remembering, as Macduff says, that 'such things were.'"

"He might well say so, Emma ; for what had he lost ? his wife and all his children, ruthlessly murdered ; but what have we lost in comparison ? nothing—a few luxuries. Have we not health and spirits ? Have we not our kind uncle and aunt, who have fostered us—our cousins so attached to us ? Had it not been for the kindness of our uncle and aunt, who have brought us up as their own children, should we, poor orphans, have ever been partakers of those luxuries which you now regret ? Ought we not rather to thank Heaven that circumstances have enabled us to show some gratitude for benefits heaped upon us ? How much greater are these privations to my uncle and aunt now that they are so much more advanced in years, and have been so much longer accustomed to competence and ease ; and shall we repine, or even regret, unless it is on their account ? Surely, my dear Emma, not on our own."

"I feel the truth of all you say, Mary," replied Emma ; "nay, all that you have now said passed in my own mind, and I have argued to myself in almost the same words, but I fear that I am not quite so much of a philosopher as you are ; and, acknowledging that what you say is correct, I still have the same feeling—that is, I wish that I had not received the letter from Miss Paterson."

"In that wish there can be no harm, for it is only wishing that you may not be tempted to repine."

"Exactly, my dear Mary ; I am a daughter of Eve," replied Emma, laughing, and rising from her seat ; "I will put away Miss Paterson's letter, and I dare say in a day or two I shall have forgotten all about it. Dear Alfred, how glad I am that he is promoted ; I shall call him Lieutenant Campbell till he is sick of it. Come, Mary, or we shall be keeping my uncle waiting ; come, Juno."

Emma's calling Juno to follow her, reminds me that I have not yet introduced the dogs to my little readers, and as they will have to play their parts in our history, I may as well do so at once. Captain Sinclair, it may be remembered, had procured five dogs for Mr. Campbell from the officers of the fort,—two terriers, which were named Trim and Snob ; Trim was a small dog and kept in the house, but Snob was

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a very powerful bull-terrier, and very savage; a fox-hound bitch, the one which Emma had just called Juno; Bully, a very fine young bull-dog, and Sancho, an old pointer. At night, these dogs were tied up: Juno in the store-house; Bully and Snob at the door of the house within the palisade; Trim in doors, and old Sancho at the lodge of Malachi Bone, where the cows were put in at night. Mr. Campbell found it rather expensive at first feeding these dogs, but as soon as Martin and his companions brought home game, there was always plenty for them all. They were all very sharp and high-couraged dogs, for they had been born in the fort and had been brought up to hunting every kind of game indiscriminately; and I need hardly add that they were excellent watch-dogs, and considered by Mr. Campbell as a great protection. For the next two days, the family remained rather unsettled; there was so much news in the newspapers; so many recollections brought up by their perusal; so much to talk about and discuss, that very little work was done. The weather, however, was now becoming much colder, and, for the last two days the sun had not shone. The sky was of one uniform, murky, solemn grey; and everything announced that the winter was close at hand. Martin, who had been hunting, when he came home bid them prepare for an immediate change in the weather, and his prediction was speedily verified.

CHAPTER XV

IT was on the Saturday evening, when they had all assembled round the fire, for it was more cold than it had hitherto been, that the moaning of the wind among the trees of the forest announced a gale of wind from the northward.

"We shall have it soon," observed Martin, "winter mostly comes in with a gale."

"Yes; and this appears as if it would be a strong gale," replied Alfred. "Hark! how the boughs of the trees are sawing and cracking against each other."

"I reckon we may get our snow-shoes out of the store-house, John," said Martin, "and then we shall see how you

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can get over the ground with them when you go hunting. You have not shot a moose yet."

"Is the moose the same as the elk, Martin?" said Henry.

"I do not think it is, sir; yet I've heard both names given to the animal."

"Have you ever shot any?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, ma'am; many a one. They're queer animals; they don't run like the other deer, but they trot as fast as the others run, so it comes to the same thing. They are very shy, and difficult to get near, except in the heavy snow, and then their weight will not allow them to get over it, as the lighter deer can; they sink up to their shoulders, and flounder about till they are overtaken. You see, Master Percival, the moose can't put on snow-shoes like we can, and gives us the advantage over the animal."

"Are they dangerous animals, Martin?" inquired Mary Percival.

"Every large animal is more or less dangerous when it turns to bay, miss. A moose's horns sometimes weigh fifty pounds, and it is a strong animal to boot; but it can't do anything when the snow is deep. You'll find it good eating, at all events, when we bring one in."

"I'll bring one," said John, who was cleaning his rifle.

"I daresay you will as soon as you can manage your snow-shoes," replied Martin. "The wind is getting up higher. I guess you'll not find your way back to Malachi's lodge, Master John, as you thought to do to-morrow morning."

"It is certainly a dreadful night," observed Mrs. Campbell; "and I feel the cold very sensibly."

"Yes, ma'am; but as soon as the snow is down, you'll be warmer."

"It is time to go to bed," observed Mr. Campbell, "so put away your work: and, Henry, give me down the Bible."

During that night the gale increased to almost a hurricane; the trees of the forest clashed and crackled, groaned and sawed their long arms against each other, creating an unusual and almost appalling noise; the wind howled round the palisades and fluttered the strips of bark on the roof, and as they all lay in bed, they could not sleep from the noise outside, and the increased feeling of cold. It was also the first trial of this new house in severe weather, and some of the

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wakeful party were anxiously watching the result. Toward the morning the storm abated, and everything was again quiet. In consequence of the restless night which they had passed they were not so early as usual. Emma and Mary, when they came out of their room, found Martin and Alfred up and very busy with shovels; and, to their astonishment, they perceived that the snow was at least three feet deep on the ground, and in some places had been drifted up higher than their heads.

"Why, Alfred!" cried Emma; "how shall we be able to go after the cows this morning? This is, indeed, winter come on with little warning."

"It still snows," observed Mary; "not much, indeed, but the sky is very black."

"Yes, miss; we shall have some more of it yet," observed Martin. "Mr. Campbell and Henry have gone to the store-house for more shovels, for we must work hard, and clear a footpath, and then get the snow up against the palisades."

"What a sudden change," said Emma; "I wish the sky would clear, and then I should not care."

"It will to-morrow, Miss Emma, I dare say; but the snow must come down first."

Martin and Alfred had only time to clear a path to the store-house. Mr. Campbell and Henry returned with more shovels, and as soon as breakfast was over, they commenced work. As for Mary and Emma going to milk the cows, that was impossible. Martin undertook that task until they had cleared a pathway to the hunter's lodge, in which the animals were shut up every night.

By the advice of Martin, the snow next the palisades was piled up against the palings like a wall, as high as they could reach or throw it, by which means they got rid of the snow about the house, and at the same time formed a barrier against the freezing winds which they had to expect. All worked hard; Percival and John were of great use, and even Mrs. Campbell and the girls assisted collecting the remainder of the snow, and clearing it off the window-sills and other parts. By noon the snow left off falling, the sky cleared up, and the sun shone bright, although it gave out but little warmth.

After dinner they renewed their labours, and commenced

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clearing away a path to the lodge, where the cows were locked in, and before nightfall they had accomplished their task as far as the bridge over the stream, which was about half-way. It had been a day of great fatigue, and they were glad to retire to rest. Mrs. Campbell and the girls had put an additional supply of blankets and skins upon the beds, for the cold was now intense, and the thermometer stood far below the freezing point.

The following morning they resumed their task; the sky was still unclouded, and the sun shone out clear and bright. By dinner-time the path to the cow-house had been completed; and the men then employed themselves in carrying as much firewood as they could, before it was dark, within the palisades.

"Well," observed Alfred, "now things may go on as usual within doors; and what have we to do out, Martin?"

"You must first get on your snow-shoes, and learn to walk in them," observed Martin; "or otherwise you'll be a prisoner as well as the ladies. You see, John, you're not at Malachi's lodge."

"Go to-morrow," replied John.

"No; not to-morrow, for I must go with you," said Martin. "I cannot trust you for finding your way; and I cannot go to-morrow, nor the next day either. We must kill our beef to-morrow; there's no fear but it will keep all the winter now, and we shall save our hay."

"My larder is but poorly furnished," observed Mrs. Campbell.

"Never mind, ma'am, we'll soon have something in it, which will save our beef. In another week you shall have it well stocked."

"John," said Mr. Campbell, "recollect you must not go away without Martin."

"I won't," replied John.

All the game in the larder having been consumed, they sat down to salt pork and some of the fish which had been cured. The latter was pronounced to be excellent.

"What is the name of this fish, Martin?"

"It is called the white-fish," replied Martin, "and I have heard gentry from the old country say that they have none better, if any so good."

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"It is certainly most excellent," replied Mr. Campbell, "and we will not forget to have a good provision for next winter, if it please God to spare our lives."

"Where were you born, Martin?" said Henry, as they were sitting round the kitchen fire, as usual in the evening.

"Why, Mr. Henry, I was born at Quebec. My father was a corporal in the army under General Wolfe, and was wounded in the great battle fought between him and the Frenchman, Montcalm."

"In which both generals were killed, but the victory was to us."

"So I've heard, sir," replied Martin. "My mother was an English woman, and I was born about four years after the surrender of Quebec. My mother died soon afterward, but my father was alive about five years ago, I believe. I can't exactly say, as I was for three or four years in the employ of the Fur Company, and when I returned, I found that he was dead."

"And you have been a hunter all your life?"

"Not all my life, and not exactly a hunter. I call myself a trapper, but I still am both. I first was out with the Indians when I was about fourteen, for, you see, my father wanted to make me a drummer, and I could not stand that; so I said to him, 'Father, I won't be a drummer.' 'Well,' says he, 'Martin, you must help yourself, for all my interest lies in the army.' 'So I will,' says I; 'father, I'm off for the woods.' 'Well,' says he, 'just as you like, Martin.' So one fine day I wished him good-bye, and did not see him again for more than two years."

"Well, and what took place then?"

"Why, I brought home three or four packages of good skins, and sold them well. Father was so pleased, that he talked of turning trapper himself, but, as I told the old man, a man with a lame leg—for he had been wounded in the leg and halted—would not make his livelihood by hunting in the woods of Canada."

"Was your father still in the army?"

"No, ma'am, he was not in the army; but he was employed in the storekeeper's department; they gave him the berth on account of his wound."

"Well, go on, Martin."

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"I haven't much more to say, ma'am. I brought home my furs, sold them, and father helped me to spend the money as long as he was alive, and very welcome he was to his share. I felt rather queer when I came back from the Fur Company and found that the old man was dead, for I had looked forward with pleasure to the old man's welcome, and his enjoying his frolic with me as usual."

"I'm afraid those frolics were not very wise, Martin."

"No, sir, they were very foolish, I believe; but I fear it will always be the case with us trappers. We are like sailors, we do not know what to do with money when we get it; so we throw it away, and the sooner the better, for it is our enemy while we have it. I assure you, sir, that I used to feel quite happy when all my money was gone, and I was setting off to the woods again. It's a hard life, but a life that unfits you for any other; a life which you become very fond of. I don't mind being here with you by way of a change; indeed, as long as there is hunting, it is almost as good as if I were in the woods, but else I think I shall die a trapper."

"But, Martin," said Mr. Campbell, "how much more wise would it be to put your money by, and after a time purchase a farm and settle down a steady man with property, perhaps married and the father of a family."

"Perhaps it might be; but if I do not like it so well as trapping, I don't see why I should do so; it would be changing my life to please others and not myself."

"That's very true, Martin," said Alfred, laughing.

"Perhaps Martin may change his mind before he is an old man," replied Mrs. Campbell. "Dear me! what noise was that?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, as a melancholy howl was heard without.

"Only a rascally wolf, ma'am," said Martin; "we must expect the animals to be about us now that the snow has fallen, and the winter has set in."

"A wolf! are they not dangerous, Martin?" inquired Mary Percival.

"That depends, miss, how hungry they may be; but they are not very fond of attacking a human being; if we had any sheep outside, I fancy that they would stand a bad chance."

The howl was repeated, when one or two of the dogs which

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had been admitted into the house and were stretched before the fire, roused up and growled.

"They hear him, ma'am, and if we were to let them out, would soon be at him. No, no, John, sit still and put down your rifle; we can't afford to hurt wolves; their skins won't fetch a half-dollar, and their flesh is not fit for a dog, let alone a Christian. Let the vermin howl till he is tired; he'll be off to the woods again before daylight."

"There is certainly something very melancholy and dreadful to me in that howl," said Emma; "it frightens me."

"What, Emma, afraid?" said Alfred, going to her; "why yes, really she trembles; why, my dear Emma, do you recollect how frightened you and Mary were at the noise of the frogs when you first came here; you got used to it very soon, and so you will to the howl of a wolf."

"There is some difference, Alfred," replied Emma, shuddering as the howl was repeated. "I don't know how it is," said she, rallying her spirits, "but I believe it was reading Little Red Riding Hood when I was a child which has given me such a horror of a wolf; I shall get over it very soon, I have no doubt."

"I must say, that it does not create the most agreeable sensation in my mind," observed Mrs. Campbell, "but I was aware of what we were to encounter when we came here, and if it is only to be annoyed with the cry of a wild beast, we may consider that we get off very cheaply."

"I should feel much more at ease if all the rifles were loaded," said Mary Percival, in her usual quiet way.

"And I too," said Emma.

"Well, then, if that will at all relieve your minds, it is easily done," said Mr. Campbell; "let us all load our rifles, and put them back in their rests."

"Mine's loaded," said John.

"And the rest soon shall be," said Alfred, "even the three appropriated for your use, mother and cousins. Now don't you feel some satisfaction in knowing you can load and fire them yourselves? the practice you had during the fine weather has not been thrown away, has it, dear Emma?"

"No, it has not, and I am very glad that I did learn it; I am a coward in apprehension, Alfred, but, perhaps, if I was put to the test, I should behave better."

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"That I really believe," replied Alfred; "a gale of wind at sea sounds very awful when down below jerking about in your hammock, but when on deck, you don't care a fig about it. Now the rifles are all loaded, and we may go to bed and sleep sound." They did retire to rest, but all parties did not sleep very sound; the howling of one wolf was answered by another; Emma and Mary embraced each other, and shuddered as they heard the sounds, and it was long before they forgot their alarm and were asleep.

CHAPTER XVI

THE next morning was bright and clear, and when Emma and Mary went out, attended by Alfred, to go and milk the cows, although the cold was intense, everything looked so brilliant and sparkling in the sunshine that they regained their spirits. The lake was still unfrozen, and its waters, which were of an azure blue, contrasted with the whole of the country covered with snow, and the spruce firs with their branches loaded presented an alternate layer of pure white and of the darkest green. Birds there were none to be seen or heard. All was quiet, so quiet that as they stepped along the path which had been cleared away to the cow-house, they almost started at the sound of their own voices, which the atmosphere rendered more peculiarly sonorous and ringing. Alfred had his rifle on his shoulder, and walked in front of his cousins.

"I have come to prove that all your fears are groundless, my dear Emma, and that you need not have any alarm about a skulking, cowardly wolf," said Alfred.

"Well, that may be," replied Emma, "but still we are very glad of your company."

They arrived at the cow-house without any adventure, let loose Sancho, who had been tied up, as it was decided that the dog should remain at home with the others, and proceeded to milk the cows. Having finished that task and supplied them with fodder, Mary Percival observed, as they were retracing their steps—

"I must say that it would not only be more convenient but more agreeable if the cows were kept nearer to the house."

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"It would be certainly," replied Alfred. "It is a pity that there is not a cow-shed within the palisades; but we have no means of making one at present. Next year, when my father has purchased his horses and his sheep, which he talks of doing, we are to build a regular yard and sheds for all the animals close to the house, and palisaded round as the house now is, with a passage from one palisade to the other. Then it will be very convenient; but 'Rome was not built in a day,' as the proverb says; and we must, therefore, wait another winter."

"And be devoured by the wolves in the meantime," replied Emma, laughing.

"Why, you are getting over your fright already, Emma."

"Yes; I feel pretty bold, now I think there is nothing to be afraid of."

The remainder of the week was passed away in practising upon the snow-shoes by the males of the party, the women scarcely ever venturing out of doors, as the cold was very severe. Mary and Emma were accompanied by Alfred for the first three or four days; and after that, notwithstanding that the howling of the wolves was heard every night, they took courage when they found that the animals never made their appearance by daylight, and went as before to milk the cows by themselves. On the Saturday, they were in the hopes of seeing old Malachi Bone, but he did not make his appearance, and John, who could now get on very well in his snow-shoes, became very impatient. Alfred and Martin were also very anxious to see the old man, that they might ascertain if he had made any discoveries relative to the Indians. Sunday, as usual, was a day of rest from labour; the services were read by Mr. Campbell, and the evening passed in serious conversation. Mr. Campbell, although usually in good spirits, was certainly not so on that evening: whether it was that the severity of the winter which had set in, and the known long duration of it which they had to encounter, had an effect upon his spirits, he was melancholy as well as serious. He more than once referred to the former residence when in England, which was a very unusual thing for him to do, and by degrees the conversation was turned in that direction, and, although no one said so, they all felt what a change there was in their present position from that which they had been

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forced to leave. Mrs. Campbell, who perceived that a gloom was gathering over the whole party, made several remarks tending to reconcile them to their present lot, and after a time Mr. Campbell observed—

“Perhaps, my dear children, it may be a divine mercy which has sent you here to this wilderness; true it is that we are removed from civilisation, and shut up here by a severe winter, deprived of the enjoyments and pleasures which are to be found in the society which we were compelled to leave; but let us also bear in mind that we are removed from the many temptations which might have there assailed us.”

“But still, papa, you would be very glad if circumstances would permit us to return to England; would you not?” said Percival.

“Yes, my child, I should; and even if I had remained here so long as to have become attached to the place and to the isolation which at first is felt so irksome, I would still return to England and to society, if I had the means. As Christians, we are not to fly from the world and its temptations, but to buckle on our armour, and putting our trust in Him who will protect us, fight the good fight; that is, doing our duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call us.”

“But if ever we were to return to England, there would be no chance of our living as we did before we left it, would there, papa?”

“I see none, my dear boy; but we never know what is in store for us. Should any of us ever return, I presume it would be to live in a more humble way; and for my part, I should prefer that it were so; for although I trust I did not greatly misuse that wealth which I so long supposed to be mine, I should not be sorry to have much less, and therefore less responsibility.”

“Indeed, my dear Campbell, imperfect as we all are, I do not believe that many could have made a better use of it than you did.”

“I thought so at the time, my dear,” replied Mr. Campbell, “but since it has been lost to me, I have often thought that I might have done more good with it. But the fact is, my dear children, there is nothing so dangerous to our eternal

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welfare as great wealth; it tends to harden the heart by affording the means of constant self-indulgence:—under such circumstances, man is apt to become selfish, easily satisfied with his own works, and too proud to see his errors. Did you observe in the Litany, which I read at this morning's service, how very appropriately is inserted the prayer, for deliverance under the perils of wealth?—

“‘In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our *wealth*, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us.’

“Examine this, my dear children: in all time of our tribulation,—that is, in poverty and distress, and perhaps famishing from want (and in few positions are people so incited to crime), *then* in all time of our wealth, evidently and distinctly placing wealth as more dangerous to the soul's welfare than the extremest poverty and its accompanying temptations; and observe, only exceeded by the most critical of all dangerous positions, when all has been done and nothing can be undone,—the hour of death, followed by the day of judgment.”

Mr. Campbell ceased speaking, and there was a pause for a minute or two in the conversation, when Mary Percival said, “What, then, my dear uncle, do you consider as the most enviable position in life?”

“I consider a moderate independence as the most enviable; not occupied in trade, as the spirit of barter is too apt to make us bend to that which is actually fraud. I should say, a country gentleman living on his own property and among his own tenants, employing the poor around him, holds a position in which he has the least temptation to do wrong, and the most opportunities of doing good.”

“I agree with you, my dear Campbell,” said his wife; “and yet how few are satisfied even with that lot.”

“Because the craving after wealth is so strong, that every one would have more than he hath, and few men will be content. The desire of aggrandisement overcomes and masters us; and yet what can be more absurd than to witness the care and anxiety of those to gain riches, who have already more perhaps than is necessary for their wants,—thus ‘heaping up riches, not knowing who may gather them,’ and endangering the soul to obtain that which they must leave behind them when they die. Others amass wealth, not

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actuated by the avarice of hoarding it up, but by the appetite for expending it; who collect unjustly that they may lavish profusely; these are equally foolish, and how important is that lesson given in the Scriptures." Mr. Campbell opened the Bible which lay before him and read—

"And He spake a parable unto them. The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully.

"And he said: What shall I do? because I have no room where to bestow my fruits.

"And He said: This will I do; I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

"And I will say to my soul: Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

"But God said unto him: Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

After a short silence, Mrs. Campbell observed, "I have often reflected since I have been here upon what might have been our position had we decided upon remaining in England. We might at this moment have been in the greatest distress, even wanting a meal; and I have, therefore, often thanked God that He left us the means of coming here and providing for ourselves as we have done, and as I have no doubt shall, with His blessing, continue to do. How much better off are we at this moment than many thousands of our countrymen who remain in England! How many are starving! How many are driven into crime from want! while we have a good roof over our heads, sufficient clothing, and more than sufficient food. We have, therefore, great reason to thank God for the mercies He has vouchsafed to us; He has heard our prayer, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"—"Yes," continued Mr. Campbell, "'Give us this day our daily bread,' is all that we are taught to ask for; and it comprehends all; and yet how heartlessly is this pronounced by many of those who do repeat their daily prayers. So is the blessing asked at meals, which is by too many considered as a mere matter of form. They forget, that He who gives can also take away; and in their presumption, suppose their own ability and exertion to have been the sole means of procuring themselves a daily supply of food; thanking

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themselves rather than the Giver of all good. How many thousands are there who have been supplied with more than they require from their cradle down to their grave, without any grateful feeling toward Heaven ; considering the butcher and baker as their providers, and the debt cancelled as soon as the bills are paid. How different must be the feeling of the poor cottager, who is uncertain whether his labour may procure him and his family a meal for the morrow, who often suffers privation and hunger, and, what is more painful, witnesses the sufferings of those he loves. How earnest must be his prayer when he cries, ' Give us this day our daily bread.' "

This conversation had a very strong effect upon the party, and when they retired to rest, which they did shortly after, they laid their heads upon their pillows not only with resignation, but with thankfulness for the mercies which had been vouchsafed to them, and felt that in the wilderness they were under the eye of a watchful and gracious Providence.

CHAPTER XVII

ON the Monday morning Alfred and Martin went to the cow-house, and slaughtered the bullock which they had obtained from the commandant of the fort. When it was skinned it was cut up, and carried to the storehouse, where it was hung up for their winter consumption.

As the party were sitting down to dinner, they were greeted by Captain Sinclair and a young lieutenant of the garrison. It hardly need be said that the whole family were delighted to see them. They had come overland on their snow-shoes, and brought some partridges, or grouse, as they are sometimes called, which they had shot on their way. Captain Sinclair had obtained leave from the commandant to come over and see how the Campbells were getting on. He had no news of any importance, as they had had no recent communications with Quebec or Montreal ; all was well at the fort, and Colonel Forster had sent his compliments, and begged, if he could be useful, that they would let him know. Captain Sinclair and his friend sat down to dinner,

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and talked more than they ate, asking questions about everything.

"By-the-bye, Mr. Campbell, where have you built your pig-sties?"

"Inside the palisade, next to the fowl-house."

"That is well," replied Captain Sinclair, "for otherwise you may be troubled by the wolves, who are very partial to pork or mutton."

"We *have* been troubled with them," replied Emma; "at least with their howlings at night, which make me tremble as I lie awake in bed."

"Never mind their howling, Miss Emma; we have plenty of them round the fort, I can assure you; unless attacked, they will not attack you; at least, I never knew an instance, although I must confess that I have heard of them."

"You will, of course, sleep here to-night?"

"Yes, we will, if you have a bear or buffalo skin to spare," replied Captain Sinclair.

"We will manage it, I have no doubt," said Mr. Campbell.

"And if you could manage, Captain Sinclair," said Emma, somewhat archly, "as you say that they are not dangerous animals, to bring us a few skins to-night, it would make the matter easy."

"Emma, how can you talk such nonsense?" cried Mary Percival. "Why should you ask a guest to undertake such a service? Why have you not proposed it to Alfred or Henry, or even Martin?"

"We will both try, if you please," replied Alfred.

"I must put my veto on any such attempts, Alfred," said Mr. Campbell. "We have sufficient danger to meet without running into it voluntarily, and we have no occasion for wolves' skins just now. I shall, however, venture to ask your assistance to-morrow morning. We wish to haul up the fishing-punt before the ice sets in on the lake, and we are not sufficiently strong-handed."

During the day Captain Sinclair took Alfred aside to know if the old hunter had obtained any information relative to the Indians. Alfred replied that they expected him every day, but as yet had not received any communication from him. Captain Sinclair stated that they were equally ignorant at the fort as to what had been finally arranged, and that

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Colonel Forster was in hopes that the hunter would by this time have obtained some intelligence.

"I should not be surprised if Malachi Bone were to come here to-morrow morning," replied Alfred. "He has been away a long while, and, I am sure, is as anxious to have John with him as John is impatient to go."

"Well, I hope he will; I shall be glad to have something to tell the Colonel, as I made the request upon that ground. I believe, however, that he was very willing that I should find an excuse for coming here, as he is more anxious about your family than I could have supposed. How well your cousin Mary is looking."

"Yes; and so is Emma, I think. She has grown half a head since she left England. By-the-bye, you have to congratulate me on my obtaining my rank as lieutenant."

"I do indeed, my dear fellow," replied Captain Sinclair. "They will be pleased to hear it at the fort. When will you come over?"

"As soon as I can manage to trot a little faster on these snow-shoes. If, however, the old hunter does not come to-morrow, I will go to the fort as soon as he brings us any news."

The accession to their party made them all very lively, and the evening passed away very agreeably. At night, Captain Sinclair and Mr. Gwynne were ushered into the large bedroom, where all the younger male portion of the family slept, and which, as we before stated, had two spare bed-places.

The next morning, Captain Sinclair would have accompanied the Miss Percivals on their milking expedition, but as his services were required to haul up the fishing-punt, he was obliged to go down, with all the rest of the men, to assist; Percival and John were the only ones left at home with Mrs. Campbell. John, after a time, having, as usual, rubbed down his rifle, threw it on his shoulder, and, calling the dogs which lay about, sallied forth for a walk, followed by the whole pack except old Sancho, who invariably accompanied the girls to the cow-house.

Mary and Emma tripped over the new-beaten snow-path to the cow-house, merry and cheerful, with their pails in their hands, Emma laughing at Captain Sinclair's disappoint-



“John, coming up, put the muzzle of his rifle to the animal’s head,
and shot it dead.”

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ment at not being permitted to accompany them. They had just arrived at the cow-house, when old Sancho barked furiously, and sprang to the side of the building behind them, and in a moment afterward rolled down the snowheap which he had sprung over, holding on and held fast by a large black wolf. The struggle was not very long, and during the time that it lasted the girls were so panic-struck, that they remained like statues within two yards of the animals. Gradually the old dog was overpowered by the repeated snapping bites of the wolf, yet he fought nobly to the last, when he dropped under the feet of the wolf, his tongue hanging out, and bleeding profusely and lifeless. As soon as his adversary was overpowered, the enraged animal, with his feet upon the body of the dog, bristling his hair and showing his powerful teeth, was evidently about to attack the young women. Emma threw her arm around Mary's waist, advancing her body so as to save her sister. Mary attempted the same, and then they remained waiting in horror for the expected spring of the animal, when of a sudden the other dogs came rushing forward, cheered on by John, and flew upon the animal. Their united strength soon tore him down to the ground, and John coming up, as the wolf defended himself against his new assailants, put the muzzle of his rifle to the animal's head, and shot it dead.

The two sisters had held up during the whole of this alarming struggle; but as soon as they perceived the wolf was dead and that they were safe, Mary could stand no longer, and sank down on her knees, supporting her sister, who had become insensible.

If John showed gallantry in shooting the wolf, he certainly showed very little toward his cousins. He looked at Mary, nodded his head toward the wolf's body, and saying "He's dead," shouldered his rifle, turned round and walked back to the house.

On his return he found that the party had just come back from hauling up the punt, and were waiting the return of the Miss Percivals to go to breakfast.

"Was that you who fired just now, John?" said Martin.

"Yes," replied John.

"What did you fire at?" said Alfred.

"A wolf," replied John.

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"A wolf! where?" said Mr. Campbell.

"At the cow-lodge," replied John.

"The cow-lodge!" said his father.

"Yes; killed Sancho!"

"Killed Sancho! why, Sancho was with your cousins!"

"Yes," replied John.

"Then, where did you leave them?"

"With the wolf," replied John, wiping his rifle very coolly.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Mr. Campbell, as Mrs. Campbell turned pale; and Alfred, Captain Sinclair, Martin, and Henry, seizing their rifles, darted out from the house, and ran with all speed in the direction of the cow-house.

"My poor girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell.

"Wolf's dead, father," said John.

"Dead! Why didn't you say so, you naughty boy!" cried Mrs. Campbell.

"I wasn't asked," replied John.

In the meantime the other party had gained the cow-house; and, to their horror, beheld the wolf and dog dead, and the two young women lying on the snow, close to the two animals; for Mary had fainted away shortly after John had walked off. They rushed toward the bodies of the two girls, and soon discovered that they were not hurt. In a short time they were recovered, and were supported by the young men to the house.

As soon as they arrived, Mrs. Campbell took them into their room, that they might rally their spirits, and in a quarter of an hour returned to the party outside, who eagerly inquired how they were.

"They are much more composed," replied Mrs. Campbell; "and Emma has begun to laugh again; but her laugh is rather hysterical and forced; they will come out at dinner-time. It appears they are indebted to John for their preservation, for they say the wolf was about to spring upon them when he came to their assistance. We ought to be very grateful to Heaven for their preservation. I had no idea, after what Martin said about the wolves, that they were so dangerous."

"Why, ma'am, it is I that am most to blame, and that's the fact," replied Martin. "When we killed the bullock I threw the offal on the heap of snow close to the cow-lodge, meaning that the wolves and other animals might eat it at

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night, but it seems this animal was hungry, and had not left his meal when the dog attacked him, and that made the beast so *rily* and savage."

"Yes; it was the fault of Martin and me," replied Alfred. "Thank Heaven it's no worse!"

"So far from it being a subject of regret, I consider it one of thankfulness," replied Mr. Campbell. "This might have happened when there was no one to assist, and our dear girls might have been torn to pieces. Now that we know the danger, we may guard against it for the future."

"Yes, sir," replied Martin; "in future some of us will drive the cows home, to be milked every morning and evening; inside the palisade there will be no danger. Master John, you have done well. You see, ma'am," continued Martin, "what I said has come true. A rifle in the hands of a child is as deadly a weapon as in the hands of a strong man."

"Yes; if courage and presence of mind attend its use," replied Mr. Campbell. "John, I am very much pleased with your conduct."

"Mother called me naughty," replied John, rather sulkily.

"Yes, John, I called you naughty, for not telling us the wolf was dead, and leaving us to suppose your cousins were in danger; not for killing the wolf. Now I kiss you, and thank you for your bravery and good conduct."

"I shall tell all the officers at the fort what a gallant little fellow you are, John," said Captain Sinclair; "there are very few of them who have shot a wolf, and what is more, John, I have a beautiful dog, which one of the officers gave me the other day in exchange for a pony, and I will bring it over, and make it a present to you for your own dog. He will hunt anything, and he is very powerful—quite able to master a wolf, if you meet with one. He is half mastiff and half Scotch deerhound, and he stands as high as this," continued Captain Sinclair, holding his hand about as high as John's shoulder.

"I'll go to the fort with you," said John, "and bring him back."

"So you shall, John, and I'll go with you," said Martin, "if master pleases."

"Well," replied Mr. Campbell, "I think he may; what

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with Martin, his own rifle, and the dog, John will, I trust, be safe enough."

"Certainly, I have no objection," said Mrs. Campbell, "and many thanks to you, Captain Sinclair."

"What's the dog's name?" said John.

"Oscar," replied Captain Sinclair. "If you let him walk out with your cousins, they need not fear a wolf. He will never be mastered by one, as poor Sancho was."

"I'll lend him sometimes," replied John.

"Always; when you don't want him yourself, John."

"Yes, always," replied John, who was going out of the door.

"Where are you going, dear," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Going to skin the wolf," replied John, walking away.

"Well, he'll be a regular keen hunter," observed Martin. "I dare say old Bone has taught him to flay an animal. However, I'll go and help him, for it's a real good skin." So saying, Martin followed John.

"Martin ought to have known better than to leave the offal where he did," observed Captain Sinclair.

"We must not be too hard, Captain Sinclair," said Alfred. "Martin has a contempt for wolves, and that wolf would not have stood his ground had it been a man instead of two young women who were in face of him. Wolves are very cunning, and I know will attack a woman or child when they will fly from a man. Besides, it is very unusual for a wolf to remain till daylight, even when there is offal to tempt him. It was the offal, the animal's extreme hunger, and the attack of the dog—a combination of circumstances—which produced the event. I do not see that Martin can be blamed, as one cannot foresee everything."

"Perhaps not," replied Captain Sinclair, "and 'all's well that ends well.'"

"Are there any other animals to fear?" inquired Mrs. Campbell.

"The bear is now safe for the winter in the hollow of some tree or under some root, where he has made a den. It will not come out till the spring. The catamount or panther is a much more dangerous animal than the wolf; but it is scarce. I do think, however, that the young ladies should not venture out, unless with some rifles in company, for fear of another

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mischance. We have plenty of lynxes here; but I doubt if they would attack even a child, although they fight when assailed, and bite and claw severely."

The Misses Percival now made their appearance. Emma was very merry, but Mary rather grave. Captain Sinclair, having shaken hands with them both, said—

"Why, Emma, you appear to have recovered sooner than your sister!"

"Yes," replied Emma; "but I was much more frightened than she was, and she supported me, or I should have fallen at the wolf's feet. I yielded to my fears; Mary held up against hers; so, as her exertions were much greater than mine, she has not recovered from them so soon. The fact is, Mary is brave when there is danger, and I am only brave when there is none."

"I was quite as much frightened as you, my dear Emma," said Mary Percival; "but we must now help our aunt, and get dinner ready on the table."

"I cannot say that I have a wolfish appetite this morning," replied Emma, laughing; "but Alfred will eat for me and himself too."

In a few minutes dinner was on the table, and they all sat down without waiting for Martin and John, who were still busy skinning the wolf.

CHAPTER XVIII

HERE come Martin and John at last," said Mr. Campbell, after they had been about a quarter of an hour at table.

But he was mistaken; instead of Martin and John, Malachi Bone made his appearance, and, to their surprise, accompanied by his young squaw, the Strawberry Plant.

Every one rose to welcome them, and the Misses Percival went to their little female acquaintance, and would have made her to sit down with them, but she refused, and took her seat on the floor near the fire.

"She ain't used to chairs and stools, miss; let her be where she is," said old Bone, "she'll be more comfortable, and that's what you want her to be, I'm sure. I brought her with me, because I could not carry all the venison myself, and also to

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show her the way in and out of the house, and how it is fastened, in case of sending a message by night."

"Of sending a message by night," said Mrs. Campbell with surprise, "why, what possible occasion could there be for that?"

Captain Sinclair and Alfred, who perceived that the old hunter had said too much, were quite at a loss what to say. They did not like to frighten Mrs. Campbell and the girls about the Indians, especially as they had just been so much alarmed with the accident of the morning. At last Alfred replied, "The fact is, my dear mother, that 'forewarned is being forearmed,' as the saying is; and I told Martin to request Malachi Bone, if he should hear of any Indians being about or near us, to let us know immediately."

"Yes, ma'am, that is the whole story," continued Malachi. "It's the best plan, when you're in the woods, always to have your rifle loaded."

Mrs. Campbell and the girls were evidently not a little fluttered at this fresh intimation of danger. Captain Sinclair perceived it, and said, "We have always spies on the look-out at the fort, that we may know where the Indians are and what they are about. Last month, we know that they held a council, but that it broke up without their coming to any determination, and that no hostile feeling was expressed so far as we could ascertain. But we never trust the Indians, and they, knowing that we watch them, have been very careful not to commit any outrages; they have not done so for a long while, nor do I think they will venture again. At the same time, we like to know where they are, and I requested Alfred to speak to Malachi Bone, to send us immediately word if he heard or saw anything of them: not, however, that I intended that the ladies should be wakened up in the middle of the night," continued Captain Sinclair, laughing; "that was not at all necessary."

Malachi Bone would have responded, but Alfred pinched his arm; the old man understood what was meant, and held his tongue; at last he said—

"Well, well, there's no harm done, it's just as well that the Strawberry should know her way about the location, if it's only to know where the dogs are, in case she comes of a message."

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"No, no," replied Mr. Campbell, "I'm glad that she is come, and hope she will come very often. Now, Malachi, sit down and eat something."

"Well, but about the Indians, Captain Sinclair," said Mrs. Campbell; "that you have not told us all, I am certain, and the conviction that such is the case, will make me and the girls very uneasy; so pray do treat us as we ought to be treated; we share the danger, and we ought to know what the danger is."

"I do not think that there is any danger, Mrs. Campbell," replied Captain Sinclair, "unless Malachi has further information to give us. I do, however, perfectly agree with you, that you ought to know all that we know, and am quite ready to enter upon the subject, trifling as it is."

"So I presume it must be, my dear," observed Mr. Campbell, "for I have as yet known nothing about the matter. So pray, Captain Sinclair, instruct us all."

Captain Sinclair then stated what he had before mentioned to Alfred, and having so done, and pointed out that there was no occasion for alarm, he requested Malachi Bone would say if he had any further information.

"The Injuns did meet as you say, and they could not agree, so they broke up, and are now all out upon their hunting and trapping for furs. But there's one thing I don't exactly feel comfortable about, which is, that the 'Angry Snake,' as he is called, who was at the 'talk,' and was mighty venomous against the English, has squatted for the winter somewhere hereabout."

"The Angry Snake," said Captain Sinclair. "Is that the chief who served with the French, and wears a medal?"

"The very same, sir. He's not a chief, though; he was a very good warrior in his day, and the French were very partial to him, as he served them well; but he is no chief, although he was considered as a sort of one from the consequence he obtained with the French. He is an old man now, and a very bitter one. Many's the Englishman that he has tied to the stake, and tortured during the war. He hates us, and is always stirring up the Injuns to make war with us; but his day is gone by, and they do not heed him at the council now."

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"Then, why are you uncomfortable about him?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Because he has taken up his quarters for the winter hunting not far from us, with six or seven of the young warriors, who look up to him, and he is mischievous. If the Injun nation won't make war, he will do something on his own account, if he possibly can. He's not badly named, I can tell you."

"Will he attack you?"

"Me! no, no; he knows better. He knows my rifle well; he has the mark on his body; not but that he would if he dared, but I am Injun myself, and know Injun craft. Then you see, these people have strange ideas. During the whole war they never could even hit me with their rifles, and they think I am not to be hurt—that's their superstition—and my rifle, they think, never misses (they're almost right there, for it does not once in a hundred times), so what with this and that, they fear me as a supernatural, as we call it. But that's not the case with you all here; and if the Snake could creep within these palisades, he might be mischievous."

"But the tribes know very well that any attack of this kind would be considered as a declaration of hostilities," said Captain Sinclair, "and that we should retaliate."

"Yes; but you see the Snake don't belong to these tribes about us; his nation is much further off,—too far to go for redress; and the tribes here, although they allow him to join the 'talk' as an old warrior who had served against the English and from respect to his age, do not acknowledge him or his doings. They would disavow them immediately and with truth, but they cannot prevent his doing mischief."

"What, then, is the redress in case of his doing any mischief?" said Henry.

"Why, upon him and his band, whenever you can find them, you may destroy them all, and the Injuns here won't say a word, or make any complaint. That's all that can be done; and that's what I will do; I mean to tell him so when I meet him. He fears me, and so do his men; they think me medicine."

"Medicine! What is that?" said Henry.

"It means that he has a charmed life," replied Captain Sinclair. "The Indians are very superstitious."

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"Yes, they be ; well, perhaps, I'll prove medicine ; and I'll give them a pill or two out of my rifle," said Malachi, with a grim smile. "Howsomever, I'll soon learn more about them, and will let you know when I do. Just keep your palisade gates fast at night and the dogs inside of them, and at any time I'll give you warning. If I am on their trail the Strawberry shall come, and that's why I brought her here. If you hear three knocks outside the palisade at any hour of the night, why, it will be her, so let her in."

"Well," said Mrs. Campbell, "I'm very glad that you have told me all this ; now I know what we have to expect, I shall be more courageous and much more on my guard."

"I think we have done wisely in letting you know all we knew ourselves," said Captain Sinclair. "I must soon take my leave, as I must be at the fort before sunset. Martin and John are to come with me, and bring back the dog."

"Ain't the boy going with me ?" said Malachi.

"Yes ; to-morrow morning he may go, but after his return from the fort it will be too late."

"Well, then, I may as well stay here," replied Malachi. "Where is he ?"

"He is gone to skin a wolf which he shot this morning," replied Alfred. "He will soon be here."

Mrs. Campbell shortly related to Malachi the adventure of the wolf. The old hunter listened in silence, and then gave a nod of approbation.

"I reckon he'll bring home more skins than that this winter," said he.

The party then rose just as Martin and John made their appearance. Captain Sinclair conversed with the Misses Percival, while the old hunter spoke to the Strawberry Plant in her own dialect ; the others either went out or were busy in clearing the table, till Captain Sinclair took his departure with John and Martin, each armed with a rifle.

"Well, this has been an exciting day," observed Mr. Campbell, a little before they retired to bed. "We have much to thank God for, and great reason to pray for His continued protection and assistance. God bless you all, my children ; good night."

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CHAPTER XIX

THE next morning, a little after daybreak, Martin and John made their appearance, leading the magnificent dog which Captain Sinclair had given to John. Like most large dogs, Oscar appeared to be very good-tempered, and treated the snarling and angry looks of the other dogs with perfect contempt.

"It is, indeed, a noble animal," said Mr. Campbell, patting its head.

"It's a fine creature," observed Malachi, "a wolf would stand no chance against him, and even a bear would have more on its hands than it could well manage, I expect; but, come here, boy," said the old hunter to John, leading the dog outside of the door.

"You'd better leave the dog, John," said Malachi, "the crittur will be of use here, but of no good to us."

John made no reply, and the hunter continued—

"I say it will be of use here, for the girls might meet with another wolf, or the house might be attacked; but good hunters don't want dogs. Is it to watch for us, and give us notice of danger? Why, that's our duty, and we must trust to ourselves, and not to an animal. Is it to hunt for us? Why, no dog can take a deer so well as we can with our rifles; a dog may discover us when we wish to be hidden; a dog's track will mark us out when we would wish our track to be doubted. The animal will be of no utility ever to us, John, and may do us harm, 'specially now the snow's on the ground. In the summer-time, you can take him and teach him how to behave as a hunter's dog should behave; but we had better leave him now, and start at once."

John nodded his head in assent, and then went indoors.

"Good-bye," said John, going up to his mother and cousins; "I shall not take the dog."

"Won't take the dog! well, that's very kind of you, John," said Mary, "for we were longing to have him to protect us."

John shouldered his rifle, made a sign to Strawberry Plant, who rose, and looking kindly at Mrs. Campbell and the girls,

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without speaking, followed John out of the hut. Malachi certainly was not very polite, for he walked off, in company with John and the squaw, without taking the trouble to say "Good-bye." It must, however, be observed that he was in conversation with Martin, who accompanied them on the way.

The winter had now become very severe. The thermometer was twenty degrees below the freezing point, and the cold was so intense, that every precaution was taken against it. More than once Percival, whose business it was to bring in the firewood, was frost-bitten, but as Mrs. Campbell was very watchful, the remedy of cold snow was always successfully applied. The howling of the wolves continued every night, but they were now used to it, and the only effect was, when one came more than usually close to the house, to make Oscar raise his head, growl, listen awhile, and then lie down to sleep again. Oscar became very fond of the girls, and was their invariable companion whenever they left the house. Alfred, Martin, and Henry went out almost daily on hunting excursions; indeed, as there were no crops in the barn, they had little else to do. Mr. Campbell remained at home with his wife and nieces; occasionally, but not very often, Percival accompanied the hunters; of Malachi and John they saw but little; John returned about every ten days, but although he adhered to his promise, his anxiety to go back to Malachi was so very apparent, and he was so restless, that Mrs. Campbell rather wished him to be away, than remain at home so much against his will.

Thus passed away the time till the year closed in; confined as they were by the severity of the weather, and having little or nothing to do, the winter appeared longer and more tedious than it would have done had they been settled longer, and had the crops to occupy their attention; for it is in the winter that the Canadian farmer gets through all his thrashing and other work connected with the farm, preparatory for the coming spring. This being the first winter, they had, of course, no crops gathered in, and were, therefore, in want of employment. Mrs. Campbell and her nieces worked and read, and employed themselves in every way that they could, but constantly shut up within doors, they could not help feeling the monotony and *ennui* of the situation. The

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young men found occupation and amusement in the chase; they brought a variety of animals and skins, and the evenings were generally devoted to a narration of what occurred in the day during their hunting excursions, but even these histories of the chase were at last heard with indifference. It was the same theme, only with variations, over and over again, and there was no longer much excitement in listening.

"I wonder when John will come back again," observed Emma to her sister, as they were sitting at work.

"Why, he only left two days ago, so we must not expect him for some time."

"I know that; I wonder if Oscar would kill a wolf; I should like to take him out and try."

"I thought you had had enough of wolves already, Emma," replied Mary.

"Yes, well; that old Malachi will never bring us any more news about the Indians," continued Emma, yawning.

"Why, I do not think that any news about them is likely to be pleasant news, Emma, and, therefore, why should you wish it?"

"Why, my dear Mary, because I want *some* news; I want something to excite me, I feel so dull. It's nothing but stitch, stitch, all day, and I am tired of always doing the same thing. What a horrid thing a Canadian winter is, and not one-half over yet."

"It is very dull and monotonous, my dear Emma, I admit; and if we had more variety of employment, we should find it more agreeable, but we ought to feel grateful that we have a good house over our heads, and more security than we anticipated."

"Almost too much security, Mary; I begin to feel that I could welcome an Indian even in his war-paint, just by way of a little change."

"I think you would soon repent of your wish, if it were gratified."

"Very likely, but I cannot help wishing it now. When will they come home? What o'clock is it? I wonder what they'll bring: the old story, I suppose, a buck; I'm sick of vension."

"Indeed, Emma, you are wrong to feel such discontent and weariness."

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"Perhaps I am, but I have not walked a hundred yards for nearly one hundred days, and that will give one the blues, as they call them, and I do nothing but yawn, yawn, yawn, for want of air and exercise. Uncle won't let us move out on account of that horrid wolf. I wonder how Captain Sinclair is getting on at the fort, and whether he is as dull as we are."

To do Emma justice, it was seldom that she indulged herself in such lamentations, but the tedium was more than her high flow of spirits could well bear. Mrs. Campbell made a point of arranging the household, which gave her occupation, and Mary from natural disposition did not feel the confinement as much as Emma did; whenever, therefore, she did show symptoms of restlessness, or was tempted to utter a complaint, they reasoned with and soothed, but never reproached her.

The day after this conversation, Emma, to amuse herself, took a rifle and went out with Percival. She fired several shots at a mark, and by degrees acquired some dexterity; gradually she became fond of the exercise, and not a day passed that she and Percival did not practice for an hour or two, until at last Emma could fire with great precision. Practice and a knowledge of the perfect use of your weapon gives confidence, and this Emma did at last acquire. She challenged Alfred and Henry to fire at the bull's eye with her, and whether by their gallantry or her superior dexterity, she was declared victor. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell smiled when Emma came in and narrated her success, and felt glad that she had found something which afforded her amusement.

It happened that one evening the hunters were very late; it was a clear moonlight night, but at eight o'clock they had not made their appearance; Percival had opened the door to go out for some firewood which had been piled within the palisades, and as it was later than the usual hour for locking the palisade gates, Mr. Campbell had directed him so to do. Emma, attracted by the beauty of the night, was at the door of the house, when the howl of a wolf was heard close to them; the dogs accustomed to it merely sprang on their feet, but did not leave the kitchen fire; Emma went out, and looked through the palisades to see if she could perceive the

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animal, and little Trim, the terrier, followed her. Now Trim was so small that he could creep between the palisades, and as soon as he was close to them, perceiving the wolf, the courageous little animal squeezed through them and flew toward it, barking as loud as he could. Emma immediately ran in, took down her rifle and went out again, as she knew that poor Trim would soon be devoured. The supposition was correct: the wolf, instead of retreating, closed with the little dog and seized it. Emma, who could now plainly perceive the animal, which was about forty yards from her, took aim and fired, just as poor Trim gave a loud yelp. Her aim was good, and the wolf and dog lay side by side. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and Mary, hearing the report of the rifle, ran out, and found Percival and Emma at the palisades behind the house.

"I have killed him, aunt," said Emma, "but I fear he has killed poor little Trim; do let us go out and see."

"No, no, my dear Emma, that must not be; your cousins will be home soon, and then we shall know how the case stands; but the risk is too great."

"Here they come," said Percival, "as fast as they can run."

The hunters were soon at the palisade door and admitted; they had no game with them. Emma jeered them for coming back empty-handed.

"No, no, my little cousin," replied Alfred, "we heard the report of a rifle, and we threw down our game, that we might sooner come to your assistance if you required it. What was the matter?"

"Only that I have killed a wolf, and am not allowed to bring in my trophy," replied Emma. "Come, Alfred, I may go with you and Martin."

They went to the spot, and found the wolf was dead, and poor Trim dead also by his side. They took in the body of the little dog, and left the wolf till the morning, when Martin said he would skin it for Miss Emma.

"And I'll make a footstool of it," said Emma; "that shall be my revenge for the fright I had from the other wolf. Come, Oscar, good dog; you and I will go wolf-hunting. Dear me, who would have thought that I should have ever killed a wolf—poor little Trim!"

Martin said it would be useless to return for the venison,

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as the wolves had no doubt eaten it already ; so they locked the palisade gate, and went into the house.

Emma's adventure was the topic of the evening, and Emma herself was much pleased at having accomplished such a feat.

"Well," said Martin, "I never knew but one woman who faced a wolf except Miss Emma."

"And who was that, Martin?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"It was a wife of one of our farmers, ma'am ; she was at the outhouse doing something, when she perceived a wolf enter the cottage door, where there was nobody except the baby in the cradle. She ran back and found the wolf just lifting the infant out of the cradle by its clothes. The animal looked at her with his eyes flashing ; but having its mouth full, it did not choose to drop the baby, and spring at her ; all it wanted was to get clear off with its prey. The woman had presence of mind enough to take down her husband's rifle and point it to the wolf, but she was so fearful of hurting the child, that she did not put the muzzle to its head, but to its shoulder. She fired just as the wolf was making off, and the animal fell, and could not get on its feet again, and it then dropped the child out of its mouth to attack the mother. The woman caught the child up, but the wolf gave her a severe bite on the arm, and broke the bone near the wrist. A wolf has a wonderful strong jaw, ma'am. However, the baby was saved, and neighbours came and despatched the animal."

"What a fearful position for a mother to be in !" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell.

"Where did that happen?"

"On the White Mountains, ma'am," replied Martin. "Malachi Bone told me the story ; he was born there."

"Then he is an American."

"Well, ma'am, he is an American because he was born in this country, but it was English when he was born, so he calls himself an Englishman."

"I understand," replied Mrs. Campbell, "he was born before the colonies obtained their independence."

"Yes, ma'am, long before ; there's no saying how old he is. When I was quite a child, I recollect he was then reckoned an old man ; indeed, the name the Indians gave to him proves it. He then was called the 'Grey Badger.'"

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"But is he very old, do you really think, Martin?"

"I think he has seen more than sixty snows, ma'am; but not many more; the fact is, his hair was grey before he was twenty years old; he told me so himself, and that's one reason why the Indians are so fearful of him. They have it from their fathers, that the Grey Badger was a great hunter, as Malachi was more than forty years ago; so they imagine as his hair was grey then, he must have been a very old man at that time back, and so to them he appears to live for ever, and they consider him as charmed, and to use their phrase, 'great *medicine*.' I've heard some Indians declare that Malachi had seen one hundred and fifty winters, and they really believe it. I never contradicted them, as you may imagine."

"Does he live comfortably?"

"Yes, ma'am, he does; his squaw knows what he wants, and does what she is bid. She is very fond of the old man, and looks upon him, as he really is to her, as a father. His lodge is always full of meat, and he has plenty of skins. He don't drink spirits, and if he has tobacco for smoking and powder and ball, what else can he want?"

"Happy are they whose wants are so few," observed Mr. Campbell. "A man in whatever position in life, if he is content, is certain to be happy. How true are the words of the poet—

' Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long !'

Malachi Bone is a happier man than hundreds in England who live in luxury. Let us profit, my dear children, by his example, and learn to be content with what Heaven has bestowed upon us. But it is time to retire. The wind has risen, and we shall have a blustering night. Henry, fetch me the book."

CHAPTER XX

ALFRED and Martin brought in the wolf which Emma had killed, but it was frozen so hard that they could not skin it. Poor little Trim was also carried in, but the ground was too hard frozen for them to bury the body, so they put it into

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the snow until the spring, when a thaw would take place. As for the wolf, they said nothing about it, but they remained up when the rest of the family retired, and after the wolf had been some time before the fire, they were able to take off the skin.

On the following morning, when the hunters went out, they were particularly desired to shoot a wild turkey if they could, as the next day was Christmas-day.

"Let us take Oscar with us," said Alfred; "he is very swift, and may run them down; we never can get up with them in our snow-shoes."

"I wonder whether they will get a turkey," said Emma after the hunting party had left.

"I think it will be difficult," said Mrs. Campbell; "but they will try all they can."

"I hope they will; for Christmas-day without a turkey will be very un-English."

"We are not in England, my dear Emma," said Mr. Campbell; "and wild turkeys are not to be ordered from the poulterer's."

"I know that we are not in England, my dear uncle, and I feel it too. How was the day before every Christmas-day spent at Wexton Hall! What piles of warm blankets, what a quantity of duffil cloaks, flannels, and worsted stockings were we all so busy and so happy in preparing and sorting to give away on the following morning, that all within miles of us should be warmly clothed on that day. And, then, the housekeeper's room with all the joints of meat and flour, and plums and suet, in proportion to the number of each family, all laid out and ticketed ready for distribution. And then the party invited to the servants' hall, and the great dinner, and the new clothing for the schoolgirls, and the church so gay, with their new dresses in the aisles, and the holly and the mistletoe. I know we are not in England, my dear uncle, and that you have lost one of your greatest pleasures—that of doing good, and making all happy around you."

"Well, my dear Emma, if I have lost the pleasure of doing good, it is the will of Heaven that it should be so, and we ought to be thankful that, if not dispensing charity, at all events, we are not the objects of charity to others; that we are independent, and earning an honest livelihood. People

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may be very happy, and feel the most devout gratitude on the anniversary of so great a mercy, without having a turkey for dinner."

"I was not in earnest about the turkey, my dear uncle. It was the association of ideas connected by long habit, which made me think of our Christmas times at Wexton Hall; but, indeed, my dear uncle, if there was regret, it was not for myself so much as for you," replied Emma, with tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps I spoke rather too severely, my dearest Emma," said Mr. Campbell; "but I did not like to hear such a solemn day spoken of as if it were commemorated merely by the eating of certain food."

"It was foolish of me," replied Emma, "and it was said thoughtlessly."

Emma went up to Mr. Campbell and kissed him, and Mr. Campbell said, "Well, I hope there will be a turkey, since you wish for one."

The hunters did not return till late, and when they appeared in sight, Percival, who had descried them, came in and said that they were very well loaded, and were bringing in their game slung upon a pole.

Mary and Emma went out of the door to meet their cousins. That there was a heavy load carried on a pole between Martin and Alfred was certain, but they could not distinguish what it consisted of. As the party arrived at the palisade gates, however, they discovered that it was not game, but a human being, who was carried on a sort of litter made of boughs.

"What is it, Alfred?" said Mary.

"Wait till I recover my breath," said Alfred, as he reached the door, "or ask Henry, for I'm quite knocked up."

Henry then went with his cousins into the house, and explained to them that as they were in pursuit of the wild turkeys, Oscar had stopped suddenly and commenced baying; that they went up to the dog, and, in a bush, they found a poor Indian woman nearly frozen to death, and with a dislocation of the ankle so severe, that her leg was terribly swelled, and she could not move. Martin had spoken to her in the Indian tongue, and she was so exhausted with cold and hunger that she could just tell him that she belonged to a small

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party of indians who had been some days out hunting, and a long way from where they had built their winter lodges ; that she had fallen with the weight which she had carried, and that her leg was so bad, she could not go on with them ; that they had taken her burden, and left her to follow them when she could.

"Yes," continued Alfred ; "left the poor creature without food, to perish in the snow. One day more, and it would have been all over with her. It is wonderful how she can have lived through the two last nights as she has. But Martin says the Indians always do leave a woman to perish in this way or recover as she can, if she happens to meet with an accident."

"At all events, let us bring her in at once," said Mr. Campbell. "I will first see if my surgical assistance can be of use, and after that we will do what we can for her. How far from this did you find her?"

"About eight miles," replied Henry ; "and Alfred has carried her almost the whole way ; Martin and I have relieved each other, except once, when I took Alfred's place."

"And so you perceive, Emma, instead of a wild turkey I have brought an Indian squaw," said Alfred.

"I love you better for your kindness, Alfred," replied Emma, "than if you had brought me a waggon-load of turkeys."

In the meantime Martin and Henry brought in the poor Indian, and laid her down on the floor at some distance from the fire, for though she was nearly dead with the cold, too sudden an exposure to heat would have been almost equally fatal. Mr. Campbell examined her ankle, and with a little assistance reduced the dislocation. He then bound up her leg and bathed it with warm vinegar, as a first application. Mrs. Campbell and the two girls chafed the poor creature's limbs till the circulation was a little restored, and then they gave her something warm to drink. It was proposed by Mrs. Campbell that they should make up a bed for her on the floor of the kitchen. This was done in a corner near the fireplace, and in about an hour their patient fell into a sound sleep.

"It is lucky for her that she did not fall into that sleep before we found her," said Martin ; "she would never have awoke again."

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"Most certainly not," replied Mr. Campbell. "Have you any idea what tribe she is of, Martin?"

"Yes, sir; she is one of the Chippeways; there are many divisions of them, but I will find out when she awakes again to which she belongs; she was too much exhausted when we found her to say much."

"It appears very inhuman leaving her to perish in that way," observed Mrs. Campbell.

"Well, ma'am, so it does; but necessity has no law. The Indians could not, if they would, have carried her, perhaps one hundred miles. It would have probably been the occasion of more deaths, for the cold is too great now for sleeping out at nights for any time, although they do contrive, with the help of a large fire, to stay out sometimes."

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature, certainly," observed Mr. Campbell; "but, if I recollect right, the savage does not value the life of a woman very highly."

"That's a fact, sir," replied Martin; "not much more, I reckon, than you would a beast of burden."

"It is always the case among savage nations," observed Mr. Campbell; "the first mark of civilisation is the treatment of the other sex, and in proportion as civilisation increases, so are the women protected and well used. But your supper is ready, my children, and I think after your fatigue and fasting you must require it."

"I am almost too tired to eat," observed Alfred. "I shall infinitely more enjoy a good sleep under my bearskin. At the same time I'll try what I can do," continued he, laughing, and taking his seat at table.

Notwithstanding Alfred's observation, he contrived to make a very hearty supper, and Emma laughed at his appetite after his professing that he had so little inclination to eat.

"I said I was too tired to eat, Emma, and so I felt at the time; but as I became more refreshed my appetite returned," replied Alfred, laughing, "and notwithstanding your jeering me, I mean to eat some more."

"How long has John been away?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Now nearly a fortnight," observed Mrs. Campbell; "he promised to come here Christmas-day. I suppose we shall see him to-morrow morning."

'Yes, ma'am; and old Bone will come with him, I dare

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say. He said as much to me when he was going away the last time. He observed that the boy could not bring the venison, and perhaps *he* would if he had any, for he knows that people like plenty of meat on Christmas-day."

"I wonder whether old Malachi is any way religious," observed Mary. "Do you think he is, Martin?"

"Yes, ma'am; I think he feels it, but does not show it. I know from myself what are, probably, his feelings on the subject. When I have been away for weeks and sometimes for months, without seeing or speaking to any one, all alone in the woods, I feel more religious than I do when at Quebec on my return, although I do go to church. Now old Malachi has, I think, a solemn reverence for the Divine Being, and strict notions of duty, so far as he understands it,—but as he never goes to any town or mixes with any company, so the rites of religion, as I may call them, and the observances of the holy feast, are lost to him, except as a sort of dream of former days, before he took to his hunter's life. Indeed, he seldom knows what day or even what month it is. He knows the seasons as they come and go, and that's all. One day is the same as another, and he cannot tell which is Sunday, for he is not able to keep a reckoning. Now, ma'am, when you desired Master John to be at home on the Friday fortnight because it was Christmas-day, I perceived old Malachi in deep thought: he was recalling to mind what Christmas-day was; if you had not mentioned it, the day would have passed away like any other; but you reminded him, and then it was that he said he would come if he could. I'm sure that now he knows it is Christmas-day, he intends to keep it as such."

"There is much truth in what Martin says," observed Mr. Campbell; "we require the seventh day in the week and other stated seasons of devotion to be regularly set apart, in order to keep us in mind of our duties and preserve the life of religion. In the woods, remote from communion with other Christians, these things are easily forgotten, and when once we have lost our calculation, it is not to be recovered. But come, Alfred and Henry and Martin must be very tired, and we had better all go to bed. I will sit up a little while to give some drink to my patient, if she wishes it. Good-night, my children."

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CHAPTER XXI

CHRISTMAS-DAY was indeed a change, as Emma had observed, from their former Christmas; but although the frost was more than usually severe, and the snow filled the air with its white flakes, and the north-east wind howled through the leafless trees as they rasped their long arms against each other, and the lake was one sheet of thick ice with a covering of snow which the wind had in different places blown up into hillocks, still they had a good roof over their heads, and a warm, blazing fire on the hearth: and they had no domestic miseries, the worst miseries of all to contend against, for they were a united family, loving and beloved; showing mutual acts of kindness and mutual acts of forbearance; proving how much better was "a dish of herbs where love is, than the stalled ox with hatred therewith." Moreover they were all piously disposed; they were sensible that they owed a large debt of gratitude to Heaven for all its daily mercies in providing them with food and raiment, for warding off from them sickness and sorrow, and giving them humble and contented hearts; and on this day, they felt how little were all worldly considerations, compared with the hopes which were held out to them through the great sacrifice which the goodness and mercy of God had made for them and all the world. It was, therefore, with cheerful yet subdued looks that they greeted each other when they met previous to the morning prayers.

Mr. Campbell had already visited his patient and readjusted the bandage: her ankle was better, but still very much swelled; the poor creature made no complaints, she looked grateful for what was done and for the kindness shown to her. They were all arrayed in their best Sunday dresses, and as soon as prayers were over had just wished each other the congratulations so general, so appropriate, and yet too often so thoughtlessly given upon the anniversary, when Malachi Bone, his little squaw the Strawberry, and John, entered the door of the hut, laden with the sports of the forest, which they laid down in the corner of the kitchen, and then saluted the party.

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"Here we are altogether on Christmas-day," said Emma, who had taken the hand of the Strawberry.

The Indian girl smiled, and nodded her head.

"And, John, you have brought us three wild turkeys; you are a good boy, John," continued Emma.

"If we only had Captain Sinclair here now," said Martin to Emma and Mary Percival, who was by Emma's side shaking hands with the Strawberry.

Mary coloured up a little, and Emma replied, "Yes, Martin, we do want him, for I always feel as if he belonged to the family."

"Well, it's not his fault that he's not here," replied Martin; "it's now more than six weeks since he has left, and if the Colonel would allow him, I'm sure that Captain Sinclair——"

"Would be here on this day," said Captain Sinclair, who with Mr. Gwynne, his former companion, had entered the door of the house without being observed; for the rest of the party were in conversation with Malachi Bone and John.

"Oh, how glad I am to see you," cried Emma; "we only wanted you to make our Christmas party complete; and I'm very glad to see you too, Mr. Gwynne," continued Emma, as she held out a hand to each.

"We had some difficulty in persuading the Colonel to let us come," observed Captain Sinclair to Mary; "but as we have heard nothing further about the Indians, he consented."

"You have nothing more to fear from the Indians this winter, Captain, and you may tell the Colonel so from me," said Malachi. "I happened to be on their hunting ground yesterday, and they have broken up and gone westward, that is, Angry Snake and his party have; I followed their track over the snow for a few miles just to make sure; they have taken everything with them, but somehow or other, I could not find out that the squaw was with them,—and they had one in their party. They carried their own packs of fur, that I'll swear to, and they had been thrown down several times; which would not have been the case, if they had not been carried by men; for you see, the Injun is very impatient under a load, which a squaw will carry the whole day without

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complaining. Now that party is gone, there is no other about here within fifty miles, I'll be bound for."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," replied Captain Sinclair.

"Then, perhaps, this poor woman whom you succoured, Alfred, is the squaw belonging to the party," observed Mr. Campbell. Mr. Campbell then related to Malachi Bone what had occurred on the day before; how the hunting party had brought home the woman, whom he pointed to in the corner where she had remained unnoticed by the visitors.

Malachi and the Strawberry went up to her; the Strawberry spoke to her in the Indian tongue in a low voice, and the woman replied in the same, while Malachi stood over them and listened.

"It's just as you thought, sir; she belongs to the Angry Snake, and she says that he has gone with his party to the westward, as the beaver were very scarce down here; I could have told him that. She confirms my statement, that all the Indians are gone, but are to meet at the same place in the spring, to hold a council."

"Is she of the same tribe as the Strawberry?" inquired Henry.

"That's as may be," replied Malachi; "I hardly know which tribe the Strawberry belongs to."

"But they speak the same language."

"Yes; but the Strawberry learned the tongue from me," replied Malachi.

"From you!" said Mrs. Campbell; "how was that?"

"Why, ma'am, it's about thirteen or fourteen years back, that I happened to come in upon a skirmish which took place on one of the small lakes between one of the tribes here and a war party of Hurons who were out. They were surprised by the Hurons, and every soul, as far as I could learn, was either scalped or carried away prisoner. The Hurons had gone about an hour or two, when I came up to the place where they fought, and I sat down looking at the dead bodies, and thinking to myself what creatures men were to deface God's image in that way, when I saw under a bush two little sharp eyes looking at me; at first, I thought it was some beast, a lynx, mayhap, as they now call them, and I pointed my rifle toward it; but before I pulled the trigger, I thought

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that perhaps I might be mistaken, so I walked up to the bush, and there I discovered that it was an Indian child, which had escaped the massacre by hiding itself in the bush. I pulled it out; it was a girl about two years old, who could speak but a few words. I took her home to my lodge, and have had her with me ever since, so I don't exactly know what tribe she belongs to, as they all speak the same tongue. I called her the 'Strawberry,' because I found her under a bush close to the ground, and among strawberry plants which were growing there."

"And then you married her," said Percival.

"Married her! no, boy, I never married her; what has an old man of near seventy to do with marrying? They call her my squaw, because they suppose she is my wife, and she does the duty of a wife to me; but if they were to call her my daughter, they would be nearer the mark, for I have been a father to her."

"Well, Malachi, to tell you the truth, I did think that she was too young to be your wife," said Emma.

"Well, miss, you were not far wrong," replied the old man. "I do wish I could find out her tribe, but I never have been able, and indeed, from what I can learn, the party who were surprised came a long way from this, although speaking the same language; and I don't think there is any chance now, for even if I were to try to discover it, there have been so many surprises and so much slaughter within these last twenty years, that it's scarcely possible the search would be attended with success."

"But why do you wish to find out her tribe?" said Mary.

"Because I'm an old man, miss, and must soon expect to be gathered to my fathers, and then this poor little girl will be quite alone, unless I can marry her to some one before I die: and if I do marry her, why then she will leave *me* alone; but that can't be helped, I'm an old man, and what does it matter?"

"It matters a great deal, Malachi," said Mr. Campbell; "I wish you would live with us; you would then be taken care of if you required it, and not die alone in the wilderness."

"And the Strawberry shall never want friends or a home, while we can offer her one, Malachi," said Mrs. Campbell;

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"let what will happen to you, she will be welcome to live here and die here, if she will remain."

Malachi made no reply; he was in deep thought, resting his chin upon his hands, which held his rifle before him. Mrs. Campbell and the girls were obliged to leave to prepare the dinner. John had sat down with the Strawberry and the Indian woman, and was listening to them, for he now understood the Chippeway tongue. Alfred, Sinclair, and the other gentlemen of the party, were in conversation near the fire, when they were requested by Mrs. Campbell to retreat to the sitting-room, that the culinary operations might not be interfered with. Malachi Bone still continued sitting where he was, in deep thought. Martin, who remained, said to the Miss Percivals in a low voice—

"Well, I really did think that the old man had married the girl, and I thought it was a pity," continued he, looking toward the Strawberry, "for she is very young and very handsome for a squaw."

"I think," replied Mary Percival, "she would be considered handsome everywhere, Martin, squaw or not; her features are very pretty, and then she has a melancholy smile, which is perfectly beautiful; but now, Martin, pluck these turkeys, or we shall not have them ready in time."

As soon as the dinner was at the fire, and could be left to the care of Martin, Mrs. Campbell and the Misses Percival went into the sitting-room. Mr. Campbell then read the morning service of the day, Henry officiating as clerk in the responses. Old Malachi had joined the party, and was profoundly attentive. As soon as the service was over, he said—

"All this puts me in mind of days long past, days which appear to me as a dream, when I was a lad and had a father and a mother, and brothers and sisters around me; but many summers and many winters have passed over my head since then."

"You were born in Maine, Malachi, were you not?"

"Yes, ma'am, half way up the White Mountains. He was a stern old man, my father; but he was a righteous man. I remember how holy Sunday was kept in our family; how my mother cleaned us all, and put on our best clothes, and how we went to the chapel or church, I forget which they called it; but no matter, we went to pray."

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"Was your father of the Established Church, Malachi?"

"I can't tell, ma'am; indeed, I hardly know what it means; but he was a good Christian and a good man, that I do know."

"You are right, Malachi; when the population is crowded, you find people divided into sects, and, what is still worse, despising, if not hating each other, because the outward forms of worship are a little different. Here, in our isolated position, we feel how trifling are many of the distinctions which divide religious communities, and that we could gladly give the right hand of fellowship to any denomination of Christians who hold the main truths of the Gospel. Are not all such agreed in things essential, animated with the same hopes, acknowledging the same rule of faith, and all comprehended in the same divine mercy which was shown us on this day? What do all sincere Christians believe but that God is holy, great, good, and merciful, that His Son died for us all, and that through His merits and intercession if we conform to His precepts—whether members of the Church of England, or any other communion—we shall be saved and obtain the blessedness of heaven? We may prefer, and reasonably prefer, our own mode of worship, believing it to be most edifying; but we have no right to quarrel with those who conscientiously differ from us about outward forms and ceremonies which do not involve the spirit of Christianity."

After a pause, Mary Percival said, "Malachi, tell us more about your father and your family."

"I have little to tell, miss; only that I now think that those were pleasant days which then I thought irksome. My father had a large farm and would have had us all remain with him. In the winter we felled timber, and I took quite a passion for a hunter's life; but my father would not allow me to go from home, so I stayed till he died, and then I went away on my rambles. I left when I was not twenty years old, and I have never seen my family since. I have been a hunter and a trapper, a guide and a soldier, and an interpreter: but for the last twenty-five years I have been away from towns and cities, and have lived altogether in the woods. The more man lives by himself the more he likes it, and yet now and then circumstances bring up the days of his youth, and make him hesitate whether it be best or not to live alone."

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"I am glad to hear you say that, Malachi," said Mr. Campbell.

"I little thought that I should ever have said it," replied the old man, "when I first saw that girl by the side of the stream (looking at Emma),—then my heart yearned toward the boy; and now this meeting to praise God and to keep Christmas-day—all has helped."

"But do you not pray when you are alone?" said Mary.

"Yes, in a manner, miss; but it's not like your prayers; the lips don't move, although the heart feels. When I lie under a tree watching for the animals, and I take up a leaf and examine it, I observe how curious and wonderful it is,—I then think that God made it, and that man could not. When I see the young grass springing up, and *how*, I know not, except that it does so every year, I think of God and His mercy to the wild animals in giving them food; and then the sun reminds me of God; and the moon, and the stars, as I watch, make me think of Him; but I feel very often that there is something wanting, and that I do not worship exactly as I ought to do. I never have known which is Sunday, although I well recollect how holy it was kept at my father's house; and I never should have known that this was Christmas-day, had it not been that I had met with you. All days are alike to a man who is alone and in the wilderness, and that should not be—I feel that it should not."

"So true is it," observed Mr. Campbell, "that stated times and seasons are necessary for the due observance of our religious duties; and I am glad to hear Malachi say this, as I trust it will occasion his being with us more than he has been."

"Come to us every Sunday, Malachi," said Mrs. Campbell.

"I think I will, ma'am, if I can—indeed, why I say *if I can*, I know not; it was wrong to say so."

"I wish you to come not only on your own account, but for John's sake; suppose you agree to come every Sunday morning, and leave us every Monday. You will then have the whole week for your hunting."

"Please God, I will," replied Malachi.

"And bring the Strawberry with you," said Mary.

"I will, miss; it cannot but do her good."

Dinner was now announced, and they all sat down, a

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happy party. Mr. Campbell on this occasion produced two or three bottles of his small store of wine, which he kept rather in case of illness than for any other reason, for they had all been so long without wine or spirits, that they cared little about it. Their dinner consisted of white fish (salted), roast venison, boiled salt beef, roast turkey, and a plum-pudding, and they were all very merry, although they were in the woods of Canada, and not at Wexton Hall.

"My children," said Mr. Campbell, after dinner, "I now drink all your healths, and wish you as much happiness as the world affords, and at the same time accept my most hearty thanks and my dearest love. You have all been good, obedient, and cheerful, and have lightened many a heavy load. If when it pleased Providence to send us into this wilderness, it had been part of my lot to contend with wilful and disobedient children; if there had been murmuring and repining at our trials; discontent and quarrelling among yourselves, how much more painful would have been our situation. On the contrary, by your good-humour and attention, your willing submission to privations, and your affectionate conduct toward me, my wife, and each other, you have not allowed us to feel the change of position to which we have been reduced. I say again, my dear children all, you have my thanks, and may the Almighty bless and preserve you!"

CHAPTER XXII

WHEN we left off our narrative, our Canadian settlers were enjoying themselves on Christmas-day. On the following morning, Malachi Bone, the Strawberry, and John, set off for their abode to the westward, and Captain Sinclair and his companion went back to the fort. The Indian woman was better, and the family resumed their usual occupations. We must now briefly narrate a few events which occurred during the remainder of the long winter. Malachi and John made their appearance, accompanied by the Strawberry, almost every Sunday, and the old hunter appeared gradually to become more reconciled to the society of others, and sometimes would remain for a day or two over the Sunday. The

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Indian woman, in the course of three weeks, was quite recovered, and signified, through the Strawberry, her wish to leave, and join her tribe. To this, of course, no objection was raised; and having received a supply of provisions, she took her leave at the latter end of the month of January.

February,—March followed, and the winter still continued, but the sun became more powerful, and the weather was not so severe. It was not till the middle of April that the lake was clear of ice and the thaw commenced, and then it was so rapid, that the little stream became quite an impetuous torrent, and a large portion of the prairie land was under water. A few days, however, sufficed to change the scene; the snow, which had covered the ground for so many months, had all disappeared; the birds, which had been mute or had migrated during the winter, now made their appearance, and chirped and twittered round the house; the pleasant green of the prairie was once more presented to their view, and nature began to smile again. Other ten days passed, and the trees had thrown out their leaves, and after one or two storms, the weather became warm and the sky serene.

Great was the delight of the whole party at this change; and now the cows were put out to their pasture, and Emma and Mary went milking as before, no longer afraid of meeting with the wolves. The boat was launched, and Percival and John went out to procure fish. Alfred, Henry, and Martin were very busy picking up the cleared ground, to sow the first crop. Mr. Campbell worked all day in the garden; the poultry were noisy and bustling, and soon furnished an abundant supply of eggs; and as now the hunting season was over for a time, Malachi and the Strawberry were continually coming to visit them.

"Oh! how delightful this is," exclaimed Emma, as she stopped at the bridge and looked on the wide blue lake; "is it not, Mary, after having been cooped up for so many weary months?"

"It is, indeed, Emma; I do not wonder at your flow of spirits; I feel quite another person myself. Well, if the winter is long and dreary, at all events, it doubly enhances the value of the spring."

"I think it very odd that Captain Sinclair has not come to see us; don't you, Mary?"

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"I certainly did expect him before this," replied Mary; "I presume, however, his duty will not permit him to come."

"Surely he could get leave, now that the weather is fine; there was some reason for his not coming during the winter. I hope he is not ill."

"I hope so too, most sincerely, Emma," replied Mary; "but come, sister, we must not loiter; hear how the calves are bleating for us to let them have their breakfast; we shall have more of them very soon; yes, and plenty of milk, and then we shall have plenty of churning; but I like work when the weather is fine."

After breakfast, Emma expressed her surprise to Alfred at Captain Sinclair's not having made his appearance, and her fear that he was not well. Alfred, at her request, promised to walk to the fort in the afternoon, and ascertain how matters were.

John, who had not forgotten the advice of Malachi, brought in a basket of fine trout from the stream almost every day, and the supply of fish and eggs proved very acceptable, for the beef had all been consumed, and the family would otherwise have been reduced to salt-pork.

Alfred, as he had promised Emma, set off for the fort, accompanied by Martin. He returned the next morning, full of news. Captain Sinclair was, as Emma had imagined, unable to come, having had a severe fall, by which he had injured his knee, and was laid up for a time; he was, however, in very good spirits, and the medical officer had promised that he should be well again in a fortnight; he sent his kind regards to all the family. The commandant also sent his compliments to Mr. Campbell, and desired to acquaint him that, in a week or ten days, it was his intention to send a boat to Montreal, and if Mr. Campbell had any purchases to make, or wished to send any one by the opportunity, he might do so, and the boat would bring back the articles he required. They had no further communication with Quebec, but expected a runner to come every day with the letters from England and newspapers; and further, that he hoped soon to be able to pay his respects in person.

Such was the information brought by Alfred; Emma made many inquiries relative to Captain Sinclair as Mary stood by, and Alfred laughed at her extreme inquisitiveness. The pro-

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position of the commandant relative to the trip to Montreal was then discussed. Old Malachi had several packages of furs to dispose of. Martin had five, Alfred three, and Henry two; for, although we made no mention of it, on their hunting excursions, whoever killed the animal was entitled to the skin. The packages of Malachi were, however, of some value, as he had many beaver and other skins, while those of Martin and the others consisted chiefly of deerskins. The question was, whom to send down with them. Malachi was not inclined to go, Martin could not well be spared, and, moreover, would very probably get into some scrape if he went to Montreal; whereas Henry and Alfred did not know anything about the value of skins; otherwise, Mr. Campbell, who wished to purchase flour and pork, besides several other articles, would have preferred sending one of them. But the difficulty was soon removed by old Malachi, who observed, that he had made a valuation of his skins, and that the others could be valued also before they were packed up; and that if not sold for what they ought to fetch, or nearly so, they had better be brought back. Mr. Campbell was satisfied with this arrangement, and Henry was appointed to undertake the journey. Mr. Campbell made out his inventory of articles; Mrs. Campbell added her list, and all was ready as soon as they received notice that the boat was to leave. Martin did not appear at all annoyed at not being selected for the expedition; since Malachi Bone had informed them that the Strawberry was not his wife, as they had supposed, Martin was continually by her side. She began to speak a few words of English, and had become a great favourite with everybody.

Mr. Campbell, as soon as he perceived that Malachi no longer avoided them, thought it but his duty to offer him his land back again, but Malachi would not consent to accept it. He said he did not want the land, although, perhaps, he might raise his lodge a little nearer to them than it was; at present, things had better remain as they were; after which Mr. Campbell did not renew the subject. Malachi soon acted upon his remark, that perhaps he might raise his lodge a little nearer, for, a few days afterward, he made his appearance with the Strawberry and John, all three loaded with his household utensils, and in a very short time he had erected another wigwam within sight of the house at the western end

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of Mr. Campbell's prairie. This gave great satisfaction to Mrs. Campbell, because John was now always near them; indeed, he no longer slept in the lodge, but at the house, in the room with his brothers. The major part of the day he passed at the lodge, or in company with the old hunter; but, by this new arrangement, they gradually became, as it were, one family; not a day passed that the Strawberry did not come to their house and make herself useful, assisting in everything that she could, and rapidly learning what she did not know.

One or two evenings after the message from the fort, Mrs. Campbell asked Malachi some questions relative to the habits of the beaver, as she had heard much of the sagacity of that animal

"Well, ma'am," said Malachi, "it's a most reasonable animal, certainly, and I will say, I never was tired with watching them; I've even forgot, in the summer-time, what I came out for, from having fallen in with them at work."

"And so have I," said Martin. "I once was lying down under a bush by the side of a stream, and I saw a whole council of them meet together, and they talked after their own fashion so earnestly, and I really think they have a language as good as our own. It's always the old ones who talk, and the young ones who listen."

"That's true," replied Malachi. "I once myself saw them hold a council, and then they all separated to go to work, for they were about to dam up a stream and build their lodges."

"And what did they do, Malachi?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Why, ma'am, they did all the same as Christians would have done. The Injuns say that beavers have souls as well as themselves, and certainly, if sense gave souls, the Injuns would be in the right. The first thing that they did was to appoint their sentinels to give notice of danger; for the moment any one comes near them, these sentinels give the signal and away they all dive, and disappear till the danger is over."

"There are many beasts as well as birds that do the same," observed Mr. Campbell; "indeed, most of those which are gregarious and live in flocks."

"That's true, sir," replied Martin.

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"Well, ma'am, the beavers choose a place fit for their work. What they require is a stream running through a flat or bottom, which stream of water they may dam up so as to form a large pond of a sufficient depth by the water flowing over and covering the flat or bottom several feet; and when they have found the spot they require, they begin their work."

"Perhaps," observed Mr. Campbell, "this choice requires more sagacity than the rest of their labour, for the beavers must have some engineering talent to make the selection. They must be able to calculate as exactly as if they took their levels, to secure the size and depth of water in the pond which is necessary. It is the most wonderful, perhaps, of all the instincts, or reasoning powers rather, allotted to them."

"It is, sir; and I've often thought so," replied Malachi; "and then to see how they carry all their tools about them; a carpenter's basket could not be better provided. Their strong teeth serve as axes to cut down the trees; then their tails serve as trowels for their mason's work; their fore-feet they use just as we do our hands, and their tails are also employed as little carts or wheelbarrows."

"Pray go on, Malachi," said Mary; "I am quite interested already."

"Well, miss, I have known these little creatures as they are, raise banks four or five hundred paces in length, and a matter of twenty feet high in some parts, besides being seven or eight feet thick; and all in one season,—perhaps five or six month's work."

"But how many of them do you reckon are at the work?" said Henry.

"Perhaps a hundred; not more, I should say."

"Well; but how do they raise these banks, Malachi?" said Emma.

"There, miss, they show what sense they have. I've often watched them when they have been sawing through the large trees with the front teeth; they could not carry the tree, that's sartin, if the whole of them were to set to work, so they always pick out the trees by the banks of the stream, and they examine how the trees incline, to see if they will fall into the stream; if not, they will not cut them down; and when they are cutting them down, and they are nearly ready for falling, if the wind should change and be against the fall, they will

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leave that tree till the wind will assist them. As soon as the trees are down, they saw off the branches and arms, and float the log down to where the dam is to be made; they lay them across, and as they lay them one upon the other, of course the water rises and enables them to float down and place the upper ones. But before that, as soon as the lower logs are in their places, the animals go and fetch long grass and clay, which they load upon their flat tails, and drag to the dam, filling up the holes between the timber till it is as strong as a wall, and the water is completely stopped."

"Yes," said Martin; "I have heard them at night working away so hard and flapping and spattering with their tails, that I could imagine there were fifty men at work instead of a hundred of these small animals, but they work by day and by night, and never seem tired, till the dam is sound and their work is complete."

"But the raising of the dam is only preparatory, is it not, to their building their own houses?" observed Mrs. Campbell.

"Nothing more, ma'am; and I think the rest of the work is quite as wonderful."

"But it is time to go to bed," observed Mr. Campbell, "and we must, therefore, leave the remainder of Malachi's story till another evening."

"I am sure that there is not one of the party who is more anxious to hear it than I am," replied Mrs. Campbell, rising, "but as you say, it is past ten o'clock, and Malachi and the Strawberry have to go home, so good-night."

"Oh, dear! what a pity!" cried Percival, "I shall dream of beavers all night, I'm sure I shall."

CHAPTER XXIII

FOR two or three days, Mr. Campbell was very busy making out an inventory of the articles which he required. His funds at Quebec were rather low, but the communication which his agent had made to him of Mr. D. Campbell's intention of paying for the green-house and hot-house plants, made him feel very easy on that score; and he now determined to procure a small flock of sheep, and one or two of the Canadian

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ponies or galloways, as they would soon be required for the farm, as well as two carts or light waggons used in the country. In the meantime, Alfred, Martin, and Henry were very busy putting the seed in between the stumps of the felled timber, merely hoeing up the earth and raking it in, which was all that was required. The quantity of land cleared was about twelve acres, half of which was sowed with oats, and the other with wheat; the piece cleared on the other side of the stream by Malachi Bone, and railed in, was sown with maize, or Indian corn. As soon as the seed was in, they all set to putting up a high fence round the cleared land, which was done with split rails made from the white cedar, which grew in a swamp about half a mile distant, and which, it may be remembered, had in a great measure been provided by the soldiers who had been lent to assist them on their arrival. The piece of prairie land, on the side of the stream next to the house, was put apart for an early crop of hay, and as soon as they could, they intended to turn the cows into the bush, that is, to feed in the forest, that they might obtain hay from the other side, which had belonged to Malachi; but the prairie required to be fenced in, and this was the job that they took in hand as soon as the seeds were sown.

"I hope, when the Colonel comes over," observed Martin to Alfred, "that we shall persuade him to let us have some soldiers this summer, for we shall want them both for the fencing and getting the hay-crop in. Our summers are not very long, and there is plenty to do."

"I think my father intends to make the request," replied Alfred.

"Ah, sir; he will now see the value of this bit of prairie land to a new settler; instead of having to go in search of hay, as they must do at the fort now, we have plenty for hay, and plenty for feed. So we are to have some sheep, I find?"

"Yes, and I suppose we must build a winter-yard for them."

"To be sure we must, for the wolves are very partial to mutton; I think, on the whole, that they like pigs better. I wish we could get the fence up round the prairie, but that we never can do this year without we have help from the fort."

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"But will it be safe to turn the cows into the bush?"

"Oh yes, sir; they will not be hurt by anything in the summer time; sometimes we have trouble to find them again, but not when they have calves; they are certain to come home every evening to their young ones."

"We shall have quite a herd of cattle; eight calves and eight cows."

"We must only bring up the cow calves, unless your father intends to have oxen for the yoke. We shall require them about the time they are fit to break in, that is, in two or three years."

"Yes, we shall be great farmers by-and-by," replied Alfred with a sigh; for at the moment he was thinking of Captain Lumley and his nautical profession.

In the evening of the day on which this conversation took place, Malachi Bone was requested to resume his observations upon the beavers.

"Well, ma'am, as I said the other night, as soon as they have dammed up the river and made the lake, they then build their houses; and how they manage to work under water and fix the posts in the ground is a puzzle to me, but they do fix six posts in the ground, and very firmly, and then they build their house, which is very curious; it is in the form of a large oven, and made of clay and fat earth, mixed up with branches and herbs of all sorts; they have three sets of rooms, one above the other, so that if the water rises from a freshet or sudden thaw, they may be able to move higher and keep themselves dry. Each beaver has his own little room, and the entrance is made under the water, so that they dive down to go into it, and nothing can harm them."

"How very curious! and what do they live upon, Malachi?"

"The bark of what we call asp-wood, ma'am, which is a kind of willow; they lay up great quantities of it in the autumn as a provision for winter, when they are frozen up for some months."

"Well, but how do you take them, Malachi?"

"There are many ways, ma'am; sometimes the Indians break down the dam, and let off the water, and then they kill them all except a dozen of the females and half-a-dozen males; after which they stop up the dam again, that the

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animals may breed and increase ; sometimes, when the beaver lake is frozen hard, they break into the beaver house from the top ; when they do that, the beavers all dive and escape, but as they must come up to breathe at the holes in the ice, they place nets and take them in that way, but they always leave a sufficient number to keep up the stock ; they also take them in traps baited with the asp-wood ; but that is more difficult."

"But there is another sort of beaver, ma'am, called the land-beaver, which is more easily taken," observed Martin ; "they make holes in the earth like rabbits. The Indians say that these beavers are those who are lazy and idle, and have been driven out by the others for not working."

"Now, tell us what you do when you go out to hunt the beaver in the winter, Malachi ?"

"We never hunt the beaver only, ma'am ; we go out to hunt everything ; we go to the beaver lakes, and then we set our traps for beaver, otter, martin, minks, cats, foxes, and every other animal, some traps large and some small. We build our hut, and set our traps all about us, and examine them every day ; we cut what flesh is good, and we employ ourselves skinning the animals which we take."

"Is the beaver flesh good ?"

"Yes, ma'am, very tolerable eating ; perhaps the best we find at that time."

"But what a miserable life that must be," said Mrs. Campbell."

"Well, ma'am, you may think so, but we hunters think otherwise," replied Malachi ; "we are used to it, and to being left alone to our own thoughts."

"That's true," observed Martin ; "I'd rather pass the winter hunting beavers than pass it at Quebec, miserable as you may imagine the life to be."

"There must be a charm in the life, that is certain," observed Mr. Campbell ; "for how many are engaged in it who go out year after year, and never think of laying up any of their earnings."

"Very true, sir," replied Martin ; "what they make from their skins is spent as soon as they get to Quebec, as I know well, and then they set off again."

"Why they are like sailors," observed Alfred, "who, after

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a long cruise, spend all their wages and prize-money in a few days, and then go to sea again for more."

"Exactly," replied Malachi; "and what's the use of money if you keep it? A trapper can always take up as much powder and ball as he wants upon credit, and pay with a portion of his skins on his return. What does he want with the rest? It's of no use to him, and so of course he spends it."

"But would it not be better to put it by until he had sufficient to buy a farm, and live comfortably?"

"But does he live comfortably, ma'am?" said Malachi; "has he not more work to do, more things to look after, and more to care for with a farm, than when he has nothing?"

"It's very true philosophy, after all," observed Mr. Campbell; "happy is the man who is content to be poor. If a man prefers to live entirely upon flesh, as the hunters do, there is no reason why he should work hard and till the ground to procure bread; when the wants are few, the cares are few also; but still, even the savage must feel the necessity of exertion when he has a wife and family."

"Yes, sir, to be sure he does, and he works hard in his own way to procure their food; but trappers seldom have wives; they would be no use to them in the woods, and they have no one to provide for but themselves."

"It appears to me like a savage life, but a very independent one," said Mrs. Campbell, "and I presume it is the independence which gives it such charms."

"That's it, depend upon it, ma'am," replied Martin.

"But what do you do all the summer time, Malachi?"

"Why, ma'am, we take to our rifles then; there are the deer, and the lynx, and the wild cats, and squirrels, and the bear, and many other animals to look after; and sometimes we go bee-hunting, for the honey."

"Pray tell us how you take the honey, Malachi."

"Why, ma'am, the bees always live in the hollow of the old trees, and it's very difficult in a forest to find them out, for the hole which they enter by is very small and very high up sometimes; however, when we get a lead, we generally manage it."

"Tell us what you mean, Malachi."

"We catch the bees as they settle upon the flowers to

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obtain honey, and then we let them go again. The bee, as soon as it is allowed to escape, flies straight toward its hive; we watch it till we can no longer see it, and walk in that direction and catch another, and so we go on till we see them settle upon a tree, and then we know that the hive and honey must be in that tree, so we cut it down."

"How very clever," said Percival.

"It requires a sharp eye, though," said Martin, "to watch the bee far; some of the trappers catch the bees and give them sugar mixed with whisky. This makes them tipsy, and they cannot fly so fast, and then they discover the hive much sooner, as they can run almost as fast as the bee flies."

"That's capital," cried Percival; "but tell me, Martin, how do you kill the bears?"

"Why, Master Percival, with our rifles, to be sure; the easiest way to kill them is when they are in their holes in the hollow trees."

"How do you get them out?"

"Why, we knock the tree with our axes, and they come out to see what's the matter, and as soon as they put their heads out, we shoot them."

"Are you in earnest, Martin?"

"Yes, ma'am; quite in earnest," replied Martin.

"It's all true, ma'am," said the hunter; "the bears about here are not very savage. We had much worse down in Maine. I've seen the Indians in a canoe on a river watching the bears as they swam across, and kill in the water six or seven in one day."

"Still a bear is an awkward sort of animal when it's angry," replied Martin; "and, as we may have them down here in the autumn, it's as well not to let them be thought too lightly of."

"Indeed, there's no fear of that," said Emma; "as for Malachi, he thinks nothing dangerous; but I have no wish to see a bear. You say we may expect them, Martin. Why so?"

"Because, miss, they are very fond of maize, and we have a field of it sown, which may tempt them."

"Well, if they do come, I must trust to my rifle," replied Emma, laughing; "at all events, I do not fear them so much as I did when I first came here."

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"Don't fire, miss, without you're sure of killing," said Malachi. "The creatures are very dangerous when wounded."

"Don't be afraid ; I'll only fire in self-defence, Malachi ; that is, when I have no other chance left. I had rather trust to my heels than my rifle. Were you ever hugged by a bear ?"

"Well, I wasn't ever hugged ; but once I was much closer to one than ever I wish to be again."

"Oh ! when was that ? Do, pray, tell us," said Emma.

"It was when I was young, that one day I sounded a tree in the forest with my axe, and I was certain that a bear was in it : but the animal did not show itself, so I climbed up the tree to examine the hole at the top, and see if the bear was at home ; as, if so, I was determined to have him out. Well, miss, I was on the top of the hollow trunk, and was just putting my head down into the hole, when, all of a sudden, the edge of the tree which I kneeled upon gave way, like so much tinder, and down I went into the hollow ; luckily for me I did not go down head foremost, or there I should have remained till this time, for the hole in the middle of the tree, as I found, was too narrow for me to have turned in, and there I must have stuck. As it was, I went down with the dust and crumbles smothering me almost, till I came right on the top of the bear, who lay at the bottom, and I fell with such force, that I doubled his head down so that he could not lay hold of me with his teeth, which would not have been pleasant ; indeed, the bear was quite as much, if not more astonished than myself, and there he lay beneath me, very quiet, till I could recover a little. Then I thought of getting out, as you may suppose, fast enough, and the hollow of the tree, providentially, was not so wide but that I could work up again with my back to one side and my knees to the other. By this means I gradually got up again to the hole that I fell in at, and perched myself across the timber to fetch my breath. I had not been there more than a quarter of a minute, and I intended to have remained much longer, when I perceived, all of a sudden, the bear's head within a foot of me ; he had climbed up after me, and I saw that he was very angry, so in a moment I threw myself off my perch, and down I went to the ground at the foot of the tree, a matter of near twenty feet, even faster than I went down inside of it. I was severely shaken with the fall, but no bones were broken ; in

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fact, I was more frightened than hurt ; I lay quite still for a little while, when the growl of the bear put me in mind of him ; I jumped on my legs, and found that he was coming down the tree after me, and was within six feet of the ground. There was no time to lose ; I caught up my rifle, and had just time to put it to his ear and settle him, as he was placing his fore-foot on the ground."

"What a narrow escape !"

"Well, perhaps it was, but there's no saying, miss, which beats till the fight is over."

CHAPTER XXIV

A NOTICE arrived that the departure of the boat to Montreal would take place on the next morning. When the boat came up, it brought Captain Sinclair, to the great delight of the whole party, who had felt very anxious about one with whom they had so long been intimate and who had shown them so much kindness. His knee was almost well, and as soon as the first interrogations were over, he made known to them that he had obtained six weeks' leave of absence, and was about to proceed to Quebec.

"To Quebec !" cried Emma, "and why are you going to Quebec?"

"To confess the truth, Emma," said Captain Sinclair, "my journey to Quebec is but the preparatory step to my return to England for perhaps two or three months."

"To England ! Oh ! how I wish— ;" but here Emma stopped ; she was going to say how much she wished that she was going also, but her uncle and aunt were present, and, recollecting that it might pain them and induce them to think that she was discontented, she added, "that you would bring me out all the new fashions."

"All the new fashions, my dear Emma?" said Henry. "Why, do you wish to be fashionably dressed in the woods of Canada?"

"Why not?" exclaimed Emma, who felt that she must appear to be very foolish, but could not get out of her scrape. "I can look at myself in the glass, at all events."

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"I will try to bring you out something which will give you pleasure," replied Captain Sinclair, "but as for the fashions, I know you are only joking, by your trusting a person so incompetent as I am to select them."

"Well, I do not think you would execute my commission very well, so I will not trouble you," replied Emma; "and now let us know why you are going to England."

"My dear Emma," said Mr. Campbell, "you ought not to put such questions; Captain Sinclair has his own reasons, I have no doubt."

"It is very true that I have my own reasons," replied Captain Sinclair, "and, as I have no secrets, I will with pleasure gratify Emma's curiosity. I do not know whether you are aware that I was an orphan at a very early age, and have been under the charge of a guardian. When my father died, he left directions in his will that I was not to take possession of my property till I was twenty-five years of age. I was twenty-five years old last year, and my guardian has written requesting me to come home, that he may be relieved of his responsibility, by making over to me the trust which has been confided to him."

"Will it detain you long?" inquired Mr. Campbell.

"It must not. It is very difficult to obtain leave of absence from our regiment in time of war. It is only through interest that I do so now. On my arrival at Quebec the Governor will put me on his staff, and then he will give me leave. I shall not stay longer than is necessary, as I am anxious to be with my regiment again. You may, therefore, be certain that, if I am spared, I shall be with you again before the winter, if not much sooner. So now if you have really any commissions for me to execute, I can only say I shall be most happy to comply with your wishes to the best of my ability."

"Well," observed Emma, "we really were not aware that Captain Sinclair was a man of fortune. You think now you will come back," continued she gravely, "but if once you get to England, you will remain, and forget all about Canada."

"My fortune is not very large," replied Captain Sinclair; "in England, hardly sufficient to induce a young lady of fashion to look upon me, although enough, perhaps, for a sensible woman to be happy upon. My fortune, therefore,

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will not detain me in England, and, as I said before, my greatest wish is to rejoin my regiment."

"Whether you come back or remain," observed Mr. Campbell, "you will always have our best wishes, Captain Sinclair. We are not ungrateful for your kindness to us."

"Nor shall I forget the many happy hours I have passed in your society," replied Captain Sinclair; "but we shall be melancholy if we talk too long upon the subject. The boat cannot remain more than two hours, and Henry must be ready by that time. The commandant is anxious that it should start for Montreal this very evening."

"Then, indeed, we have no time to lose," observed Mr. Campbell; "Henry, get your trunk ready, and Martin will take it down into the boat before we sit down to dinner. It will be a long while before we have you to dine with us again," continued Mr. Campbell to Captain Sinclair; "but I wish you your health and much happiness till you return. Come, girls, look after the dinner. Mary! where's Mary?"

"She went into the room a few minutes ago," said Emma, "but I'm here, and can do all that is required without her or my aunt either. Come, Percival, lay the cloth; Alfred, come and help me, this is almost too heavy for me. Oh, here comes my aunt: now you may go away, Alfred; we can get on better without you."

"There's gratitude," said Alfred, laughing.

As Henry had been in daily expectation of the summons, he was not long in his preparations, and in a few minutes made his appearance, accompanied by Mary Percival. They then sat down to dinner, not very cheerful, for Captain Sinclair's unexpected departure had thrown a gloom over them all; however, they rallied a little toward the close of the meal, and Mr. Campbell produced one of his bottles of wine to drink success and happiness to the travellers. It was then time to start. Captain Sinclair and Henry shook hands with Mrs. Campbell and the Miss Percivals, and accompanied by the gentlemen of the party, walked down to the beach.

"I can't bear parting with any one that I have been so intimate with," said Emma, after they were left alone. "I declare I could sit down and have a hearty cry at Captain Sinclair's departure."

Mary sighed, but made no answer.

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"I am not surprised to hear you say so, Emma," said Mrs. Campbell. "In England, when we were surrounded with friends, parting was always painful; but here where we have so few, I might almost say only Captain Sinclair, it is of course most painful. However, it's only for a time, I hope."

"It must be very dull to be on duty at the fort," said Mary; "I should not be surprised at Captain Sinclair's not returning."

"I should be most exceedingly surprised," replied Emma; "I am sure that he will come back, if he is not unavoidably prevented."

"Since he has expressed so much desire to rejoin his regiment, I should be surprised as well as you, Emma," said Mrs. Campbell. "He is not a volatile young man; but, come, we must clear away the dinner-table."

Mr. Campbell, Alfred, Percival, and Martin soon returned, for Captain Sinclair was obliged to push off immediately, that he might return in time to the fort, in obedience to his orders. Malachi and John had gone out on a hunting expedition, and the Strawberry was at her own lodge. The party that sat in the kitchen in the evening was, therefore, much reduced, and the taking farewell of Captain Sinclair did not dispose them to be very lively. A few words were exchanged now and then, but the conversation drooped. Emma spoke of Captain Sinclair's expectations and projects.

"We never know what may come in this world of change, my dear Emma," said Mr. Campbell. "All Captain Sinclair's plans may be overthrown by circumstances over which he has no control. How seldom do we meet with results equal to our expectations. When I was practising in my profession, I little expected that I should be summoned to take possession of Wexton Hall; when once in possession, as little did I expect that I should be obliged to quit it, and to come to these desolate wilds. We are in the hands of God, who does with us as He thinks fit. I have been reading this morning, and I made the observation not only how often individuals, but even nations, are out in their expectations. I do not know a more convincing proof of this than the narration of events, which from their recent occurrence, can hardly yet be considered as history, has offered to me. Perhaps there never was so short a period in which causes have produced effects

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so rapidly, and in which, in every case, the effects have been directly opposite to what short-sighted mortals had anticipated. It was in 1756, scarcely forty years ago, that the French, being in possession of the provinces, attempted to wrest from us those portions of America which we occupied. What was the result? After a war which, for cruelty and atrocity, is perhaps unequalled in history, both parties employing savages, by whom the French and English were alternately tortured and burned to death, France, in attempting to obtain all, lost all, and was compelled, in 1760, to surrender its own provinces to Great Britain. Here is one instance in which affairs turned out contrary to the expectations of France.

“Now again: At no period was England more prosperous or more respected by foreign nations than at the close of the war. Her prosperity made her arrogant and unjust. She wronged her colonies. She thought that they dared not resist her imperious will. She imagined that now that the French were driven from the Canadas, America was all her own, whereas it was because the French *were* driven from the Canadas that the colonies ventured to resist. As long as the French held this country, the English colonists had an enemy on their frontiers, and consequently looked up to England for support and protection. They required aid and assistance, and as long as they did require it, they were not likely to make any remonstrance at being taxed to pay a portion of the expense which was incurred. Had the French possessed an army under Montcalm ready to advance at the time that the Stamp Act, or the duty upon tea, salt, &c., was imposed, I question very much if the colonists would have made any remonstrance. But no longer requiring an army for their own particular defence, these same duties induced them to rise in rebellion against what they considered injustice, and eventually to assert their independence. Here, again, we find that affairs turned out quite contrary to the expectations of England.

“Observe again. The American colonists gained their independence, which in all probability they would not have done had they not been assisted by the numerous army and fleet of France, who, irritated at the loss of the Canadas, wished to humiliate England by the loss of her own American possessions. But little did the French king and his noblesse imagine, that in upholding the principles of the Americans,

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and allowing the French armies and navies (I may say the people of France *en masse*) to be imbued with the same principles of equality, that they were sowing the seeds of a revolution in their own country which was to bring the king, as well as the major part of the nobility, to the scaffold.

"There, again, the events did not turn out according to expectation, and you will observe in every attempt made by either party, the result was, that the blow fell upon their own heads, and not upon that of the party which it was intended to crush."

"I remember," said Alfred, after Mr. Campbell had finished speaking, "having somewhere read a story of an Eastern king who purchased a proverb of a dervise, which he ordered to be engraven on all the gold and silver utensils in the palace. The proverb was, 'Never undertake anything until you have well considered the end.' It so happened, that there was a conspiracy against the king, and it was arranged that his surgeon should bleed him with a poisoned lancet. The surgeon agreed—the king's arm was bound up, and one of the silver basins was held to receive the blood. The surgeon read the inscription, and was so struck with the force of it, that he threw down the lancet, confessed the plot, and thus was the life of the king preserved."

"A very apt story, Alfred," said Mrs. Campbell.

"The question now is," continued Alfred, "as two of the parties, France and England, have proved so short-sighted, whether the Americans, having thrown off their allegiance, have not been equally so in their choice of a democratical government?"

"How far a modern democracy may succeed, I am not prepared to say," replied Mr. Campbell; "but this I do know, that in ancient times their duration was generally very short, and continually changing to oligarchy and tyranny. One thing is certain, that there is no form of government under which the people become so rapidly vicious, or where those who benefit them are treated with such ingratitude."

"How do you account for that, sir?" said Alfred.

"There are two principal causes. One is, that where all men are declared to be equal (which man never will permit his fellow to be if he can prevent it), the only source of distinction is wealth, and thus the desire of wealth becomes the

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ruling passion of the whole body, and there is no passion so demoralising. The other is, that where the people, or, more properly speaking, the mob govern, they must be conciliated by flattery and servility on the part of those who would become their idols. Now flattery is lying, and a habit equally demoralising to the party who gives and to the party who receives it. Depend upon it, there is no government so contemptible or so unpleasant for an honest man to live under as a democracy."

"It is my opinion, sir, and I believe a very general one," said Alfred.

"How far the Americans may disprove such an opinion," continued Mr. Campbell, "remains to be seen; but this is certain, they have commenced their new form of government with an act of such gross injustice, as to warrant the assumption that all their boasted virtues are pretence. I refer to their not liberating their slaves. They have given the lie to their own assertions in their Declaration of Independence, in which they have declared all men equal and born free, and we cannot expect the Divine blessing upon those who, when they emancipated themselves, were so unjust as to hold their fellow-creatures in bondage. The time will come, I have no doubt, although perhaps not any of us here present may see the day, when the retribution will fall upon their heads, or rather upon the heads of their offspring; for the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation. But it is time for us to think of retiring—good-night, and God bless you all."

CHAPTER XXV

IN two days Malachi and John returned, bringing with them the skins of three bears which they had killed—but at this period of the year the animals were so thin and so poor, that their flesh was not worth bringing home. Indeed, it was hardly worth while going out to hunt just then, so they both remained much at home, either fishing in the lake, or taking trout in the stream. Alfred and Martin were still occupied with the farm; the seed had come up, and they were splitting

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rails for the prairie fence. About a fortnight after Captain Sinclair's departure, Colonel Forster came in a boat from the fort, to pay them a visit.

"I assure you, Mr. Campbell," said he, "I was very anxious about you last winter, and I am rejoiced that you got over it with so little difficulty. At one time we had apprehensions of the Indians, but these have passed over for the present. They meet again this summer, but the Quebec government are on the alert, and I have no doubt but that a little conciliation will put an end to all animosity. We expect a large supply of blankets and other articles to be sent up this spring, as presents to the tribes, which we hope will procure their good-will; and we have taken up several French emissaries, who were working mischief."

"But still we shall be liable to the assaults of straggling parties," said Mr. Campbell.

"That is true," replied the Colonel, "but against them you have your own means of defence. You would, in so isolated a position, be equally liable to a burglary in England—only with the difference that in England you would have the laws to appeal to, whereas here you must take the law into your own hands."

"It certainly is not pleasant to be in a continual state of anxiety," observed Mr. Campbell, "but we knew what we had to expect before we came here, and we must make the best of it. So you have lost Captain Sinclair, Colonel; he is a great loss to us."

"Yes, he is to go to England for a short time," replied the Colonel, "but we shall soon have him back again. He must be very fond of his profession to remain in it with his means."

"He told us that he was about to take possession of a small property."

"A property of nearly £2000 per annum," replied the Colonel. "He may consider it a small property, but I should think it otherwise if it had fallen to my lot."

"Indeed I had no idea, from what he said, that it was so large," said Mrs. Campbell. "Well, I have a high opinion of him, and have no doubt but that he will make a good use of it."

"At all events he can afford the luxury of a wife, said the Colonel, laughing, "which we soldiers seldom can."

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The Colonel then entered into conversation with Mr. Campbell, relative to his farm, and after many questions, he observed :

"I have been thinking, Mr. Campbell, that it will be very advantageous to the government as well as to you, when your farm is cleared and stocked, if, with the water-power you possess here, you were to erect a flour-mill and a saw-mill. You observe that the government has to supply the fort with flour and provisions of all kinds at a very heavy expense of carriage, and the cattle we have at the fort will cost us more than they are worth, now that we have lost your prairie farm, so conveniently situated for us. On the other hand, your produce will be almost useless to you, at the distance you are from any mart ; as you will not find any sale for it. Now, if you were to erect a mill, and grind your own wheat, which you may do in another year, if you have funds sufficient ; and as you may have plenty of stock, you will be able to supply the fort with flour, beef, pork, and mutton, at a good profit to yourself, and at one-half the price which government pays at present. I have written to the Governor on the subject, stating that we have not the means of keeping our stock, and pointing out to him what I now point out to you. I expect an answer in a few days, and should he authorise me, I may make arrangements with you even now, which will be satisfactory, I have no doubt."

Mr. Campbell returned the Colonel many thanks for his kindness, and of course expressed himself willing to be guided by his advice. He stated that he had funds not only sufficient to erect a mill, but also, if he were permitted, to pay for the labour of any party of men which the commandant would spare during the summer season.

"That is the very point which I wished to ascertain ; but I felt some delicacy about making the inquiry. Now I consider that there will be no difficulty in our arrangements."

The Colonel remained for some time looking over the farm and conversing with Mr. Campbell, and then took his leave.

In the meantime, Alfred and his cousins went out to walk ; the weather was now beautifully clear, and in the afternoon the heat was not too oppressive. As they sauntered by the side of the stream, Mary said, "Well, Alfred, what do you think of the Colonel's proposition?"

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"Yes," observed Emma, "you are a party deeply concerned in it."

"How so, dear coz?"

"Why, don't you perceive that if the mill is erected, you will be the proper person to have charge of it? What a change of professions, from a sailor to a miller. I think I see you in your coat, all white with flour, coming in to dinner."

"My dear Emma, you don't intend it, I am sure, but you do not know that you are inflicting pain upon me. When the Colonel made the proposition, I felt the importance of it, as it would be a source of great profit to my father; but at the same time, I don't know how it is, I have always indulged the idea that we may not stay here for ever, and this plan appeared so like decidedly settling down to a residence for life, that it made me low-spirited. I know that it is foolish, and that we have no chance of ever removing—but still I cannot, even with this almost certainty before my eyes, keep my mind from thinking upon one day returning to my profession, and the idea of becoming a miller for life is what I cannot as yet contemplate with any degree of composure."

"Well, Alfred, I only did it to tease you a little—not to hurt your feelings, believe me," replied Emma. "You shall not be a miller if you don't like it. Henry will do better, perhaps, than you; but as for our quitting this place, I have no idea of it's being ever possible. I have made up my mind to live and die in the Canadian woods, considering it my wayward fate that all 'my sweetness should be wasted on the desert air.'"

"Repining is useless, if not sinful," observed Mary Percival. "We have much to be thankful for; at least we are independent, and if we are ever to repay the kindness of our uncle and aunt who must feel their change of condition so much more than we do, it must be by cheerfulness and content. I have been thinking as well as you, Alfred, and I'll tell you what was in my thoughts. I looked forward to a few years, by which time, as the country fills up so fast, it is very probable that we shall have other settlers here as neighbours, in every direction. This will give us security. I also fancied that my uncle's farm and property became of

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value and importance, and that he himself became a leading man in the district; not only at his ease, but, for a settler, even wealthy; and then I fancied that, surrounded by others, in perfect security, and in easy and independent circumstances, my uncle would not forget the sacrifice which my cousin Alfred so nobly made, and would insist upon his returning to that profession to which he is so much attached, and in which I have no doubt but that he will distinguish himself."

"Well said, my sweet prophet," said Alfred, kissing his cousin, "you have more sense than both of us."

"Answer for yourself, Alfred, if you please," said Emma, tossing her head as if affronted. "I shall not forget that remark of yours, I can assure you. Now, I prophesy quite the contrary; Alfred will never go to sea again. He will be taken with the charms of some Scotch settler's daughter, some Janet or Moggy, and settle down into a Canadian farmer, mounted on a long-legged black pony."

"And I too," replied Alfred, "prophesy, that at the same time that I marry and settle as you have described, Miss Emma Percival will yield up her charms to some long-legged, black, nondescript sort of a fellow, who will set up a whisky-shop and instal his wife as barmaid to attend upon and conciliate his customers."

"Emma, I think you have the worst of this peeping into futurity," said Mary, laughing.

"Yes, if Alfred were not a false prophet, of which there are always many going about," replied Emma; "however, I hope your prophecy may be the true one, Mary, and then we shall get rid of him."

"I flatter myself that you would be very sorry if I went away; you would have no one to tease, at all events," replied Alfred, "and that would be a sad loss to yourself."

"Well, there's some sense in that remark," said Emma; "but the cows are waiting to be milked, and so, Mr. Alfred, if you are on your good behaviour, you had better go and bring us the pails."

"I really pity Alfred," said Mary, as soon as he was out of hearing; "his sacrifice has been very great, and, much as he must feel it, how well he bears up against it."

"He is a dear, noble fellow," replied Emma; "and I

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do love him very much, although I cannot help teasing him."

"But on some points you should be cautious, my dear sister; you don't know what pain you give."

"Yes, I do, and am always sorry when I have done it, but it is not until afterward that I recollect it, and then I am very angry with myself. Don't scold me, dear Mary, I will try to be wiser. I wonder whether what you say will come to pass, and we shall have neighbours; I wish we had, if it were only on account of those Indians."

"I think it very probable," replied Mary; "but time will show."

Alfred then returned with the pails, and the conversation took another turn.

A few days afterward a corporal arrived from the fort, bringing letters and newspapers; the first that they had received since the breaking up of the winter. The whole family were in commotion as the intelligence was proclaimed; Mary and Emma left the fowls which they were feeding; Percival threw down the pail with which he was attending the pigs; Alfred ran in from where he and Martin were busy splitting rails; all crowded round Mr. Campbell as he opened the packet in which all the letters and papers had been enveloped at the fort. The letters were few; three from Miss Paterson, and two other friends in England, giving them the English news; one to Alfred from Captain Lumley, inquiring after the family, and telling him that he had mentioned his position to his friends at the Board, and that there could be no call for his services for the present; one from Mr. Campbell's English agent, informing him that he had remitted the money paid by Mr. Douglas Campbell for the plants, &c., to his agent at Quebec; and another from his Quebec agent, advising the receipt of the money and enclosing a balance-sheet. The letters were first read over, and then the newspapers were distributed, and all of them were soon very busy and silent during the perusal.

After a while, Emma read out. "Dear uncle, only hear this, how sorry I am."

"What is it, my dear?" said Mr. Campbell.

"'Mrs. Douglas Campbell, of Wexton Hall, of a son, which survived but a few hours after birth.'"

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"I am very sorry too, my dear Emma," replied Mr. Campbell; "Mr. Douglas Campbell's kindness to us must make us feel for any misfortune which may happen to him, and to rejoice in any blessing which may be bestowed upon him."

"It must have been a serious disappointment," said Mrs. Campbell; "but one which, if it pleases God, may be replaced; and we may hope that their expectations, though blighted for the present, may be realised on some future occasion."

"Here is a letter from Colonel Forster, which I overlooked," said Mr. Campbell; "it was between the envelope. He says that he has received an answer from the Governor, who fully agrees with him in his views on the subject we were conversing about, and has allowed him to take any steps which he may think advisable. The Colonel says that he will call upon me again in a few days, and that if in the meantime, I will let him know how many soldiers I wish to employ, he will make arrangements to meet my views as far as lies in his power. We have to thank Heaven for sending us friends, at all events," continued Mr. Campbell; "but at present, we will put his letter aside, and return to our English news."

"Dear England!" exclaimed Emma.

"Yes, dear England, my good girl; we are English, and can love our country as much now as we did when we lived in it. We are still English, and in an English colony; it has pleased Heaven to remove us away from our native land, but our hearts and feelings are still the same, and so will all English hearts be found to be in every settlement made by our country all over the wide world. We all glory in being English, and have reason to be proud of our country. May the feelings never be lost, but have an elevating influence upon our general conduct!"

CHAPTER XXVI

IT was very nearly five weeks before Henry returned from his expedition to Montreal. During this time, the Colonel had repeated his visit and made arrangements with Mr.

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Campbell. A party of twenty soldiers had been sent to work at felling timber and splitting rails, for whose services Mr. Campbell paid as before. The winter house and palisade fence for the sheep were put in hand, and great progress was made in a short time, now that so many people were employed. They had also examined the stream for some distance, to ascertain which would be the most eligible site for the water-mill, and had selected one nearly half a mile from the shore of the lake, and where there was a considerable fall, and the stream ran with great rapidity. It was not, however, expected that the mill would be erected until the following year, as it was necessary to have a millwright and all the machinery from either Montreal or Quebec. It was intended that the estimate of the expense should be given in, the contract made, and the order given during the autumn, so that it might be all ready for the spring of the next year. It was on a Monday morning that Henry arrived from the fort, where he had stayed the Sunday, having reached it late on Saturday night. The *bateaux*, with the stock and stores, he had left at the fort; they were to come round during the day, but Henry's impatience to see the family would not allow him to wait. He was, as may be supposed, joyfully received, and as soon as the first recognitions were over, he proceeded to acquaint his father with what he had done. He had obtained from a Canadian farmer forty ewes of very fair stock, although not anything equal to the English; but the agent had worked hard for him, and procured him twenty English sheep and two rams of the best kind, to improve the breed. For the latter he had to pay rather dear, but they were worth any money to Mr. Campbell, who was quite delighted with the acquisition. In selecting the sheep, of course Henry was obliged to depend on the agent and the parties he employed, as he was no judge himself; but he had, upon his own judgment, purchased two Canadian horses, for Henry had been long enough at Oxford to know the points of a horse, and as they turned out, he had made a very good bargain. He had also bought a sow and pigs of an improved breed, and all the other commissions had been properly executed; the packages of skins also realised the price which had been put on them. As it may be supposed, he was full of news, talking about Montreal, the

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parties he had been invited to, and the people with whom he had become acquainted. He had not forgotten to purchase some of the latest English publications for his cousins, besides a few articles of millinery, which he thought not too gay for their present position. He was still talking, and probably would have gone on talking for hours longer, so many were the questions which he had to reply to, when Martin came in and announced the arrival of the *bateaux* with the stores and cattle, upon which they all went down to the beach to see them disembarked and brought up by the soldiers, who were at work. The stores were carried up to the door of the storehouse, and the sheep and horses were turned into the prairie with the cows. A week's rations for the soldiers were also brought up from the fort, and the men were very busy in the distribution, and carrying them to the little temporary huts of boughs which they had raised for their accommodation, during the time they worked for Mr. Campbell. Before the evening set in everything was arranged, and Henry was again surrounded by the family and replying to their remaining interrogatories. He told them that the Governor of Montreal had sent them an invitation to pass the winter at Government House, and promised the young ladies that no wolf should venture to come near to them, and that the aides-de-camp had requested the honour of their hands at the first ball, which should be given after their arrival, at which they all laughed heartily. In short, it appeared that nothing could equal the kindness and hospitality which had been shown to him, and that there was no doubt, if they chose to go there, that it would be equally extended to the other members of the family.

There was a pause in the conversation, when Malachi addressed Mr. Campbell.

"Martin wishes me to speak to you, sir," said Malachi.

"Martin," said Mr. Campbell, looking round for him, and perceiving that he was not in the room; "why, yes, I perceive he is gone out. What can it be that he cannot say for himself?"

"That's just what I said to him," replied Malachi; "but he thought it were better to come through me; the fact is, sir, that he has taken a liking to the Strawberry, and wishes to make her his wife."

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"Indeed!"

"Yes, sir; I don't think that he would have said anything about it as yet, but you see, there are so many soldiers here, and two or three of them are of Martin's mind, and that makes him feel uncomfortable till the thing is settled; and as he can't well marry while in your service without your leave, he has asked me to speak about it."

"Well, but the Strawberry is your property, not mine, Malachi."

"Yes, sir, according to Indian fashion, I am her father; but I've no objection, and shan't demand any presents for her."

"Presents for her! why, we in general give presents or money with a wife," said Emma.

"Yes, I know you do, but English wives ain't Indian wives; an English wife requires people to work for her, and costs money to keep, but an Indian wife works for herself and her husband, so she is of value and is generally bought of the father; I reckon in the end that it's cheaper to pay for an Indian wife than to receive money with an English one; but that's as may be."

"That's not a very polite speech of yours, Malachi," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Perhaps it ain't, ma'am, but it's near the mark, nevertheless. Now I am willing that Martin should have the Strawberry, because I know that he is a smart hunter, and will keep her well; and somehow or another, I feel that if he made her his wife, I should be more comfortable; I shall live with them here close by, and Martin will serve you, and when he has a wife he will not feel inclined to change service and go into the woods."

"I think it is an excellent proposal, Malachi, and am much pleased with it, as we now shall have you all together," said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, ma'am, so you will, and then I'll be always with the boy to look after him, and you'll always know where we are, and not be frightened."

"Very true, Malachi," said Mr. Campbell; "I consider it a very good arrangement. We must build you a better lodge than the one that you are in."

"No, sir, not a better one, for if you have all you want,

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you can't want more ; it's big enough, but perhaps not quite near enough. I'm thinking that when the sheep-fold is finished, it might be as well to raise our lodge inside of the palisades, and then we shall be a sort of guard to the creatures."

"A very excellent idea, Malachi ; well then, as far as I am concerned, Martin has my full consent to marry as soon as he pleases."

"And mine, if it is at all necessary," observed Mrs. Campbell.

"But who is to marry them?" said Emma ; "they have no chaplain at the fort : he went away last year."

"Why, miss, they don't want no chaplain ; she is an Indian girl, and he will marry her Indian-fashion."

"But what fashion is that, Malachi?" said Mary.

"Why, miss, he'll come to the lodge, and fetch her away to his own house."

Alfred burst out into laughter. "That's making short work of it," said he.

"Yes, rather too short for my approval," said Mrs. Campbell. "Malachi, it's very true that the Strawberry is an Indian girl, but we are not Indians, and Martin is not an Indian, neither are you who stand as her father ; indeed, I cannot consent to give my sanction to such a marriage."

"Well, ma'am, as you please, but it appears to me to be all right. If you go into a country and wish to marry a girl of that country, you marry her according to the rules of that country. Now, Martin seeks an Indian squaw, and why not therefore marry her after Indian fashion?"

"You may be right, Malachi, in your argument," said Mrs. Campbell ; "but still you must make allowances for our prejudices. We never should think that she was a married woman, if no further ceremony was to take place than what you propose."

"Well, ma'am, just as you please ; but still, suppose you marry them after your fashion, the girl won't understand a word that is said, so what good will it do?"

"None to her at present, Malachi ; but recollect, if she is not a Christian at present, she may be hereafter ; I have often thought upon that subject, and although I feel it useless to speak to her just now, yet as soon as she understands

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English well enough to know what I say to her, I hope to persuade her to become one. Now, if she should become a Christian, as I hope in God she will, she then will perceive that she has not been properly married, and will be anxious to have the ceremony properly performed over again; so why not do it now?"

"Well, ma'am, if it pleases you, I have no objection; I'm sure Martin will have none."

"It will please me very much, Malachi," replied Mrs. Campbell.

"And although there is no chaplain at the fort," observed Mr. Campbell, "yet the Colonel can marry in his absence; a marriage by a commanding officer is quite legal."

"Yes," replied Alfred, "and so is one by a captain of a man-of-war."

"So be it then," replied Malachi, "the sooner the better, for the soldiers are very troublesome, and I cannot keep them out of my lodge."

Martin, who had remained outside the door and overheard all that passed, now came in; the subject was again canvassed, and Martin returned his thanks for the permission given to him.

"Well," said Emma, "I little thought we should have a wedding in the family so soon; this is quite an event. Martin, I wish you joy—you will have a very pretty and a very good wife."

"I think so too, miss," replied Martin.

"Where is she?" said Mary.

"She is in the garden, miss," said Malachi, "getting out of the way of the soldiers; now that the work is done, they torment her not a little, and she is glad to escape from them. I'd tell them to go away, but they don't mind me; they know I must not use my rifle."

"I should hope not," replied Mrs. Campbell, "it would be hard to shoot a good man merely because he wished to marry your daughter."

"Why, yes, ma'am, it would," replied Malachi, "so the sooner she is given to Martin the sooner we shall have peace."

As the boat was continually going backward and forward between the fort and the farm, Mr. Campbell wrote to the

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Colonel, stating what they wished him to do, and the Colonel appointed that day week, on which he would come and perform the ceremony. It was a little fête at the farm. Mrs. Campbell and the Miss Percivals dressed themselves more than usually smart, so did all the males of the establishment; a better dinner than usual was prepared, as the Colonel and some of the officers were to dine and spend the day with them. Martin was very gaily attired, and in high spirits. The Strawberry had on a new robe of young deer-skin, and had a flower or two in her long black hair; she looked as she was, very pretty and very modest, but not at all embarrassed. The marriage ceremony was explained to her by Malachi, and she cheerfully consented. Before noon the marriage took place, and an hour or two afterward they sat down to a well-furnished table, and the whole party were very merry, particularly as the Colonel, who was most unusually gay, insisted upon the Strawberry sitting at the table, which she had never done before. She acquitted herself, however, without embarrassment, and smiled when they laughed, although she could understand but little of what they said. Mr. Campbell opened two of his bottles of wine to celebrate the day, and they had a very happy party; the only people who were discontented were three or four of the soldiers outside, who had wanted to marry the Strawberry themselves; but the knowledge that the Colonel was there effectually put a stop to anything like annoyance or disturbance on their part. At sunset, the Colonel and officers departed for the fort, the family remained in the house till past ten o'clock, by which time all the soldiers had gone to bed. Mr. Campbell then read prayers, and offered up an additional one for the happiness of the newly-married couple, after which they all saluted the Strawberry and wished her good night: she was then led to the lodge by Martin, accompanied by Alfred, Henry, Malachi, Percival, and John, who all went home with them as a guard from any interruption on the part of the disappointed suitors.

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CHAPTER XXVII

HOW cheerful and gay everything looks now," observed Emma to Mary, a few mornings after the celebration of the marriage. "One could hardly credit that in a few months all this animated landscape will be nothing but one dreary white mass of snow and ice, with no sounds meeting the ear but the howling of the storm and the howling of the wolves."

"Two very agreeable additions certainly," replied Mary, "but what you observe was actually occurring to my own mind at the very moment."

The scene was indeed cheerful and lively. The prairie on one side of the stream waved its high grass to the summer breeze; on the other, the cows, horses, and sheep were grazing in every direction. The lake in the distance was calm and unruffled; the birds were singing and chirping merrily in the woods; near the house the bright green of the herbage was studded with the soldiers, dressed in white, employed in various ways; the corn waved its yellow ears between the dark stumps of the trees in the cleared land, and the smoke from the chimney of the house mounted straight up in a column to the sky; the grunting of the pigs and the cackling of the fowls, and the occasional bleating of the calves, responded to by the lowing of the cows, gave life and animation to the picture. At a short distance from the shore the punt was floating on the still waters. John and Malachi were very busy fishing; the dogs were lying down by the palisades, all except Oscar, who, as usual, attended upon his young mistresses; and under the shade of a large tree, at a little distance from the house, were Mr. Campbell and Percival, the former reading while the other was conning over his lesson.

"This looks but little like a wilderness now, Mary, does it?" said Emma.

"No, my dear sister. It is very different from what it was when we first came; but still I should like to have some neighbours."

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"So should I; any society is better than none at all."

"There I do not agree with you; at the same time, I think we could find pleasure in having about us even those who are not cultivated, provided they were respectable and good."

"That's what I would have said, Mary; but we must go in, and practise the new air for the guitar which Henry brought us from Montreal. We promised him that we would. Here comes Alfred to spend his idleness upon us."

"His idleness, Emma; surely you don't mean that; he's seldom if ever unemployed."

"Some people are very busy about nothing," replied Emma.

"Yes; and some people say what they do not mean, sister," replied Mary.

"Well, Alfred, here is Emma pronouncing you to be an idle body."

"I am not likely to be that, at all events," replied Alfred, taking off his hat and fanning himself. "My father proposes to give me enough to do. What do you think he said to me this morning before breakfast?"

"I suppose he said that you might as well go to sea again as remain here," replied Emma, laughing.

"No, indeed; I wish he had; but he has proposed that your prophecy should be fulfilled, my malicious little cousin. He has proposed my turning miller."

Emma clapped her hands and laughed.

"How do you mean?" said Mary.

"Why, he pointed out to me that the mill would cost about two hundred and fifty pounds, and that he thought as my half-pay was unemployed, that it would be advisable that I should expend it in erecting the mill, offering me the sum necessary for the purpose. He would advance the money, and I might repay him as I received my pay. That, he said, would be a provision for me, and eventually an independence."

"I told you that you would be a miller," replied Emma, laughing. "Poor Alfred!"

"Well, what did you reply, Alfred?" said Mary.

"I said yes, I believe, because I did not like to say no."

"You did perfectly right, Alfred," replied Mary. "There

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can be no harm in your having the property, and had you refused it, it would have given pain to your father. If your money is laid out on the mill, my uncle will have more to expend upon the farm; but still it does not follow that you are to become a miller all your life."

"I should hope not," replied Alfred; "as soon as Emma meets with that long black gentleman we were talking of, I'll make it over to her as a marriage portion."

"Thank you, cousin," replied Emma, "I may put you in mind of your promise; but now Mary and I must go in and astonish the soldiers with our music; so good-bye, Mr. Campbell, the miller."

The soldiers had now been at work for more than two months, a large portion of the wood had been felled and cleared away. With what had been cleared by Alfred and Martin and Henry the year before, they had now more than forty acres of corn land. The rails for the snake-fence had also been split, and the fence was almost complete round the whole of the prairie and cleared land, when it was time for the grass to be cut down and the hay made and gathered up. This had scarcely been finished when the corn was ready for the sickle and gathered in; a barn had been raised close to the sheep-fold as well as the lodge for Malachi, Martin, and his wife. For six weeks all was bustle and hard work, but the weather was fine, and everything was got in safe. The services of the soldiers were now no longer required, and Mr. Campbell having settled his accounts, they returned to the fort.

"Who would think," said Henry to Alfred, as he cast his eyes over the buildings, the stacks of corn and hay, and the prairie stocked with cattle, "that we had only been here so short a time?"

"Many hands make light work," replied Alfred; "we have done with the help from the fort what it would have taken us six years to do with our own resources. My father's money has been well laid out, and will bring in good return."

"You have heard of the proposal of Colonel Forster, about the cattle at the fort?"

"No; what is it?"

"He wrote to my father yesterday, saying, as he had only

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the means of feeding the cows necessary for the officers of the garrison, that he would sell all the oxen at present at the fort at a very moderate price."

"But even if we have fodder enough for them during the winter, what are we to do with them?"

"Sell them again to the fort for the supply of the troops," replied Henry, "and thereby gain good profit. The commandant says that it will be cheaper to government in the end than being compelled to feed them."

"That it will, I have no doubt, now that they have nothing to give them; they trusted chiefly to our prairie for hay; and if they had not had such a quantity in store, they could not have fed them last winter."

"My father will consent, I know; indeed he would be very foolish not to do so, for most of them will be killed when the winter sets in, and will only cost us the grazing."

"We are fortunate in finding such friends as we have done," replied Alfred. "All this assistance would not have been given to perhaps any other settlers."

"No, certainly not; but you see, Alfred, we are indebted to your influence with Captain Lumley for all these advantages, at least my father and mother say so, and I agree with them. Captain Lumley's influence with the Governor has created all this interest about us."

"I think we must allow that the peculiar position of the family has done much toward it. It is not often that they meet with settlers of refined habits and cultivated minds, and there naturally must be a feeling toward a family of such a description in all generous minds."

"Very true, Alfred," replied Henry; "but there is our mother waiting for us to go in to dinner."

"Yes; and the Strawberry by her side. What a nice little creature she is!"

"Yes; and how quickly she is becoming useful. She has almost given up her Indian customs, and is settling down quietly into English habits. Martin appears very fond of her."

"And so he ought to be," replied Henry; "a wife with a smile always upon her lips is a treasure. Come, let us go in."

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Another fortnight passed away, when an incident occurred which created some uneasiness. Mr. Campbell was busy with Martin and Alfred clearing out the store-room and arranging the stores. Many of the cases and packages had been opened to be examined and aired, and they were busily employed, when, turning round, Mr. Campbell, to his great surprise, beheld an Indian by his side, who was earnestly contemplating the various packages of blankets, &c., and cases of powder, shot, and other articles, which were opened around him.

"Why, who is this?" exclaimed Mr. Campbell, starting.

Martin and Alfred, who had their backs to him at the time of Mr. Campbell's exclamation, turned round and beheld the Indian. He was an elderly man, very tall and muscular, dressed in leggings and deerskin coat, a war-eagle's feather, fixed by a fillet, on his head, and a profusion of copper and brass medals, and trinkets round his neck. His face was not painted, with the exception of two black circles round his eyes. His head was shaved, and one long scalp-lock hung behind him. He had a tomahawk and a knife in his belt, and a rifle upon his arm. Martin advanced to the Indian and looked earnestly at him.

"I know his tribe," said Martin; "but not his name; but he is a chief and a warrior."

Martin then spoke to him in the Indian tongue. The Indian merely gave an "ugh" in reply.

"He does not choose to give his name," observed Martin; "and, therefore, he is here for no good. Mr. Alfred, just fetch Malachi; he will know him, I dare say."

Alfred went to the house for Malachi; in the meantime the Indian remained motionless, with his eyes fixed upon different articles exposed to view.

"It's strange," observed Martin, "how he could have come here; but, to be sure, neither Malachi nor I have been out lately."

Just as he had finished his remark, Alfred returned with Malachi. Malachi looked at the Indian and spoke to him.

The Indian now replied in the Indian language.

"I knew him, sir," said Malachi, "the moment I saw his back. He's after no good, and it's a thousand pities that he

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has come just now and seen all this," continued Malachi; "it's a strong temptation."

"Why, who is he?" said Mr. Campbell.

"The Angry Snake, sir," replied Malachi. "I had no idea that he would be in these parts before the meeting of the Indian council, which takes place in another month, and then I meant to have been on the look-out for him."

"But what have we to fear from him?"

"Well, that's to be proved; but this I can say, that he has his eyes upon what appears to him of more value than all the gold in the universe; and he's anything but honest."

"But we have nothing to fear from one man," observed Alfred.

"His party ain't far off, sir," said Malachi. "He has some followers, although not many, and those who follow him are as bad as himself. We must be on the watch."

Malachi now addressed the Indian for some time; the only reply was an "ugh."

"I have told him that all the powder and ball that he sees are for our rifles, which are more than are possessed by his whole tribe. Not that it does much good, but at all events it's just as well to let him know that we shall be well prepared. The crittur's quite amazed at so much ammunition; that's a fact. It's a pity he ever saw it."

"Shall we give him some?" said Mr. Campbell.

"No, no, sir; he would only make use of it to try to get the rest; however, I believe that he is the only one of his party who has a rifle. The best thing is to close the doors, and then he will go."

They did as Malachi requested, and the Indian, after waiting a short time, turned round on his heel, and walked away.

"He is a regular devil, that Angry Snake," observed Malachi, as he watched him departing; "but never mind, I'll be a match for him. I wish he'd never seen all that ammunition, nevertheless."

"At all events, we had better not say a word in the house about his making his appearance," said Mr. Campbell. "It will only alarm the women, and do no good."

"That's true, sir. I'll only tell the Strawberry," said Martin; "she's an Indian, and it will put her on the look-out."

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"That will be as well, but caution her not to mention it to Mrs. Campbell or the girls, Martin."

"Never fear, sir," replied Malachi; "I'll watch his motions, nevertheless; to-morrow I'll be in the woods and on his trail. I'm glad that he saw me here, for he fears me; I know that."

It so happened that the Indian was not seen by Mrs. Campbell or any of them in the house, either upon his arrival or departure; and when Mr. Campbell and the others returned to the house, they found that no one there had any idea of such a visit having been paid. The secret was kept, but it occasioned a great deal of anxiety for some days. At last the alarm of Mr. Campbell gradually subsided. Malachi had gone out with John, and had discovered that all the Indians had come down near to them, to meet in council, and that there were many other parties of them in the woods. But although the visit of the Angry Snake might have been partly accidental, still Malachi was convinced that there was every prospect of his paying them another visit, if he could obtain a sufficient number to join him, so that he might obtain by force the articles he had seen and so much coveted.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MR. CAMPBELL acceded to the offer made by the commandant of the fort, and purchased of him, at a moderate price, eighteen oxen, which were all that remained of the stock at the fort, except the cows. He also took six weaning calves to bring up. The cattle were now turned into the bush to feed, that they might obtain some after-grass from that portion of the prairie on which they had been feeding. The summer passed quickly away, for they all had plenty of employment. They fished every day in the lake, and salted what they did not eat, for winter provision. Martin now was a great part of his time in the woods, looking after the cattle, and Malachi occasionally accompanied him, but was oftener out hunting with John, and always returned with game. They brought in a good many bearskins, and sometimes the flesh, which, although approved of by Malachi and Martin, was not much admired by the rest. As

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soon as the after-grass had been gathered in, there was not so much to do. Henry and Mr. Campbell, with Percival, were quite sufficient to look after the stock, and as the leaves began to change, the cattle were driven in from the woods, and pastured on the prairie. Everything went on in order; one day was the counterpart of another. Alfred and Henry threshed out the corn, in the shed, or rather open barn, which had been put up by the soldiers in the sheep-fold, and piled up the straw for winter-fodder for the cattle. The oats and wheat were taken into the store-house. Martin's wife could now understand English, and spoke it a little. She was very useful, assisting Mrs. Campbell and her nieces in the house, and attending the stock. They had brought up a large number of chickens, and had disposed of a great many to the Colonel and officers of the fort. Their pigs also had multiplied exceedingly, and many had been put up to fatten, ready to be killed and salted down. The time for that occupation was now come, and they were very busy curing their meat; they had also put up a small shed for smoking their bacon and hams. Already they were surrounded with comfort and plenty, and felt grateful to Heaven that they had been so favoured.

The autumn had now advanced, and their routine of daily duty was seldom interrupted; now and then a visit was paid them from the fort by one or other of the officers or the commandant. The Indians had held their council, but the English agent was present, and the supply of blankets and other articles sent to the chiefs for distribution had the effect of removing all animosity. It is true that the Angry Snake and one or two more made very violent speeches, but they were overruled. The calumet of peace had been presented and smoked, and all danger appeared to be over from that quarter. Malachi had gone to the council, and was well received. He had been permitted to speak also as an English agent, and his words were not without effect. Thus everything wore the appearance of peace and prosperity, when an event occurred which we shall now relate.

What is termed the Indian summer had commenced, during which there is a kind of haze in the atmosphere. One morning, a little before dawn, Mary and Emma, who happened to be up first, went out to milk the cows, when they

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observed that the haze was much thicker than usual. They had been expecting the equinoctial gales, which were very late this year, and Mary observed that she foresaw they were coming on, as the sky wore every appearance of wind; yet still there was but a light air, and hardly perceptible at the time. In a moment after they had gone out, and were taking up their pails, Strawberry came to them from her own lodge, and they pointed to the gloom and haze in the air. She turned round, as if to catch the wind, and snuffed for a little while; at last she said, "Great fire in the woods." Alfred and the others soon joined them, and having been rallied by Emma at their being so late, they also observed the unusual appearance of the sky. Martin corroborated the assertion of the Strawberry, that there was fire in the woods. Malachi and John had not returned that night from a hunting expedition, but shortly after daylight they made their appearance; they had seen the fire in the distance, and said that it was to northward and eastward, and extended many miles; that they had been induced to leave the chase and come home in consequence. During the remainder of the day, there was little or no wind, but the gloom and smell of fire increased rapidly. At night the breeze sprang up and soon increased to a gale from the north-east, the direction in which the fire had been seen. Malachi and Martin were up several times in the night, for they knew that if the wind continued in that quarter, without any rain, there would be danger; still the fire was at a great distance, but in the morning the wind blew almost a hurricane, and before twelve o'clock on the next day, the smoke was borne down upon them, and carried away in masses over the lake.

"Do you think there is any danger, Martin, from this fire?" said Alfred.

"Why, sir, that depends upon circumstances; if the wind were to blow from the quarter which it now does, as hard as it does, for another twenty-four hours, we should have the fire right down upon us."

"But still we have so much clear land between the forest and us, that I should think the house would be safe."

"I don't know that, sir. You have never seen the woods afire for miles as I have; if you had, you would know what it was. We have two chances: one is, that we may have

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torrents of rain come down with the gale, and the other is, that the wind may shift a point or two, which would be the best chance for us of the two."

But the wind did not shift, and the rain did not descend, and before the evening set in, the fire was within two miles of them, and distant roaring rent the air; the heat and smoke became more oppressive, and the party were under great alarm.

As the sun set the wind became even more violent, and now the flames were distinctly to be seen, and the whole air was filled with myriads of sparks. The fire bore down upon them with resistless fury, and soon the atmosphere was so oppressive, that they could scarcely breathe; the cattle galloped down to the lake, their tails in the air, and lowing with fear. There they remained, knee-deep in the water, and huddled together.

"Well, Malachi," said Mr. Campbell, "this is very awful. What shall we do?"

"Trust in God, sir; we can do nothing else," replied Malachi.

The flames were now but a short distance from the edge of the forest; they threw themselves up into the air in high columns; then, borne down by the wind, burst through the boughs of the forest, scorching here and there on the way the trunks of the large trees; while such a torrent of sparks and ignited cinders was poured down upon the prairie, that, added to the suffocating masses of smoke, it was impossible to remain there any longer.

"You must all go down to the punt, and get on board," said Malachi. "There's not a moment for delay; you will be smothered if you remain here. Mr. Alfred, do you and Martin pull out as far into the lake as is necessary for you to be clear of the smoke and able to breathe. Quick, there is no time to be lost, for the gale is rising faster than before."

There was, indeed, no time to be lost. Mr. Campbell took his wife by the arm; Henry led the girls, for the smoke was so thick that they could not see the way. Percival and Strawberry followed. Alfred and Martin had already gone down to get the boat ready. In a few minutes they were in the boat, and pushed off from the shore. The boat was

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crowded, but, being flat-bottomed, she bore the load well. They pulled out about half a mile into the lake, before they found themselves in a less oppressive atmosphere. Not a word was spoken until Martin and Alfred had stopped rowing.

"And old Malachi and John, where are they?" said Mrs. Campbell, who, now that they were clear of the smoke, discovered that these were not in the boat.

"Oh, never fear them, ma'am," replied Martin, "Malachi stayed behind to see if he could be of use. He knows how to take care of himself, and of John too."

"This is an awful visitation," said Mrs. Campbell, after a pause. "Look, the whole wood is now on fire, close down to the clearing. The house must be burned, and we shall save nothing."

"It is the will of God, my dear wife; and if we are to be deprived of what little wealth we have, we must not murmur, but submit with resignation. Let us thank Heaven that our lives are preserved."

Another pause ensued; at last the silence was broken by Emma.

"There is the cow-house on fire—I see the flames bursting from the roof."

Mrs. Campbell, whose hand was on that of her husband, squeezed it in silence. It was the commencement of the destruction of their whole property—all their labours and efforts had been thrown away. The winter was coming on, and they would be houseless—what would become of them!

All this passed in her mind, but she did not speak.

At this moment the flames of the fire rose up straight to the sky. Martin perceived it, and jumped up on his feet.

"There is a lull in the wind," said Alfred.

"Yes," replied Martin, and continued holding up his hand, "I felt a drop of rain. Yes, it's coming; another quarter of an hour and we may be safe."

Martin was correct in his observation; the wind had lulled for a moment, and he had felt the drops of rain. This pause continued for about three or four minutes, during which the cow-house burned furiously, but the ashes and sparks were no longer hurled down on the prairie; then suddenly the wind shifted to the south-east, with such torrents of rain as

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almost to blind them. So violent was the gust, that even the punt careened to it; but Alfred pulled its head round smartly, and put it before the wind. The gale was now equally strong from the quarter to which it had changed; the lake became agitated and covered with white foam, and before the punt reached the shore again, which it did in a few minutes, the water washed over its two sides, and they were in danger of swamping. Alfred directed them all to sit still, and raising the blades of the oars up into the air, the punt was dashed furiously through the waves, till it grounded on the beach.

Martin and Alfred jumped out into the water and hauled the punt further before they disembarked; the rain still poured down in torrents, and they were wet to the skin; as they landed, they were met by Malachi and John.

"It's all over, and all is safe!" exclaimed Malachi, "it was touch and go, that's sartin; but all's safe, except the cow-house, and that's easily put to rights again. You all had better go home as fast as you can, and get to bed."

"Is all quite safe, do you think, Malachi?" said Mr. Campbell.

"Yes, sir, no fear now; the fire hasn't passed the stream, and even if it had, this rain would put it out, for we only have the beginning of it; but it was a near thing, that's sartin."

The party walked back to the house, and as soon as they had entered, Mr. Campbell kneeled down and thanked Heaven for their miraculous preservation. All joined heartily in the prayer, and, after they had waited up a few minutes, by which time they were satisfied that the flames were fast extinguishing and they had nothing more to fear, they took off their wet clothes, and retired to bed.

The next morning they rose early, for all were anxious to ascertain the mischief which had been occasioned by the fire. The cow-house, on the opposite side of the stream, was the only part of the premises which had severely suffered; the walls were standing, but the roof was burned. On the side of the stream where the house stood, the rails and many portions of the buildings were actually charred, and, had it not been for the providential change of the wind and the falling of the rain, must in a few minutes have been destroyed.

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The prairie was covered with cinders, and the grass was burned and withered. The forest on the other side of the stream, to a great extent, was burned down; some of the largest trees still remained, throwing out their blackened arms, now leafless and branchless, to the sky, but they were never to throw forth a branch or leaf again. It was a melancholy and desolate picture, and rendered still more so by the heavy rain which still continued to pour down without intermission.

As they were surveying the scene, Malachi and Martin came to them.

"The stock are all right, sir," said Martin; "I counted them, and there is not one missing. There's no harm done except to the cow-house; on the contrary, the fire has proved a good friend to us."

"How so, Martin?" asked Mr. Campbell.

"Because it has cleared many acres of ground, and saved us much labour. All on the other side of the stream is now cleared away, and next spring we will have corn between the stumps; and in autumn, after we have gathered in the harvest, we will cut down and burn the trees which are now standing. It has done a deal of good to the prairie also, we shall have fine herbage there next spring."

"We have to thank Heaven for its mercy," said Mr. Campbell; "at one time yesterday evening I thought we were about to be rendered destitute indeed, but it has pleased God that it should be otherwise."

"Yes, sir," observed Malachi; "what threatened your ruin has turned out to your advantage. Next year you will see everything green and fresh as before; and, as Martin says, you have to thank the fire for clearing away more land for you than a whole regiment of soldiers could have done in two or three years."

"But we must work hard and get in the corn next spring, for otherwise the brushwood will grow up so fast, as to become a forest again in a few years."

"I never thought of inquiring," said Mary, "how it was that the forest could have taken fire."

"Why, miss," replied Malachi, "in the autumn, when everything is as dry as tinder, nothing is more easy. The Indians light their fire, and do not take the trouble to put it

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out, and that is generally the cause of it ; but then it requires wind to help it."

The danger that they had escaped made a serious impression on the whole party, and the following day, being Sunday, Mr. Campbell did not forget to offer up a prayer of thankfulness for their preservation.

The roof of the cow-house was soon repaired by Alfred and Martin, and the Indian summer passed away without any further adventure.

The day after the fire a despatch arrived from the fort to ascertain their welfare, and the Colonel and officers were greatly rejoiced to learn that comparatively so little damage had been done, for they expected to find that the family had been burned out, and had made arrangements at the fort to receive them.

Gradually the weather became cold and the fires were lighted, and a month after the evil we have described the winter again set in.

CHAPTER XXIX

ONCE more was the ground covered with snow to the depth of three feet. The cattle were littered down inside the enclosure of palisades round the cow-house ; the sheep were driven into the enclosed sheep-fold, and the horses were put into a portion of the barn in the sheep-fold which had been parted off for them. All was made secure, and every preparation was made for the long winter. Although there had been a fall of snow, the severe frost had not yet come on. It did, however, in about a fortnight afterward, and then, according to the wishes of the Colonel, six oxen were killed for the use of the fort, and taken there by the horses on a sledge ; this was the last task that they had to fulfil, and then Alfred bade adieu to the officers of the fort, as they did not expect to meet again till the winter was over. Having experienced one winter, they were more fully prepared for the second ; and as Malachi, the Strawberry, and John were now regular inmates of the house, for they did not keep a separate table, there was a greater feeling of security, and

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the monotony and dreariness were not so great as in the preceding winter: moreover, everything was now in its place, and they had more to attend to,—two circumstances which greatly contributed to relieve the *ennui* arising from continual confinement. The hunting parties went out as usual; only Henry, and occasionally Alfred, remained at home to attend to the stock, and to perform other offices which the increase of their establishment required. The new books brought by Henry from Montreal, and which by common consent had been laid aside for the winter's evenings, were now a great source of amusement, as Mr. Campbell read aloud a portion of them every evening. Time passed away quickly, as it always does when there is a regular routine of duties and employment, and Christmas came before they were aware of its approach.

It was a great comfort to Mrs. Campbell that she now always had John at home, except when he was out hunting, and on that score she had long dismissed all anxiety, as she had full confidence in Malachi; but latterly Malachi and John seldom went out alone; indeed, the old man appeared to like being in company, and his misanthropy had wholly disappeared. He now invariably spent his evenings with the family assembled round the kitchen fire, and had become much more fond of hearing his own voice. John did not so much admire these evening parties. He cared nothing for new books, or indeed any books. He would amuse himself making moccasins, or working porcupine quills with the Strawberry at one corner of the fire, and the others might talk or read, it was all the same, John never said a word or appeared to pay the least attention to what was said. His father occasionally tried to make him learn something, but it was useless. He would remain for hours with his book before him, but his mind was elsewhere. Mr. Campbell, therefore, gave up the attempt for the present, indulging the hope that when John was older, he would be more aware of the advantages of education, and would become more attentive. At present, it was only inflicting pain on the boy without any advantage being gained. But John did not always sit by the kitchen fire. The wolves were much more numerous than in the preceding winter, having been attracted by the sheep which were within the palisade, and every night the howling

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was incessant. The howl of a wolf was sufficient to make John seize his rifle and leave the house, and he would remain in the snow for hours till one came sufficiently near for him to fire, and he had already killed several when a circumstance occurred which was the cause of great uneasiness.

John was out one evening as usual, crouched down within the palisades, and watching for the wolves. It was a bright starry night, but there was no moon, when he perceived one of the animals, crawling along almost on its belly, close to the door of the palisade which surrounded the house. This surprised him, as, generally speaking, the animals prowled round the palisade which encircled the sheep-fold, or else close to the pig-sties which were at the opposite side from the entrance door. John levelled his rifle and fired, when, to his astonishment, the wolf appeared to spring up in the air on his hind legs, then fall down and roll away. The key of the palisade door was always kept within, and John determined to go in and fetch it, that he might ascertain whether he had killed the animal or not. When he entered, Malachi said, "Did you kill, my boy?"

"Don't know," replied John; "come for the key to see."

"I don't like the gate being opened at night, John," said Mr. Campbell; "why don't you leave it, as you usually do, till to-morrow morning; that will be time enough?"

"I don't know if it was a wolf," replied John.

"What, then, boy, tell me?" said Malachi.

"Well, I think it was an Indian," replied John; who then explained what had passed.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder," replied Malachi; "at all events the gate must not be opened to-night, for if it was an Indian you fired at, there is more than one of them; we'll keep all fast, John, and see what it was to-morrow."

Mrs. Campbell and the girls were much alarmed at this event, and it was with difficulty that they were persuaded to retire to rest.

"We will keep watch to-night at all events," said Malachi, as soon as Mrs. Campbell and her nieces had left the room. "The boy is right, I have no doubt. It is the Angry Snake and his party who are prowling about, but if the boy has hit the Indian, which I have no doubt of, they will make off; however, it will be just as well to be on our guard,

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nevertheless. Martin can watch here and I will watch in the fold."

We have before observed that the lodge of Malachi, Martin, and his wife, was built within the palisade of the sheep-fold, and that there was a passage from the palisade round the house to that which surrounded the sheep-fold, which passage had also a palisade on each side of it.

"I will watch here," said Alfred; "let Martin go home with you and his wife."

"I will watch with you," said John.

"Well, perhaps that will be better," said Malachi; "two rifles are better than one, and if any assistance is required, there will be one to send for it."

"But what do you think they would do, Malachi?" said Mr. Campbell; "they cannot climb the palisades."

"Not well, sir, nor do I think they would attempt it unless they had a large force, which I am sure they have not; no, sir, they would rather endeavour to set fire to the house if they could, but that's not so easy; one thing is certain, that the Snake will try all he can to get possession of what he saw in your storehouse."

"That I do not doubt," said Alfred; "but he will not find it so easy a matter."

"They've been reconnoitring, sir, that's the truth of it, and if John has helped one of them to a bit of lead, it will do good; for it will prove that we are on the alert, and make them careful how they come near the house again."

After a few minutes' more conversation, Mr. Campbell, Henry, and Percival retired, leaving the others to watch. Alfred walked home with Malachi and his party to see if all was right at the sheep-fold, and then returned.

The night passed without any further disturbance except the howling of the wolves, to which they were accustomed.

The next morning, at daybreak, Malachi and Martin came to the house, and, with John and Alfred, they opened the palisade gate, and went out to survey the spot where John had fired.

"Yes, sir," said Malachi; "it was an Indian, no doubt of it; here are the dents made in the snow by his knees as he crawled along, and John has hit him, for here is the blood. Let's follow the trail. See, sir, he has been hard hit; there

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is more blood this way as we go on. Ha!" continued Malachi, as he passed by a mound of snow, "here's the wolf-skin he was covered up with; then he is dead or thereabouts, and they have carried him off, for he never would have parted with his skin, if he had had his senses about him."

"Yes," observed Martin, "his wound was mortal, that's certain."

They pursued the track till they arrived at the forest, and then, satisfied by the marks on the snow that the wounded man had been carried away, they returned to the house, when they found the rest of the family dressed and in the kitchen. Alfred showed them the skin of the wolf, and informed them of what they had discovered.

"I am grieved that blood has been shed," observed Mrs. Campbell; "I wish it had not happened. I have heard that the Indians never forgive on such occasions."

"Why, ma'am, they are very revengeful, that's certain, but still they won't like to risk too much. This has been a lesson to them. I only wish it had been the Angry Snake himself who was settled, as then we should have no more trouble or anxiety about them."

"Perhaps it may be," said Alfred.

"No, sir, that's not likely; it's one of his young men; I know the Indian customs well."

It was some time before the alarm occasioned by this event subsided in the mind of Mrs. Campbell and her nieces; Mr. Campbell also thought much about it, and betrayed occasional anxiety. The parties went out hunting as before, but those at home now felt anxious till their return from the chase. Time, however, and not hearing anything more of the Indians, gradually revived their courage, and before the winter was half over they thought little about it. Indeed, it had been ascertained by Malachi from another band of Indians which he fell in with near a small lake where they were trapping beaver, that the Angry Snake was not in that part of the country, but had gone with his band to the westward at the commencement of the new year. This satisfied them that the enemy had left immediately after the attempt which he had made to reconnoitre the premises.

The hunting parties, therefore, as we said, continued as before; indeed, they were necessary for the supply of so

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many mouths. Percival, who had grown very much since his residence in Canada, was very anxious to be permitted to join them, which he never had been during the former winter. This was very natural. He saw his younger brother go out almost daily, and seldom return without having been successful; indeed, John was, next to Malachi, the best shot of the party. It was, therefore, very annoying to Percival that he should always be detained at home doing all the drudgery of the house, such as feeding the pigs, cleaning knives, and other menial work, while his younger brother was doing the duty of a man. To Percival's repeated entreaties, objections were constantly raised by his mother: they could not spare him, he was not accustomed to walk in snow-shoes. Mr. Campbell observed that Percival became dissatisfied and unhappy, and Alfred took his part and pleaded for him. Alfred observed very truly, that the Strawberry could occasionally do Percival's work, and that if it could be avoided, he should not be cooped up at home in the way that he was; and, Mr. Campbell agreeing with Alfred, Mrs. Campbell very reluctantly gave her consent to his occasionally going out.

"Why, aunt, have you such an objection to Percival going out with the hunters?" said Mary. "It must be very trying to him to be always detained at home."

"I feel the truth of what you say, my dear Mary," said Mrs. Campbell, "and I assure you it is not out of selfishness, or because we shall have more work to do, that I wish him to remain with us; but I have an instinctive dread that some accident will happen to him, which I cannot overcome, and there is no arguing with a mother's fears and a mother's love."

"You were quite as uneasy, my dear aunt, when John first went out; you were continually in alarm about him, but now you are perfectly at ease," replied Emma.

"Very true," said Mrs. Campbell; "it is, perhaps, a weakness on my part which I ought to get over; but we are all liable to such feelings. I trust in God there is no real cause for apprehension, and that my reluctance is a mere weakness and folly. But I see the poor boy has long pined at being kept at home; for nothing is more irksome to a high-couraged and spirited boy as he is. I have, therefore, given my consent, because I think it is my duty; still the feeling

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remains; so let us say no more about it, my dear girls, for the subject is painful to me."

"My dear aunt, did you not say that you would talk to Strawberry on the subject of religion, and try if you could not persuade her to become a Christian? She is very serious at prayers, I observe; and appears, now that she understands English, to be very attentive to what is said."

"Yes, my dear Emma, it is my intention so to do very soon, but I do not like to be in too great a hurry. A mere conforming to the usages of our religion would be of little avail, and I fear that too many of our good missionaries, in their anxiety to make converts, do not sufficiently consider this point. Religion must proceed from conviction, and be seated in the heart; the heart, indeed, must be changed, not mere outward forms attended to."

"What is the religion of the Indians, my dear aunt?" said Mary.

"One which makes conversion the more difficult. It is in many respects so near what is right, that Indians do not easily perceive the necessity of change. They believe in one God, the fountain of all good; they believe in a future state and in future rewards and punishments. You perceive they have the same foundation as we have, although they know not Christ, and, having very incomplete notions of duty, have a very insufficient sense of their manifold transgressions and offences in God's sight, and consequently have no idea of the necessity of a mediator. Now it is, perhaps, easier to convince those who are entirely wrong, such as worship idols and false gods, than those who approach so nearly to the truth. But I have had many hours of reflection upon the proper course to pursue, and I do intend to have some conversation with her on the subject in a very short time. I have delayed because I consider it absolutely necessary that she should be perfectly aware of what I say, before I try to alter her belief. Now the Indian language, although quite sufficient for Indian wants, is poor, and has not the same copiousness as ours, because they do not require the words to explain what we term abstract ideas. It is, therefore, impossible to explain the mysteries of our holy religion to one who does not well understand our language. I think, however, that the Strawberry now begins to com-

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prehend sufficiently for me to make the first attempt. I say first attempt, because I have no idea of making a convert in a week, or a month, or even in six months. All I can do is to exert my best abilities, and then trust to God, who, in His own good time, will enlighten her mind to receive His truth."

The next day the hunting party went out, and Percival, to his great delight, was permitted to accompany it. As they had a long way to go, for they had selected the hunting ground, they set off early in the morning, before daylight, Mr. Campbell having particularly requested that they would not return home late.

CHAPTER XXX

THE party had proceeded many miles before they arrived at the spot where Malachi thought that they would fall in with some venison, which was the principal game that they sought. It was not till near ten o'clock in the morning that they stood on the ground which had been selected for the sport. It was an open part of the forest, and the snow lay in large drifts, but here and there on the hill-sides the grass was nearly bare, and the deer were able, by scraping with their feet, to obtain some food. They were all pretty well close together when they arrived. Percival and Henry were about a quarter of a mile behind, for Percival was not used to the snow-shoes, and did not get on so well as the others. Malachi and the rest with him halted, that Henry and Percival might come up with them, and then, after they had recovered their breath a little, he said—

"Now, you see there's a fine lot of deer here, Master Percival, but as you know nothing about woodcraft, and may put us all out, observe what I say to you. The animals are not only cute of hearing and seeing, but they are more cute of smell, and they can scent a man a mile off if the wind blows down to them; so you see it would be useless to attempt to get near to them if we do not get to the lee side of them without noise and without being seen. Now, the wind has been from the eastward, and as we are to the southward, we must get round by the woods to the westward,

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before we go upon the open ground, and then, Master Percival, you must do as we do, and keep behind, to watch our motions. If we come to a swell in the land, you must not run up, or even walk up, as you might show yourself; the deer might be on the other side, within twenty yards of you; but you must hide yourself, as you will see that we shall do, and when we have found them, I will put you in a place where you shall have your shot as well as we. Do you understand, Master Percival?"

"Yes, I do, and I shall stop behind, and do as you tell me."

"Well then, now, we will go back into the thick of the forest till we go to the leeward, and then we shall see whether you will make a hunter or not."

The whole party did as Malachi directed, and for more than an hour they walked through the wood, among the thickest of the trees, that they might not be seen by the animals. At last they arrived at the spot which Malachi desired, and then they changed their course eastward toward the more open ground, where they expected to find the deer.

As they entered upon the open ground, they moved forward crouched to the ground, Malachi and Martin in the advance. When in the hollows, they all collected together, but on ascending a swell of the land, it was either Malachi or Martin who first crept up, and, looking over the summit, gave notice to the others to come forward. This was continually repeated for three or four miles, when Martin having raised his head just above a swell, made a signal to those who were below that the deer were in sight. After a moment or two reconnoitring, he went down and informed them that there were twelve or thirteen head of deer scraping up the snow about one hundred yards ahead of them upon another swell of the land; but that they appeared to be alarmed and anxious, as if they had an idea of danger being near.

Malachi then again crawled up to make his observations, and returned.

"It is sartin," said he, "that they are flurried about something; they appear just as if they had been hunted, and yet that is not likely. We must wait and let them settle a little, and find out whether any other parties have been hunting them."

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They waited about ten minutes, till the animals appeared more settled, and then, by altering their position behind the swell, gained about twenty-five yards of distance. Malachi told each party which animal to aim at, and they fired nearly simultaneously. Three of the beasts fell, two others were wounded, the rest of the herd bounded off like the wind. They all rose from behind the swell, and ran forward to their prey. Alfred had fired at a fine buck which stood apart from the rest, and somewhat further off; it was evident that the animal was badly wounded, and Alfred had marked the thicket into which it had floundered; but the other deer which was wounded was evidently slightly hurt, and there was little chance of obtaining it, as it bounded away after the rest of the herd. They all ran up to where the animals lay dead, and as soon as they had reloaded their rifles, Alfred and Martin went on the track of the one that was badly wounded. They had forced their way through the thicket for some fifty yards, guided by the track of the animal, when they started back at the loud growl of some beast. Alfred, who was in advance, perceived that a puma (catamount, or painter, as it is usually termed) had taken possession of the deer, and was lying over the carcass. He levelled his rifle and fired; the beast, although badly wounded, immediately sprang at him and seized him by the shoulder. Alfred was sinking under the animal's weight and from the pain he was suffering, when Martin came to his rescue, and put his rifle ball through the head of the beast, which fell dead.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" said Martin.

"No, not much," replied Alfred; "at least I think not, but my shoulder is badly torn, and I bleed freely."

Malachi and the others now came up, and perceived what had taken place. Alfred had sunk down and was sitting on the ground by the side of the dead animals.

"A painter!" exclaimed Malachi; "well, I didn't think we should see one so far west. Are you hurt, Mr. Alfred?"

"Yes, a little," replied Alfred faintly.

Malachi and Martin, without saying another word, stripped off Alfred's hunting coat, and then discovered that he had received a very bad wound in the shoulder from the teeth of the beast, and that his side was also torn by the animal's claws.

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"John, run for some water," said Malachi; "you are certain to find some in the hollow."

John and Percival both hastened in search of water, while Malachi and Martin and Henry tore Alfred's shirt into strips and bound up the wounds, so as to stop in a great measure the flow of blood. As soon as this was done and he had drunk the water brought to him in John's hat, Alfred felt revived.

"I will sit down for a little longer," said he, "and then we will get home as fast as we can. Martin, look after the game, and when you are ready I will get up. What a tremendous heavy brute that was; I could not have stood against him for a minute longer, and I had no hunting-knife."

"It's a terrible beast, sir," replied Malachi. "I don't know that I ever saw one larger; they are more than a match for one man, sir, and never should be attempted single-handed, for they are so hard to kill."

"Where did my ball hit him?" said Alfred.

"Here, sir, under the shoulder, and well placed too. It must have gone quite close to his heart; but unless you hit them through the brain or through the heart, they are certain to make their dying spring. That's an ugly wound on your shoulder, and will put a stop to your hunting for five or six weeks, I expect. However, it's well that it's no worse."

"I feel quite strong now," replied Alfred.

"Another ten minutes, sir; let John and me whip off his skin, for we must have it to show, if we have all the venison spoiled. Mr. Henry, tell Martin only to take the prime pieces, and not to mind the hides, for we shall not be able to carry much. And tell him to be quick, Mr. Henry, for it will not do for Mr. Alfred to remain till his arm gets stiff. We have many miles to get home again."

In the course of ten minutes Malachi and John had skinned the puma, and Martin made his appearance with the haunches of two of the deer, which, he said, was as much as they well could carry, and they all set off on their return home.

Alfred had not proceeded far when he found himself in great pain, the walking upon snow-shoes requiring so much motion as to open the wounds and make them bleed again; but Malachi gave him his assistance, and having procured him some more water they continued their route.

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After a time the wounds became more stiff, and Alfred appeared to be more oppressed by the pain. They proceeded, however, as fast as they could, and at nightfall they were not far from home. But Alfred moved with great difficulty; he had become very faint, so much so, that Martin requested John would put down the venison and hasten before them to the house to request Mr. Campbell to send some brandy or other cordial to support Alfred, who was scarcely able to move on from weakness and loss of blood. As they were not more than a mile from the house, John was soon there, and hastening in at the door, he gave his message in presence of Mrs. Campbell and his cousins, who were in a state of great distress at the intelligence. Mr. Campbell went to his room for the spirits, and as soon as he brought it out Emma seized her bonnet, and said that she would accompany John.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had no time to raise any objection, if they were inclined, for Emma was out of the door in a moment, with John at her heels. But Emma quite forgot that she had no snow-shoes, and before she had gone half the distance she found herself as much fatigued as if she had walked miles; and she sank deeper and deeper in the snow every step that she advanced. At last they arrived, and found the party: Alfred was lying insensible on the snow, and the others making a litter of branches that they might carry him to the house.

A little brandy poured down his throat brought Alfred to his senses; and as he opened his eyes, he perceived Emma hanging over him.

"Dear Emma, how kind of you," said he, attempting to rise.

"Do not move, Alfred; they will soon have the litter ready, and then you will be carried to the house. It is not far off."

"I am strong again now, Emma," replied Alfred. "But you must not remain here in the cold. See, the snow is falling again."

"I must remain now till they are ready to carry you, Alfred, for I dare not go back by myself."

By this time the litter was prepared, and Alfred placed on it. Malachi, Henry, Martin, and John took it up.

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"Where is Percival?" said Emma.

"He's behind a little way," replied John. "The snow-shoes hurt him, and he could not walk so fast. He will be here in a minute."

They carried Alfred to the house, where Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Mary were waiting at the door in great anxiety; poor Emma was quite knocked up by the time that they arrived, and went into her own room.

Alfred was laid on his bed, and his father then examined his wounds, which he considered very dangerous, from the great laceration of the flesh. Mr. Campbell dressed them, and then they left Alfred to the repose which he so much required. The state of Alfred so occupied their minds and their attention, that nothing and nobody else was thought of for the first hour. Emma, too, had been taken very ill soon after she came in, and required the attention of Mrs. Campbell and Mary. It was not until they were about to sit down to supper that Mr. Campbell said, "Why, where's Percival?"

"Percival! Is he not here?" was the question anxiously uttered by all the party who had been hunting.

"Percival not here!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, starting up. "Where—where is my child?"

"He was just behind us," said John; "he sat down to alter his snow-shoes; the ties hurt him."

Malachi and Martin ran out of doors in consternation; they knew the danger, for the snow was now falling in such heavy flakes that it was impossible to see or direct their steps two yards in any direction.

"The boy will be lost for sartin," said Malachi to Martin; "if he has remained behind till this fall of snow, he never will find his way, but wander about till he perishes."

"Yes," said Martin, "he has but a poor chance, that is the truth; I would have given my right arm this had not happened."

"Misfortune never comes single," replied Malachi; "what can we do? Madam Campbell will be beside herself, for she loves that boy beyond all measure."

"It's useless our going out," observed Martin; "we should never find him, and only lose ourselves; but still we had better go back, and say that we will try. At all events we can

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go to the edge of the forest, and halloo every minute or so; if the boy is still on his legs, it will guide him to us."

"Yes," replied Malachi, "and we may light a pine torch; it might be of some use. Well, then, let's go in and tell them that we are going in search of the boy; as long as madam knows that we are seeking him she will not lose hope, and hope will keep up her spirits for the time, till she is better prepared for her loss."

There was much good sense and knowledge of the human heart in the observation of Malachi, who, although he was aware that all search would be useless, could not resolve to destroy at once all hope in the mind of the afflicted and anxious mother.

They went in, and found Mrs. Campbell weeping bitterly, supported by her husband and Mary. They stated that they were going to search for the boy, and bring him home if they could, and, taking three or four pine torches, one of which they lighted, they set off for the edge of the forest, where they remained for two hours with the light, shouting at intervals; but the snow fell so fast, and the cold was so intense, for the wind blew fresh from the northward, that they could remain no longer. They did not, however, return to the house, but went to their own lodge to recover themselves, and remained there till daylight. They then went out again; the snowstorm had ceased, and the morning was clear and bright; they went back into the forest (on the road by which they had come home) for three or four miles, but the snow had now fallen and covered all the tracks which they had made the day before, and was in many places several feet deep. They proceeded to where Percival was last seen by John, who had described the spot very exactly; they looked everywhere about, made circuits round and round, in hopes of perceiving the muzzle of his rifle peeping out above the snow, but there was nothing to be discovered, and after a search of four or five hours, they returned to the house. They found Mr. Campbell and Henry in the kitchen, for Mrs. Campbell was in such a state of anxiety and distress, that she was in her room attended by Mary. Mr. Campbell perceived by their countenances that they brought no satisfactory tidings. Malachi shook his head mournfully, and sat down.

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"Do you think that my poor boy is lost, Malachi?" said Mr. Campbell.

"He is, I fear, sir; he must have sat down to rest himself, and has been overpowered and fallen asleep. He has been buried in the snow, and he will not wake till the day of resurrection."

Mr. Campbell covered his face with his hands, and after a time exclaimed, "His poor mother!"

After a few minutes, he rose and went into Mrs. Campbell's room.

"What of my child—my dear, dear Percival?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," replied Mr. Campbell; "your child is happy."

Mrs. Campbell wept bitterly; and having thus given vent to the feelings of nature, she became gradually more calm and resigned; her habitually devout spirit sought and found relief in the God of all comfort.

CHAPTER XXXI

THUS in one short day was the family of Mr. Campbell changed from a house of joy to one of mourning. And true was the remark of Malachi, that misfortunes seldom come single, for now they had another cause of anxiety. Emma, by her imprudent exposure to the intense chill of the night air and the wetting of her feet, was first taken with a violent cold, which was followed by a fever, which became more alarming every day. Thus, in addition to the loss of one of their children, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were threatened with being deprived of two more; for their nieces were regarded as such, and Alfred was in a very precarious state. The wounds had assumed such an angry appearance, that Mr. Campbell was fearful of mortification. This accumulated distress had, however, one good effect upon them. The danger of losing Emma and Alfred so occupied their minds and their attention, that they had not time to bewail the loss of Percival; and even Mrs. Campbell, in her prayers, was enabled to resign herself to the Almighty's will in

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taking away her child, if it would but please Him to spare the two others who were afflicted. Long and tedious were the hours, the days, and the weeks that passed away before either of them could be considered in a state of convalescence; but when her prayers were heard, and, as the winter closed, their recovery was no longer doubtful. A melancholy winter it had been to them all, but the joy of once more seeing Emma resume her duties, and Alfred, supported on cushions, able to be moved into the sitting-room, had a very exhilarating effect upon their spirits. True, there was no longer the mirth and merriment that once reigned, but there was a subdued gratitude to Heaven, which, if it did not make them at once cheerful, at least prevented anything like repining or complaint. Grateful for the mercies vouchsafed to them, in having Alfred and Emma spared to them, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell consoled themselves in reference to Percival, with the reflection that, at so early an age, before he had lived to be corrupted by the world, to die was gain—and that their dear boy had become, through Divine grace, an inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven. By degrees the family became cheerful and happy; the merry laugh of Emma once more enlivened them, Alfred again recovered his former health and spirits, and Mrs. Campbell could bear the mention of the name of Percival, and join in the praises of the amiable child.

The spring now came on, the snow gradually disappeared, the ice was carried down the rapids, and once more left the blue lake clear; the cattle were turned out to feed off the grass the year before left on the prairie, and all the men were busy in preparing to put in the seed. As soon as the snow was gone, Malachi, Martin, and Alfred, without saying a word to Mrs. Campbell, had gone into the forest, and made search for the body of poor Percival, but without success, and it was considered that he had wandered and died on some spot which they could not discover, or that the wolves had dug his remains out of the snow, and devoured them. Not a trace of him could anywhere be discovered; and the search was, after a few days, discontinued. The return of the spring had another good effect upon the spirits of the party; for with the spring came on such a variety of work to be done, that

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they had not a moment to spare. They had now so many acres for corn, that they had scarcely time to get through all the preparatory work, and fortunate it was that Alfred was so much recovered that he could join in the labour. Malachi, John, and even Mr. Campbell assisted, and at last the task was completed. Then they had a communication with the fort, and letters from Quebec, Montreal, and England: there were none of any importance from England, but one from Montreal informed Mr. Campbell that, agreeably to contract, the engineer would arrive in the course of the month, with the *bateaux* containing the machinery, and that the water-mill would be erected as soon as possible. There was also a letter from England, which gave them great pleasure; it was from Captain Sinclair to Alfred, informing him that he had arranged all his business with his guardian, and that he should rejoin his regiment and be at the fort early in the spring, as he should sail in the first vessel which left England. He stated how delighted he should be at his return, and told him to say to Emma that he had not found an English wife, as she had prophesied, but was coming back as heart-whole as he went. Very soon afterward they had a visit from Colonel Forster and some of the officers of the garrison. The Colonel offered Mr. Campbell a party of soldiers to assist in raising the mill, and the offer was thankfully accepted.

"We were very much alarmed about you last autumn, when the woods were on fire, Mr. Campbell," said the Colonel; "but I perceive that it has been of great advantage to you. You have now a large quantity of cleared land sown with seed, and if you had possessed sufficient means, might have had much more put in, as I perceive all the land to the north-west is cleared by the fire."

"Yes," replied Mr. Campbell; "but my allotment, as you know, extends along the beach, and we have sown the seed as far from the beach as the property extends."

"Then I should recommend you to write to Quebec, and apply for another grant on each side of the stream; indeed, at the back of and equal to what you now have."

"But if I do, I have not the means of working the land."

"No, not with your present force, I grant; but there are

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many emigrants who would be glad of work, and who would settle here upon favourable conditions."

"The expense would be very great," said Mr. Campbell.

"It would; but the return would indemnify you. The troops at the fort would take all the flour off your hands, if you had ever so much."

"I am not inclined at present to speculate much further," replied Mr. Campbell, "but I shall see how this year turns out, and if I find that I am successful, I will then decide."

"Of course, you will but act prudently. You can send down to your agent at Quebec, and ascertain what would be the probable terms of the men you might require. But there is another way, which is to give them the land to cultivate, and the seed, and to receive from them a certain portion of corn in return, as rent; that is very safe, and your land will be all gradually brought into cultivation, besides the advantage of having neighbours about you. You might send one of your sons down to Montreal, and arrange all that."

"I certainly will write to my agent and institute inquiries," replied Mr. Campbell, "and many thanks to you for the suggestion; I have still a few hundred at the bank to dispose of, if necessary."

About three weeks after this conversation, the *bateaux* arrived with the engineer and machinery for the flour and saw-mills: and now the settlement again presented a lively scene, being thronged with the soldiers who were sent from the fort. The engineer was a very pleasant, intelligent young Englishman, who had taken up his profession in Canada, and was considered one of the most able in the colony. The site of the mill was soon chosen, and now the axes again resounded in the woods, as the trees were felled and squared under his directions. Alfred was constantly with the engineer, superintending the labour of the men, and contracted a great intimacy with him; indeed, that gentleman was soon on such a footing with the whole family, as to be considered almost as one of them, for he was very amusing, very well bred, and had evidently received every advantage of education. Mr. Campbell found that Mr. Emmerson, for such was his name, could give him every particular relative to the emigrants who had come out, as he was so constantly travelling about

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the country, and was in such constant communication with them.

"You are very fortunate in your purchase," said he to Mr. Campbell; "the land is excellent, and you have a good water-power in the stream, as well as convenient carriage by the lake. Fifty years hence this property will be worth a large sum of money."

"I want very much to get some more emigrants to settle here," observed Mr. Campbell. "It would add to our security and comfort; and I have not sufficient hands to cultivate the land which has been cleared by the fire of last autumn. If not cultivated in a short time, it will be all forest again."

"At present it is all raspberries, and very good ones too, are they not, Mr. Emmerson?" said Emma.

"Yes, miss, most excellent," replied he; "but you are aware that, whenever you cut down trees here, and do not hoe the ground to sow it, raspberry bushes grow up immediately."

"Indeed, I was not aware of it."

"Such is the case, nevertheless. After the raspberries, the seedling hardwood trees spring up, and, as Mr. Campbell says, they soon grow into a forest again."

"I do not think that you would have much trouble in getting emigrants to come here, Mr. Campbell, but the difficulty will be in persuading them to remain. Their object in coming out to this country is to obtain land of their own, and become independent. Many of them have not the means to go on, and, as a temporary resource, are compelled to act as labourers; but the moment that they get sufficient to purchase for themselves, they will leave you."

"That is very natural; but I have been thinking of obtaining a larger grant than I have now, and I wish very much that I could make an arrangement with some emigrants. The Colonel says that I might do so by supplying them with seed, and taking corn in return as rent."

"That would not be a permanent arrangement," replied Mr. Emmerson. "How much land do you propose applying for?"

"Six hundred acres."

"Well, sir, I think it would meet the views of both parties

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if you were to offer terms like the following—that is, divide the land into lots of one hundred acres each, and allow them to cultivate for you the fifty acres that adjoin your own land, with the right of purchasing the other fifty as their own property, as soon as they can. You will then obtain three hundred acres of the most valuable land, in addition to your present farm, and have fixed neighbours around you, even after they are enabled to purchase the other fifty.”

“I think that a very good arrangement, Mr. Emmerson, and I would gladly consent to it.”

“Well, sir, I shall have plenty of opportunities this summer of making the proposal to the emigrants, and if I find any parties who seem likely to prove advantageous as neighbours, I will let you know.”

“And with such expectations I will apply for the additional grant,” said Mr. Campbell, “for to have neighbours in this solitude, I would almost make them a present of the land.”

“I suspect that in a few years you will have neighbours enough, without resorting to such an expedient,” replied Mr. Emmerson, “but according to your present proposal, they may be better selected, and you may make terms which will prevent any nuisances.”

The works at the mill proceeded rapidly, and before the hay-harvest the mill was complete. Alfred was very careful, and paid every attention to what was going on, and so did Martin, that they might understand the machinery. This was very simple. Mr. Emmerson tried the mill, and found it to answer well. He explained everything to Alfred, and put the mill to work, that he might be fully master of it. As it was a fortnight after the mill was at work before Mr. Emmerson could obtain a passage back to Montreal, Alfred and Martin worked both mills during that time, and felt satisfied that they required no further instruction. The soldiers, at the request of Mr. Campbell, were allowed to remain till the hay-harvest, and as soon as the hay was gathered in, they were paid and returned to the fort, Captain Sinclair, who, from his letter, had been expected to arrive much sooner, came just as the soldiers had left the farm. It need hardly be said that he was received most warmly. He had a great deal to tell them, and had brought out a great many presents; those for poor little Percival he kept back, of course. Emma

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and Mary were delighted to have him again as a companion, and to resume their walks with him ; a fortnight thus passed away very quickly, when his leave of absence expired, and he was obliged to return to the fort. Previous, however, to his going away, he requested a private interview with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, in which he stated his exact position and his means, and requested their sanction to his paying his addresses to Mary. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who had already perceived the attentions he had shown to her, did not hesitate to express their satisfaction at his request, and their best wishes for his success ; and having so done, they left him to forward his own suit, which Captain Sinclair did not fail to do that very evening. Mary Percival was too amiable and right-minded a girl not at once to refuse or accept Captain Sinclair. As she had long been attached to him she did not deny that such was the case, and Captain Sinclair was overjoyed at his success.

"I have spoken frankly to you, Captain Sinclair," said Mary ; "I have not denied that you have an interest in my affections ; but I must now request you to let me know what are your future views."

"To do just what you wish me to do."

"I have no right to advise, and no wish to persuade. I have my own path of duty pointed out to me, and from that I cannot swerve."

"And what is that?"

"It is that, under present circumstances, I must not think of leaving my uncle and aunt. I have been bred up and educated by them ; I have as an orphan shared their prosperity ; I have a deep debt of gratitude to pay, and I cannot consent to return to England to enjoy all the advantages which your means will afford, while they remain in their present isolated position. Hereafter circumstances may alter my opinion, but such it is at present."

"But if I am willing to remain with you here to share your fortunes, will not that satisfy you?"

"No, certainly not ; for that would be allowing you to do injustice to yourself. I presume you do not mean to quit your profession?"

"I had no such intention ; but still, if I have to choose between you and the service, I shall not hesitate."

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"I trust you will not hesitate, but determine to adhere steadily to your profession for the present, Captain Sinclair. It will not do for you to give up your prospects and chance of advancement for even such a woman as me," continued Mary, smiling; "nor must you think of becoming a backwoodsman for a pale-faced girl."

"Then what am I to do if, as you say, you will not leave your uncle and aunt?"

"Wait, Captain Sinclair; be satisfied that you have my affections, and wait patiently till circumstances may occur which will enable me to reward your affection without being guilty of ingratitude toward those to whom I owe so much. On such terms I accept you willingly; but you must do your duty to yourself, while I must discharge *my* duty toward my uncle and aunt."

"I believe you are right, Mary," replied Captain Sinclair; "only I do not see any definite hope of our being united. Can you give me any prospect to cheer me?"

"We are both very young, Captain Sinclair," observed Mary; "in a year or two, my uncle and aunt may be less lonely and more comfortable than at present. In a year or two the war may end, and you may honourably retire upon half-pay; in fact, so many chances are there which are hidden from us and come upon us so unexpectedly, that it is impossible to say what may take place. And if, after waiting patiently for some time, none of these chances do turn up, you have yet another in your favour."

"And what is that, Mary?"

"That, perhaps, I may be tired of waiting myself," replied Mary, with a smile.

"Upon that chance, then, I will live in hope," replied Captain Sinclair; "if you will only reward me when you consider that my faithful service demands it, I will serve as long as Jacob did for Rachel."

"Do so, and you shall not be deceived at the end of your services, as he was," replied Mary; "but now let us return to the house."

Captain Sinclair departed the day afterward, quite satisfied with Mary's resolution.

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CHAPTER XXXII

AS Henry had predicted, during the autumn the whole family were fully employed. The stock had increased very much, they had a large number of young calves and heifers, and the sheep had lambed down very favourably. Many of the 'stock were now turned into the bush, to save the feed on the prairies. The sheep with their lambs, the cows which were in milk, and the young calves only were retained. This gave them more leisure to attend to the corn harvest, which was now ready, and it required all their united exertions from daylight to sunset to get it in, for they had a very large quantity of ground to clear. It was, however, got in very successfully, and all stacked in good order. Then came the thrashing of the wheat, which gave them ample employment; and as soon as it could be thrashed out, it was taken to the mill in a waggon, and ground down, for Mr. Campbell had engaged to supply a certain quantity of flour to the fort before the winter set in. They occasionally received a visit from Captain Sinclair and the Colonel, and some other officers, for now they had gradually become intimate with many of them. Captain Sinclair had confided to the Colonel his engagement to Mary Percival, and in consequence the Colonel allowed him to visit at the farm as often as he could, consistently with his duty. The other officers who came to see them, perceiving how much Captain Sinclair engrossed the company of Mary Percival, were very assiduous in their attentions to Emma, who laughed with and at them, and generally contrived to give them something to do for her during their visit, as well as to render their attentions serviceable to the household. On condition that Emma accompanied them, they were content to go into the punt and fish for hours; and indeed, all the lake-fish which were caught this year were taken by the officers. There were several very pleasant young men among them, and they were always well received, as they added very much to the society at the farm.

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Before the winter set in the flour was all ready and sent to the fort, as were the cattle which the Colonel requested, and it was very evident that the Colonel was right when he said that the arrangement would be advantageous to both parties. Mr. Campbell, instead of drawing money to pay, this year for the first time received a bill on the government to a considerable amount for the flour and cattle furnished to the troops; and Mrs. Campbell's account for fowls, pork, &c., furnished to the garrison, was by no means to be despised. Thus, by the kindness of others, his own exertions, and a judicious employment of his small capital, Mr. Campbell promised to be in a few years a wealthy and independent man. As soon as the harvest was in, Malachi and John, who were of no use in thrashing out the corn, renewed their hunting expeditions, and seldom returned without venison. The Indians had not been seen by Malachi during his excursions, nor any trace of their having been in the neighbourhood; all alarm, therefore, on that account was now over, and the family prepared to meet the coming winter with all the additional precautions which the foregoing had advised them of. But during the Indian summer they received letters from England, detailing, as usual, the news relative to friends with whom they had been intimate; also one from Quebec, informing Mr. Campbell that his application for the extra grant of land was consented to; and another from Montreal, from Mr. Emmerson, stating that he had offered terms to two families of settlers who bore very good characters, and if they were accepted by Mr. Campbell, the parties would join them at the commencement of the ensuing spring.

This was highly gratifying to Mr. Campbell, and as the terms were, with a slight variation, such as he had proposed, he immediately wrote to Mr. Emmerson, agreeing to terms, and requesting that the bargain might be concluded. At the same time that the Colonel forwarded the above letters, he wrote to Mr. Campbell to say that the interior of the fort required a large quantity of plank for repairs, that he was authorised to take them from Mr. Campbell, at a certain price, if he could afford to supply them on these terms, and have them ready by the following spring. This was another act of kindness on the part of the Colonel, as it would now

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give employment to the saw-mill for the winter, and it was during the winter, and at the time that the snow was on the ground, that they could easily drag the timber after it was felled to the saw-mill. Mr. Campbell wrote an answer, thanking the Colonel for his offer, which he accepted, and promised to have the planks ready by the time the lake was again open.

At last the winter set in with its usual fall of snow. Captain Sinclair took his leave for a long time, much to the sorrow of all the family, who were warmly attached to him. It was arranged that the only parties who were to go on the hunting excursions should be Malachi and John, as Henry had ample employment in the barns; and Martin and Alfred, in felling timber, and dragging up the stems to the saw-mill, would, with attending to the mill as well, have their whole time taken up. Such were the arrangements out of doors, and now that they had lost the services of poor Percival, and the duties to attend to in doors were so much increased, Mrs. Campbell and the girls were obliged to call in the assistance of Mr. Campbell whenever he could be spared from the garden, which was his usual occupation. Thus glided on the third winter in quiet and security; but in full employment, and with so much to do and attend to, that it passed very rapidly.

It was in the month of February, when the snow was very heavy on the ground, that one day Malachi went up to the mill to Alfred, whom he found alone attending the saws, which were in full activity; for Martin was squaring out the timber ready to be sawed at about one hundred yards' distance.

"I am glad to find you alone, sir," said Malachi, "for I have something of importance to tell you of, and I do not like at present that anybody else should know anything about it."

"What is it, Malachi?" inquired Alfred.

"Why, sir, when I was out hunting yesterday, I went round to a spot where I had left a couple of deer-hides last week, that I might bring them home, and I found a letter stuck to them with a couple of thorns."

"A letter, Malachi!"

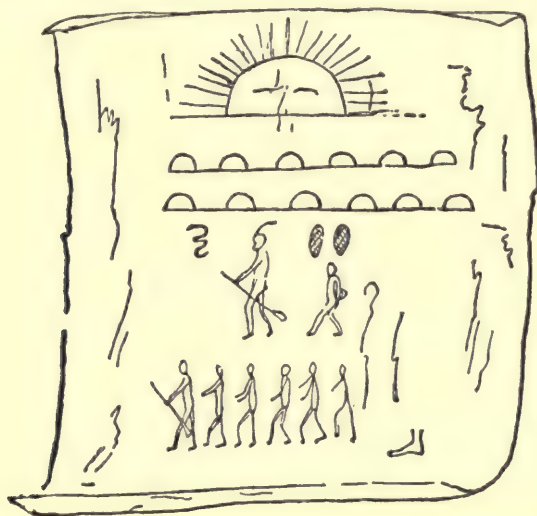
"Yes, sir, an Indian letter. Here it is." Malachi then

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produced a piece of birch bark, of which the underneath drawing is a facsimile.

"Well," said Alfred, "it may be a letter, but I confess it is all Greek to me. I certainly do not see why you wish to keep it a secret. Tell me."

"Well, sir, I could not read one of your letters half so well as I can this; and it contains news of the greatest importance. It's the Indian way of writing, and I know also whom



it comes from. A good action is never lost, they say, and I am glad to find that there is some gratitude in an Indian."

"You make me very impatient, Malachi, to know what it means; tell me from whom do you think the letter comes?"

"Why, sir, do you see this mark here?" said Malachi, pointing to one of the lowest down on the piece of bark.

"Yes; it is a foot, is it not?"

"Exactly, sir; now, do you know whom it comes from?"

"I can't say I do."

"Do you remember two winters back our picking up the

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Indian woman, and carrying her to the house, and your father curing her sprained ankle?"

"Certainly; is it from her?"

"Yes, sir; and you recollect she said that she belonged to the band which followed the Angry Snake."

"I remember it very well; but now, Malachi, read me the letter at once, for I am very impatient to know what she can have to say."

"I will, Mr. Alfred; now, sir, there is the sun more than half up, which with them points out it is the setting and not the rising sun; the setting sun therefore means to the westward."

"Very good, that is plain, I think."

"There are twelve wigwams, that is, twelve days' journey for a warrior, which the Indians reckon at about fifteen miles a day. How much does fifteen times twelve make, sir?"

"One hundred and eighty, Malachi."

"Well, sir, then that is to say that it is one hundred and eighty miles off, or thereabouts. Now the first figure is a chief, for it has an eagle's feather on the head of it, and the snake before it is his *totem*, 'the Angry Snake,' and the other six are the number of the band; and you observe, that the chief and the first figure of the six have a gun in their hands, which is to inform us that they have only two rifles among them."

"Very true; but what is that little figure following the chief with his arms behind him?"

"There is the whole mystery of the letter, sir, without which it were worth nothing. You perceive that little figure has a pair of snow-shoes over it."

"Yes, I do."

"Well, that little figure is your brother Percival, whom we supposed to be dead."

"Merciful heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed Alfred; "then he is alive?"

"There is no doubt of it, sir," replied Malachi; "and now I will put the whole letter together. Your brother Percival has been carried off by the Angry Snake and his band, and has been taken to some place one hundred and eighty miles to the westward, and this information comes from the Indian woman who belongs to the band, and whose life was preserved by your kindness. I don't think, Mr. Alfred, that

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any white person could have written a letter more plain and more to the purpose."

"I agree with you, Malachi; but the news has so overpowered me, I am so agitated with joy and anxiety of mind, that I hardly know what to say. Percival alive! we'll have him, if we have to go one thousand miles and beat two thousand Indians. Oh, how happy it will make my mother! But what are we to do, Malachi? tell me, I beseech you."

"We must do nothing, sir," replied Malachi.

"Nothing, Malachi!" replied Alfred with surprise.

"No, sir; nothing at present, at all events. We have the information that the boy is alive, at least it is presumed so; but of course the Indians do not know that we have received such information; if they did, the woman would be killed immediately. Now, sir, the first question we must ask ourselves is, why they have carried off the boy; for it would be no use carrying off a little boy in that manner without some object."

"It is the very question that I was going to put to you, Malachi."

"Then, sir, I'll answer it to the best of my knowledge and belief. It is this: the Angry Snake came to the settlement, and saw our stores of powder and shot, and everything else. He would have attacked us last winter if he had found an opportunity and a chance of success. One of his band was killed, which taught him that we were on the watch, and he failed in that attempt: he managed, however, to pick up the boy when he was lagging behind us, at the time you were wounded by the painter, and carried him off, and he intends to drive a bargain for his being restored to us. That is my conviction."

"I have no doubt but that you are right, Malachi," said Alfred, after a pause. "Well, we must make a virtue of necessity, and give him what he asks."

"Not so, sir; if we did, it would encourage him to steal again."

"What must we do then?"

"Punish him, if we can; at all events, we must wait at present, and do nothing. Depend upon it we shall have some communication made to us through him that the boy is in their possession, and will be restored upon certain con-

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ditions—probably this spring. It will then be time to consider what is to be done.”

“I believe you are right, Malachi.”

“I hope to circumvent him yet, sir,” replied Malachi; “but we shall see.”

“Well; but, Malachi, are we to let this be known to anybody, or keep it a secret?”

“Well, sir, I’ve thought of that; we must only let Martin and Strawberry into the secret; and I would tell them, because they are almost Indians, as it were; they may have some one coming to them, and there’s no fear of their telling. Martin knows better, and as for the Strawberry, she is as safe as if she didn’t know it.”

“I believe you are right; and still what delight it would give my father and mother!”

“Yes, sir, and all the family too, I have no doubt, for the first hour or two after you had told them; but what pain it would give them for months afterward. ‘Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,’ as my father used to read out of the Bible, and that’s the truth, sir. Only consider how your father, and particularly your mother, would fret and pine during the whole time, and what a state of anxiety they would be in; they would not eat or sleep. No, no, sir; it would be a cruelty to tell them, and it must not be. Nothing can be done till the spring, at all events, and we must wait till the messenger comes to us.”

“You are right, Malachi; then do as you say, make the communication to Martin and his wife,—and I will keep the secret as faithfully as they will.”

“It’s a great point our knowing whereabouts the boy is,” observed Malachi; “for if it is necessary to make a party to go for him, we know what direction to go in. And it is also a great point to know the strength of the enemy, as now we shall know what force we must take with us in case it is necessary to recover the lad by force or stratagem. All this we gained from the letter, and shall not learn from any messenger sent to us by the Angry Snake, whose head I hope to bruise before I’ve done with him.”

“If I meet him, one of us shall fall,” observed Alfred.

“No doubt, sir, no doubt,” replied Malachi, “but if we can retake the boy by other means, so much the better. A

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man, bad or good, has but one life, and God gave it to him. It is not for his fellow-creatures to take it away unless from necessity. I hope to have the boy without shedding of blood."

"I am willing to have him back upon any terms, Malachi; and, as you say, if we can do it without shedding of blood, all the better; but have him I will, if I have to kill a hundred Indians."

"That's right, sir, that's right; only let it be the last resort; recollect the Indian seeks the powder and ball, not the life of the boy; and recollect if we had not been so careless as to tempt him with the sight of what he values so much, he never would have annoyed us thus."

"That is true; well then, Malachi, it shall be as you propose in everything."

The conversation was here finished; Alfred and all those who were possessed of the secret never allowed the slightest hint to drop of their knowledge. The winter passed away without interruption of any kind. Before the snow had disappeared the seed was all prepared ready for sowing; the planks had been sawed out, and all the wheat not required for seed had been ground down and put into flour-barrels, ready for any further demand from the fort. And thus terminated the third winter in Canada.

CHAPTER XXXIII

IT was now April, and for some days Malachi and John had been very busy, assisted by the Strawberry; for the time had come for tapping the maple trees, to make the maple-sugar, and Mrs. Campbell had expressed a wish that she could be so supplied with an article of such general consumption, and which they could not obtain but by the *bateaux* which went to Montreal. In the evening, when Malachi and John were, as usual, employed in cutting small trays out of the soft wood of the balsam-fir, and of which they had already prepared a large quantity, Mrs. Campbell asked Malachi how the sugar was procured.

"Very easily, ma'am: we tap the trees."

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"Yes, so you said before ; but how do you do it ? Explain the whole affair to me."

"Why, ma'am, we pick out the maple trees which are about a foot wide at the bottom of the trunk, as they yield most sugar. We then bore a hole in the trunk of the tree, about two feet above the ground, and into that hole we put a hollow reed, just the same as you would put a spigot in a cask. The liquor runs out into one of these trays that we have been digging out."

"Well, and then what do you do ?"

"We collect all the liquor every morning till we have enough to fill the coppers, and then we boil it down."

"What coppers will you use, then ?"

"There are two large coppers in the store-room, not yet put up, which will answer our purpose very well, ma'am. They hold about a hogshead each. We shall take them into the woods with us, and pour the liquor into them, and boil them down as soon as they are ready. You must come and see us on the boiling-day, and we can have a frolic in the woods."

"With all my heart," replied Mrs. Campbell. "How much liquor do you get from one tree ?"

"A matter of two or three gallons," replied Malachi ; "sometimes more and sometimes less. After we have tapped the trees and set our trays, we shall have nothing more to do for a fortnight. The Strawberry can attend to them all, and will let us know when she is ready."

"Do you tap the trees every year ?"

"Yes, ma'am, and a good tree will bear it for fifteen or twenty years ; but it kills them at last."

"So I should suppose, for you take away so much of the sap of the tree."

"Exactly, ma'am ; but there's no want of sugar-maples in these woods."

"You promised us some honey, Malachi," said Emma, "but we have not seen it yet. Can you get us some ?"

"We had no time to get it last autumn, miss, but we will try this autumn what we can do. When John and I are out in the woods, we shall very probably find a honey tree, without going very far. I did intend to have looked out for some, if you had not mentioned it."

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"I know one," said Martin, "I marked it a fortnight ago, but I quite forgot all about it. Since the mill has been in hand, I have had little time for anything else. The fact is, we have all plenty to do just now."

"That we certainly have," replied Henry, laughing; "I wish I could see the end of my work in the barn; I doubt if I shall be able to get out with my rifle this winter."

"No, sir, you must leave the woods to John and me," replied Malachi. "Never mind, you shan't want for venison. Do you require the sledge to-morrow, Mr. Alfred?"

Malachi referred to a small sledge which they had made in the winter, and which was now very useful, as they could, with one horse, transport things from place to place. It was used by Alfred for bringing down to the storehouse the sacks of flour as fast as they were ground in the mill.

"I can do without it for a day. What do you want it for?"

"To bring all the honey home," said Emma, laughing.

"No, miss, to take the coppers out into the woods," replied Malachi, "that they may be ready for the liquor. As soon as we have tapped the trees, we will look for the honey."

"Did you send your skins down to Montreal by the *bateaux*?" inquired Mr. Campbell.

"Yes, father," replied Alfred; "Mr. Emmerson took charge of them, and promised to deliver them to the agent; but we have not so many this year as we had last. John has the largest package of all of us."

"Yes, he beats me this year," said Malachi; "he always contrives to get the first shot. I knew that I should make a hunter of the boy. He might go out by himself now, and do just as well as I do."

The next morning Malachi went out into the woods, taking with him the coppers and all the trays on the sledge: during that day he was busy boring the trees and fitting the reed-pipes to the holes. Strawberry and John accompanied him, and by sunset their work was complete.

The next morning when they went out, only Malachi and John took their axes with them, for John could use his very well for so young a lad. They first went to the tree which Martin had discovered; he had given a description where to

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find it. They cut it down, but did not attempt to take the honey till the night, when they lighted a fire, and drove away the bees by throwing leaves upon it, and making a great smoke; they then opened the tree, and gained about two pails full of honey, which they brought in just as the family were about to go to bed. When they went out the next morning, they found a bear very busy at the remains of the comb, but the animal made off before they could get a shot at him.

Every morning the Strawberry collected all the sap which had run out of the trees, and poured it into the coppers which had been fixed up by Malachi, ready for a fire to be lighted under them. They continued their search, and found three more hives of bees, which they marked and allowed to remain till later in the season, when they could take them at their leisure. In a fortnight, they had collected sufficient liquor from the trees to fill both the coppers to the brim, besides several pails. The fires were therefore lighted under the coppers, and due notice given to Mrs. Campbell and the girls, that the next day they must go out into the woods and see the operation; as the liquor would, toward the afternoon, be turned into coolers, which were some of the large washing-tubs then in use, and which had been thoroughly cleansed for the purpose.

As this was to be a holiday in the woods, they prepared a cold dinner in a large basket, and gave it in charge of Henry. Mr. Campbell joined the party, and they all set off to the spot, which was about two miles distant. On their arrival, they examined the trees and the trays into which the juice first ran, the boilers in which the liquor was now simmering over the fire, and asked questions of Malachi, so that they might, if necessary, be able to make the sugar themselves, after which the first cooler was filled with the boiling liquor, that they might see how the sugar crystallised as the liquor became cold. They then sat down under a large tree and dined. The tree was at some distance from the boilers, as there was no shade in the open spot where Malachi had placed them, and the afternoon was passed very agreeably in listening to Malachi's and Martin's stories of their adventures in the woods. While they were still at dinner, Oscar and the other dogs which had accompanied them had strayed to about

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a hundred yards distant, and were soon very busy scraping and barking at a large hole.

"What are the dogs after?" said Alfred.

"Just what the Strawberry wants, and told me to get for her," replied Malachi; "we'll dig him out to-morrow."

"What is it, Strawberry?" said Mary.

The Strawberry pointed to her moccasins, and then put her finger on the porcupine-quills with which they were embroidered.

"I don't know the English name," said she softly.

"A porcupine you mean," said Mary, "the animal those quills come from."

"Yes," replied the Strawberry.

"Is there a porcupine there, Malachi?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, ma'am, that is certain; the dogs know that well enough, or they would not make such a noise. If you like, we will go for the shovels and dig him out."

"Do, pray; I should like to see him caught," said Emma, "it shall be our evening's amusement."

Martin got up and went for the shovels; during his absence the dinner was cleared away, and the articles replaced in the basket; they then all adjourned to where the dogs were still barking and scratching.

It was more than an hour before they could dig out the animal, and when at last it burst away from the hole, they could not help laughing as they witnessed the way in which one or two of the dogs were pricked with the quills of the animal, who needed no other defence; the dogs ran back, pawed their noses, and then went on again. Oscar was too knowing to attack it in that way; he attempted to turn it over, so that he might get at its stomach, when he would soon have killed it, but Martin despatched the poor beast with a blow on the nose, and the dogs then rushed in upon it. They amused themselves selecting all the best of the quills for the Strawberry, and then they went back again to the coolers, to see the sugar which had been made.

As they neared the spot, Emma cried out, "There is a bear at the cooler; look at him."

Malachi and John had their rifles ready immediately. Mrs. Campbell and Mary were much alarmed, as the animal was not one hundred yards from them.

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"Do not be afraid, ma'am," said Malachi; "the animal is only after the sugar. He likes sugar just as well as honey."

"I don't doubt but he's the same beast that you saw at the honeycomb the other day," said Martin. "Let us stay where we are, and watch him. We may lose a few pounds of sugar, but I expect he will make you laugh."

"I really see nothing laughable in such a terrific brute," said Mrs. Campbell.

"You are quite safe, ma'am," said Martin, "Malachi and Mr. John have both their rifles."

"Well, then, I will trust to them," said Mrs. Campbell, "but I should prefer being at home, nevertheless. What a great brute it is."

"Yes, ma'am; it is a very large animal, that's certain; but they are not very fat at this time of the year. See how he's smelling at the liquor, now he's licking the top of it with his tongue. He won't be satisfied with that, now that he has once tasted it. I told you so."

The eyes of the whole party, some frightened and some not, were now fixed upon the bear, who, approving of what he had tasted as a sample, now proceeded to help himself more liberally.

He therefore placed his paw down into the contents of the cooler, but although the surface of the liquor was cool, the lower part was still scalding hot, and he had not put his paw in for a moment, when he withdrew it with a loud roar, rearing up and sitting upon his hind legs, and throwing his burned paw in the air.

"I said so," observed Malachi, chuckling; "he has found it hotter than he expected."

John, Alfred, and Martin burst out laughing at the sight; and even Mrs. Campbell and the two girls could not help being amused.

"He'll try it again," said Martin.

"Yes, that he will," replied Malachi. "John, be all ready with your rifle, for the brute has seen us."

"Why, he won't come this way, will he?" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell.

"Yes, ma'am, that he most likely will when he is angry; but you need not fear."

"But I'm afraid, Malachi," said Mary,



“ ‘Now, John,’ said Malachi, ‘get your bead well on him, right between his eyes.’ ”

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"Then perhaps you had better go about fifty yards back with Mr. Campbell, where you will see the whole without danger. There he goes to it again; I knew he would."

Martin, who had got all the dogs collected together and fast by a piece of deer's hide, as soon as they had discovered the bear, went back with Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and the girls.

"You need have no fear, ma'am," said Martin; "the rifles won't miss their mark, and if they did, I have the dogs to let loose upon him; and I think Oscar, with the help of the others, would master him. Down—silence, Oscar—down, dogs, down. Look at the Strawberry, ma'am, she's not afraid, she's laughing like a silver bell."

During this interval, the bear again applied to the cooler, and burned himself as before, and this time being more angry, he now gave another roar, and, as if considering that the joke had been played upon him by the party who were looking on, he made directly for them at a quick run.

"Now, John," said Malachi, "get your bead well on him, right between his eyes."

John kneeled down in front of Malachi, who had his rifle all ready; much to the horror of Mrs. Campbell, John permitted the bear to come within twenty yards of him. He then fired, and the animal fell dead without a struggle.

"A good shot, and well put in," said Malachi, going up to the bear. "Let the dogs loose, Martin, that they may worry the carcass; it will do them good."

Martin did so; the dogs were permitted to pull and tear at the dead animal for a few minutes, and then taken off; in the meantime, Mr. Campbell and the ladies had come up to where the animal lay.

"Well, ma'am, isn't John a cool shot?" said Malachi. "Could the oldest hunter have done better?"

"My dear John, you quite frightened me," said Mrs. Campbell; "why did you allow the beast to come so near to you?"

"Because I wanted to kill him dead, and not wound him," replied John.

"To be sure," replied Malachi; "to wound a bear is worse than leaving him alone."

"Well, Malachi, you certainly have made a hunter of

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John," said Mr. Campbell. "I could not have supposed such courage and presence of mind in one so young."

John was very much praised, as he deserved to be, by the whole party; and then Malachi said, "The skin belongs to John, that of course."

"Is the bear good eating now?" said Mrs. Campbell.

"Not very, ma'am," replied Malachi, "for he has consumed all his fat during the winter; but we will cut off the legs for hams, and when they are salted and smoked with the other meat, you will acknowledge that a bear's ham is, at all events, a dish that any one may say is good. Come, John, where's your knife? Martin, give us a hand here, while Mr. Campbell and the ladies go home."

CHAPTER XXXIV

IT was in the first week of June that Malachi, when he was out in the woods, perceived an Indian, who came toward him. He was a youth of about twenty or twenty-one years old, tall and slightly made; he carried his bow and arrows and his tomahawk, but had no gun. Malachi was at that time sitting down on the trunk of a fallen tree; he was not more than two miles from the house, and had gone out with his rifle without any particular intent, unless it was that, as he expected he should soon receive some communication from the Indians, he wished to give them an opportunity of speaking to him alone. The Indian came up to where Malachi was, and took a seat by him, without saying a word.

"Is my son from the West?" said Malachi, in the Indian tongue, after a silence of one or two minutes.

"The Young Otter is from the West," replied the Indian. "The old men have told him of the Grey Badger, who has lived the life of a snake, and who has hunted with the fathers of those who are now old. Does my father live with the white man?"

"He lives with the white man," replied Malachi; "he has no Indian blood in his veins."

"Has the white man many in his lodge?" said the Indian.

"Yes; many young men and many rifles," replied Malachi.

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The Indian did not continue this conversation, and there was a silence of some minutes. Malachi was convinced that the young Indian had been sent to intimate that Percival was alive and in captivity, and he resolved to wait patiently till he brought up the subject.

"Does not the cold kill the white man?" said the Indian, at last.

"No; the white man can bear the winter's ice as well as an Indian. He hunts as well, and brings home venison."

"Are all who came here with him now in the white man's lodge?"

"No, not all; one white child slept in the snow, and is in the land of spirits," replied Malachi.

Here there was a pause in the conversation for some minutes; at last the young Indian said—

"A little bird sang in my ear, and it said, The white man's child is not dead; it wandered about in the woods and was lost, and the Indian found him, and took him to his wigwam in the far west."

"Did not the little bird lie to the Young Otter?" replied Malachi.

"No; the little bird sang what was true," replied the Indian. "The white boy is alive and in the lodge of the Indian."

"There are many white men in the country who have children," replied Malachi; "and children are often lost. The little bird may have sung of the child of some other white man."

"The white boy had a rifle in his hand and snow-shoes on his feet."

"So have all they who go out to hunt in the winter's snow," replied Malachi.

"But the white boy was found near to the white man's lodge."

"Then why was not the boy taken back to the white man by the Indians who found him?"

"They were going to their own wigwams and could not turn aside; besides, they feared to come near to the white man's lodge after the sun was down; as my father says he has many young men and many rifles."

"But the white man does not raise his rifle against the

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Indian, whether he comes by day or by night," replied Malachi. "At night he kills the prowling wolf when he comes near to the lodge."

The Indian again stopped and was silent. He knew by the words of Malachi that the wolf's skin, with which the Indian had been covered when he was crawling to the palisades and had been shot by John, had been discovered. Malachi after a while renewed the conversation.

"Is the Young Otter of a near tribe?"

"The lodges of our tribe are twelve days' journey to the westward," replied the Indian.

"The chief of the Young Otter's band is a great warrior?"

"He is," replied the Indian.

"Yes," replied Malachi. "The 'Angry Snake' is a great warrior. Did he send the Young Otter to me to tell me that the white boy was alive and in his wigwam?"

The Indian again paused. He perceived that Malachi knew where he came from, and from whom. At last he said—

"It is many moons since the Angry Snake has taken care of the white boy, and has fed him with venison; many moons that he has hunted for him to give him food; and the white boy loves the Angry Snake as a father, and the Angry Snake loves the boy as his son. He will adopt him, and the white boy will be the chief of the tribe. He will forget the white men, and become red as an Indian."

"The boy is forgotten by the white man, who has long numbered him with the dead," replied Malachi.

"The white man has no memory," replied the Indian "to forget so soon; but it is not so. He would make many presents to him who would bring back the boy."

"And what presents could he make?" replied Malachi; "the white man is poor, and hunts with his young men as the Indian does. What has the white man to give that the Indian covets? He has no whisky."

"The white man has powder, and lead, and rifles," replied the Indian; "more than he can use, locked up in his store-house."

"And will the Angry Snake bring back the white boy if the white man gives him powder, and lead, and rifles?" inquired Malachi.

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"He will make a long journey, and bring the white boy with him," replied the Indian; "but first let the white man say what presents he will give."

"He shall be spoken to," replied Malachi, "and his answer shall be brought, but the Young Otter must not go to the white man's lodge. A redskin is not safe from the rifles of the young men. When the moon is at the full I will meet the Young Otter after the sun is down, at the eastern side of the long prairie. Is it good?"

"Good," replied the Indian, who rose, turned on his heel, and walked away into the forest.

When Malachi returned to the house, he took an opportunity of communicating to Alfred what had taken place. After some conversation, they agreed that they would make Captain Sinclair, who had that morning arrived from the fort, their confidant as to what had occurred, and decide with him upon what steps should be taken. Captain Sinclair was very much surprised, and equally delighted, when he heard that Percival was still alive, and warmly entered into the subject.

"The great question is, whether it would not be better to accede to the terms of this scoundrel of an Indian chief," observed Captain Sinclair. "What are a few pounds of powder and a rifle or two compared with the happiness which will be produced by the return of Percival to his parents, who have so long lamented him as dead?"

"It's not that, sir," replied Malachi. "I know that Mr. Campbell would give his whole store-room to regain his boy, but we must consider what will be the consequence if he does so. One thing is certain, that the Angry Snake will not be satisfied with a trifling present; he will ask many rifles, perhaps more than we have at the farm, and powder and shot in proportion; for he has mixed much with white people, especially when the French were here, and he knows how little we value such things, and how much we love our children. But, sir, in the first place, you supply him and his band with arms to use against us at any other time, and really make them formidable; and in the next place, you encourage him to make some other attempt to obtain similar presents—for he will not be idle. Recollect, sir, that we have in all probability killed one of their band, when he came to reconnoitre the house in the skin of a wolf, and that will never be

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forgotten, but revenged as soon as it can be. Now, sir, if we give him arms and ammunition, we shall put the means of revenge in his hands, and I should not be surprised to find us one day attacked by him and his band, and it may be, overpowered by means of these rifles which you propose to give him."

"There is much truth and much good sense in what you say, Malachi—indeed I think it almost at once decides the point, and that we must not consent to his terms; but then what must we do to recover the boy?"

"That is the question which puzzles me," replied Alfred, "for I perfectly agree with Malachi, that we must not give him arms and ammunition, and I doubt if he would accept of anything else."

"No, sir, that he will not, depend upon it," replied Malachi. "I think there is but one way that will give us a chance."

"What, then, is your idea, Malachi?"

"The Angry Snake with his band were tracking us, and had we not been too strong, would have attacked and murdered us all, that is clear. Not daring to do that, he has stolen Percival, and detains him, to return him at his own price. Now, sir, the Young Otter has come to us, and offers to come again. We have given him no pledge of safe conduct, and, therefore, when he comes again, we must have an ambush ready for him, and make him prisoner; but then you see, sir, we must have the assistance of the Colonel, for he must be confined at the fort; we could not well keep him at the farm. In the first place, it would be impossible then to withhold the secret from Mr. and Mrs. Campbell; and, in the next, we should have to be on the look-out for an attack every night for his rescue; but if the Colonel was to know the whole circumstances, and would assist us, we might capture the Indian lad and hold him as a hostage for Master Percival, till we could make some terms with the Angry Snake."

"I like your idea very much, Malachi," replied Captain Sinclair, "and if, Alfred, you agree with me, I will acquaint the Colonel with the whole of what has passed when I return to-night, and see if he will consent to our taking such a step. When are you to meet the Indian, Malachi?"

"In three days, that is on Saturday; it will be the full of

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the moon, and then I meet him at night, at the end of the prairie nearest to the fort, so that there will be no difficulty in doing all we propose without Mr. and Mrs. Campbell being aware of anything that has taken place."

"I think we cannot do better than you have proposed," said Alfred.

"Be it so, then," said Captain Sinclair. "I will be here again to-morrow—no, not to-morrow, but the day after will be better, and then I will give you the reply of the Colonel, and make such arrangements as may be necessary."

"That's all right, sir," replied Malachi; "and now all we have to do is to keep our own secret; so, perhaps, Captain Sinclair, you had better go back to the young ladies, for Miss Mary may imagine that it must be something of very great importance which can have detained you so long from her presence;" and Malachi smiled as he finished his remark.

"There's good sense in that observation, Malachi," said Alfred, laughing. "Come, Sinclair."

Captain Sinclair quitted in the evening, and went back to the fort. He returned at the time appointed, and informed them that the Colonel fully approved of their plan of holding the young Indian as a hostage, and that he would secure him in the fort as soon as he was brought in.

"Now, do we want any assistance from the fort? Surely not to capture an Indian lad; at least, so I said to the Colonel," continued Captain Sinclair.

"No, sir, we want no assistance, as you say. I am his match, myself, if that were all; but it is not strength which is required. He is as little and supple as an eel, and as difficult to hold, that I am certain of. If we were to use our rifles, there would be no difficulty, but to hold him would give some trouble to two of us, and if once he breaks loose, he will be too fleet for any of us."

"Well, then, Malachi, how shall we proceed?"

"Why, sir, I must meet him, and you and Mr. Alfred and Martin must be hid at a distance, and gradually steal near to us. Martin shall have his deer thongs all ready, and when you pounce upon him, he must bind him at once. Martin is used to them and knows how to manage it."

"Well, if you think that we three cannot manage him, let us have Martin."

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"It isn't strength, sir," replied Malachi, "but he will slip through your fingers, if not well tied in half a minute. Now, we will just walk down to where I intend to meet him, and survey the place, and then I'll show you where you must be for we must not be seen together in that direction to-morrow, for he may be lurking about, and have some suspicion."

They then walked to the end of the prairie nearest to the fort, which was about a mile from the house, and Malachi having selected his ground, and pointed out to them where to conceal themselves, they returned to the house, Alfred having made arrangements when and where he and Martin would meet Captain Sinclair on the day appointed.

The next day passed, and Malachi, as the sun sank behind the lake, walked out to the end of the prairie. He had not been there ten minutes when the young Indian stood before him. He was armed, as before, with his tomahawk and bows and arrows, but Malachi had come out expressly without his rifle.

Malachi, as soon as he perceived the Indian, sat down, as is the usual custom among them when they hold a talk, and the Young Otter followed his example.

"Has my father talked to the white man?" said the Indian after a short silence.

"The white man grieves for the loss of his boy, and his squaw weeps," replied Malachi. "The Angry Snake must bring the boy to the lodge of the white man, and receive presents."

"Will the white man be generous?" continued the Indian.

"He has powder, and lead, and rifles, and tobacco; will such presents please the Angry Snake?"

"The Angry Snake had a dream," replied the Indian, "and he told me his dream. He dreamed that the white boy was put into his mother's arms, who wept for joy, and the white man opened his store, and gave to the Angry Snake ten rifles, and two kegs of powder, and as much lead as four men could carry away."

"'Twas a good dream," replied Malachi, "and it will come true when the white boy comes back to his mother."

"The Angry Snake had another dream. He dreamed that the white man received his child, and pushed the Angry Snake out from the door of his lodge."

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"That was bad," replied Malachi. "Look at me, my son ; say, did you ever hear that the Gray Badger said a lie ?" and Malachi laid hold of the Indian's arm as he spoke.

This was the signal agreed upon between Malachi and the party concealed, who rushed forward and seized the Indian. The Young Otter sprang up in spite of their endeavours to keep him, and would certainly have escaped, for he had got his tomahawk clear, and was about to wield it around his head, had not Martin already passed one of the deer thongs round his ankle, by which the Indian was thrown again to the ground. His arms were then secured behind his back with other deer-skin thongs, and another passed round his ankle and given to Alfred.

"You were right, Malachi," said Captain Sinclair ; "how he contrived to twist himself out of our grasp I cannot imagine ; but he certainly would have been off, and probably have broken our heads before he went."

"I know the nature of these Indians, sir," replied Malachi ; "they're never safe, even when tied, if the thong does not cut into the bone ; but you have him now, sir, fast enough, and the sooner you get to the fort the better. You have your rifles in the bush ?"

"Yes," replied Martin, "you'll find them behind the large oak tree."

"I'll fetch them ; not that I think there's much danger of a rescue."

"We have not far to take him," said Captain Sinclair, "for, as I wished you and Alfred not to be so long away as to induce questions to be asked, I have a file of men and a corporal about half a mile off, concealed in the bush. But, Malachi, it is as well to let the Indian know that he is only detained as a hostage, and will be restored as soon as the boy is sent back."

Malachi addressed the Indian in his own tongue, and told him what Captain Sinclair requested.

"Tell him that there are several Indian women about the fort, who will take any message he may send to the Angry Snake."

The Young Otter made no reply to anything said by Malachi, but looked around him very impatiently.

"Be off as fast as you can," said Malachi, "for depend

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upon it the Angry Snake was to meet him after his talk with me; I see it by his wandering eye, and his looking round for assistance. I will go with you, and return with Alfred and Martin, for I have no rifle."

"You can take mine, Malachi, as soon as we come up to the soldiers."

This was done in a few minutes. Captain Sinclair then took charge of the Indian, and set off with his party for the fort. Malachi, Alfred, and Martin returned to the house, and before they entered the prairie, Martin detected the tall form of an Indian at a short distance, in the shade of the trees.

"Yes, I was sure of it," said Malachi. "It was well that I did not go back without you. After all, in the woods, a man's no man without his rifle."

CHAPTER XXXV

MARTIN was right when he stated that he perceived the form of the Angry Snake under the shade of the trees. The chief was then watching what occurred, and had been witness to the capture of his emissary, and, following those who had the Young Otter in charge, saw him conveyed to the fort. In the meantime, Malachi, Martin, and Alfred went home, without any suspicion being raised among the other branches of the family of what had occurred. This gave them great satisfaction.

"Well, Malachi," said Alfred the next morning, as they were all busily employed getting the seed into the new-cleared land, "what do you imagine will be the steps now taken by the Angry Snake?"

"It's hard to say, sir," replied Malachi; "for he well deserves the name of a snake, if, as the Scripture says, it's the subtlest thing on earth: he will try all he can, you may be sure; and if it were not that he is afraid of us, he would attack us immediately; but that I have no idea that he will venture upon."

"No, for your letter says, that he has only two rifles in his band, which are not enough to give him any chance of success."

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"Very true, sir. I hear that the *bateaux* are coming from the fort for the plank and flour."

"Yes, to-morrow, if there is not so much wind as there is to-day; it blows very fresh. Where is John?"

"I left him with the Strawberry, sir; they were busy with the sugar."

"By-the-bye, how much have you got, Malachi?"

"About three or four hundred pounds, sir, as near as I can reckon; quite as much as madam will require."

"Yes, I should think so; now we shall have preserves of all sorts and the fruit for nothing; the wild raspberries are nearly ripe, and so are the cherries; my cousins want John to help to gather them."

"Well, sir, I dare say he will do so, although I believe that he would rather do anything else. He said he was going to fish this morning."

"The water is too rough, and he will not be able to manage the punt by himself."

"Then that's the very reason why he'll go out," replied Malachi; "he don't like easy jobs like picking raspberries. Is it true, Mr. Alfred, that we are to have some more settlers come here?"

"Yes, I believe so; my father is very anxious to have them; he thinks it will be a great security, and he has offered very advantageous terms; you won't much like that, Malachi?"

"Well, sir, I dare say you may think so, but it is not the case; if any one had told me, two years ago, that I could have remained here, I would have said it was impossible, but we are all creatures of habit. I had been so used to my own company for so long a time, that when I first saw you I couldn't bear the sight of you; no, not even that of your pretty cousins, Miss Mary and Emma, although, Heaven knows, they might tame a savage; but now, sir, I feel quite changed; I have first borne with company, because I fancied the boy, and then I felt no dislike to it, and now I like it. I believe that in my old age I am coming back to my feelings as a boy, and I think very often of my father's farm, and the little village that was close to it; and then I often fancy that I should like to see a village rise up here, and a church stand up there upon the mount; I think I should like to live

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on till I saw a church built and God worshipped as He ought to be."

"This is indeed a change, Malachi; well, I hope you will see a church on the mount, and live many years afterward to be present at the weddings and christenings."

"As it pleases God, sir. There's one thing, Mr. Alfred, that has given me great content, and more than anything, perhaps, reconciled me to my new way of living; and that is, that the Strawberry, by the blessing of God and the labour of your mother and cousins, has become a good Christian; you don't know how pleased I am at that."

"She's an excellent little creature, Malachi; every one is fond of her, and I believe Martin is very strongly attached to her."

"Yes, sir, she's a good wife, for she never uses her tongue, and obeys her husband in all things. I think Martin has now become quite steady, and you might send him to Montreal, or anywhere else, without fear of his getting into the prison for making a disturbance.—I see that a bear has been over into the maize-field last night."

"What! did he climb the snake-fence?"

"Yes, sir, they climb anything; but I have got his tracks, and this night I think that I shall get hold of him, for I shall lay a trap for him."

Malachi and Alfred continued to work for two or three hours, when they were summoned by Emma to go in to dinner. "I cannot find John," said Emma, as they walked home; "Strawberry says that he left her some time back, and went to fish; have you seen him pass by the river's side?"

"No," replied Alfred; "but, Malachi, you said that he was going to fish in the punt, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you see the punt on the beach, Emma?"

"No, I do not," replied Emma; "but it may be behind the point."

"Nor can I; I hope he has not been carried away by the wind, for it blows very hard; I'll run down, and see if he is there."

Alfred ran down to the beach; the punt was gone from the shore, and after looking for some time to leeward, which was to the eastward, in the direction of the rapids, Alfred

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thought that he perceived something like a boat at a distance of three or four miles; but the water of the lake was much ruffled by the strong wind, and it was not easy to distinguish.

Alfred hastened back, and said to Emma, "I really am afraid that John is adrift. I think I see the boat, but am not sure. Emma, go in quietly and bring out my telescope, which is over my bed-place. Do not let them see you, or they will be asking questions, and your aunt may be alarmed."

Emma went to the house, and soon returned with the telescope. Alfred and Malachi then went down to the beach, and the former distinctly made out that what he had seen was the punt adrift, with John in it.

"Now, what is to be done?" said Alfred. "I must take a horse, and ride off to the fort, for if they do not see him before he passes, he may not be picked up."

"If he once gets into the rapids, sir," said Malachi, "he will be in great danger; for he may be borne down upon one of the rocks, and upset in a minute."

"Yes; but he is some way from them yet," replied Alfred.

"Very true, sir; but with this strong wind right down to them, and helping the current, he will soon be there. There is no time to be lost."

"No; but I'll go in to dinner, and as soon as I have taken a mouthful, just to avoid creating any alarm, I will slip out, and ride to the fort as fast as I can."

"Just so; you will be there in good time, for he is now three miles above the fort; indeed, he cannot well pass it without their seeing him."

"Yes, he can, now that the water is so rough," replied Alfred; "recollect that they are soldiers in the fort, and not sailors, who are accustomed to look on the water. A piece of drift timber and a punt is much the same to their eyes. Come, let us in to dinner."

"Yes, sir; I'll follow you," replied Malachi; "but, before I come in I'll catch the horse and saddle him for you. You can tell Miss Emma to hold her tongue about it."

Alfred rejoined Emma, whom he cautioned, and then they went in to their dinner.

"Where's John?" said Mr. Campbell; "he promised me some lake fish for dinner, and has never brought them in; so you will not have such good fare as I expected."

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"And where's Malachi?" said Alfred.

"I dare say he and John are out together somewhere," observed Henry, who, with Martin, had come in before Alfred.

"Well, he will lose his dinner," said Mrs. Campbell.

"That's what I cannot afford to do, mother," said Alfred; "I am very hungry, and I have not more than five minutes to spare, for the seed must be put in to-night."

"I thought Malachi was with you, Alfred," said Mr. Campbell.

"So he was, father," replied Alfred; "but he left me. Now, mother, please to give me my dinner."

Alfred ate fast, and then rose from the table, and went away from the house. The horse was all ready, and he mounted and rode off for the fort, telling Malachi that his father and mother thought John was with him; and that, therefore, he had better not go in to dinner, but keep out of the way.

"Yes, sir, that will be best, and then they can ask no questions. Be quick, sir, for I am not at all easy about the boy."

Their plans, however, to conceal the danger of John did not succeed; for Mrs. Campbell, after the loss of poor little Percival, had become more than ever solicitous about John, and, a minute or two after Alfred had left the house, she rose from the table, and went to the door, to see if she could perceive Malachi and John coming in. As it happened, Alfred had just set off in a gallop, and she saw him, as well as Malachi standing by himself and watching Alfred's departure. The very circumstance of Alfred's mysterious departure alarmed her. He had never said that he was going to the fort, and that John was not with Malachi was certain. She went into the cottage, and, sinking back in her chair, exclaimed—"Some accident has happened to John!"

"Why should you say so, my dear?" said Mr. Campbell.

"I'm sure of it," replied Mrs. Campbell, bursting into tears. "Alfred is riding away to the fort. Malachi is standing by himself outside. What can it be?"

Mr. Campbell and all the others ran out immediately, except Mary Percival, who went to Mrs. Campbell. Mr.

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Campbell beckoned to Emma, and from her obtained the real state of the case.

"It will be better to tell her at once," said Mr. Campbell, who then went to his wife, telling her that John was adrift, and that Alfred had ridden to the fort to pick him up in one of the *bateaux*, but there was no danger to be apprehended."

"Why should they conceal it, if there was no danger, Campbell?" replied his wife. "Yes; there must be danger now the water is so rough. My child, am I to lose you as well as my poor Percival!" continued Mrs. Campbell, again sobbing.

Every attempt was made to console her and assuage her fears, but with indifferent success, and the afternoon of this day was passed in great concern by all, and in an extreme state of nervous anxiety on the part of Mrs. Campbell. Toward the evening, Alfred was seen returning on horseback at full speed. The whole of the family were out watching his arrival, with beating hearts; poor Mrs. Campbell in almost a fainting state. Alfred perceived them long before he had crossed the prairie, and waved his hat in token of good tidings.

"All's well, depend upon it, my dear," said Mr. Campbell. "Alfred would not wave his hat if there was any disaster."

"I must have it from his own mouth," said Mrs. Campbell, almost breathless.

"Safe?" cried out Martin to Alfred, as he approached.

"Safe, quite safe!" cried Alfred, in return.

"Thank Heaven!" cried Mrs. Campbell, in a low voice, clasping her hands in gratitude.

Alfred leaped off his saddle, and hastened to communicate the news. John, trusting too much to his own powers, had gone out in the punt, and soon found out that he could not manage it in so strong a wind. He attempted to get back to the beach, but was unsuccessful, and had, as we have said, been carried away by the wind and current down toward the rapids; but it so happened, that before Alfred had arrived at the fort, Captain Sinclair had observed the punt adrift, and, by the aid of a telescope, ascertained that John was in it, exerting himself very vigorously, but to no purpose. Captain Sinclair, having reported to the commandant and

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obtained permission, had launched one of the *bateaux*, manned by the soldiers, and had brought John and the punt on shore, about four miles below the fort, and not until they had arrived in the strong current of the rapids, which in another hour would have, in all probability, proved fatal. Alfred, from the fort, had seen Captain Sinclair gain the shore, with John and the punt in tow, and, as soon as he was satisfied of his brother's safety, had ridden back as fast as he could, to communicate it. This intelligence gave them all great delight, and now that they knew that John was safe, they waited his return with patience. Captain Sinclair arrived, with John behind him, on horseback, about two hours afterward, and was gladly welcomed.

"Indeed, Captain Sinclair, we are under great obligations to you. Had you not been so active, the boy might have been lost," said Mrs. Campbell. "Accept my best thanks."

"And mine," said Mary, extending her hand to him.

"John, you have frightened me very much," said Mrs. Campbell; "how could you be so imprudent as to go on the lake in such a high wind? See what a narrow escape you have had."

"I should have been at Montreal to-morrow morning," said John, laughing.

"No, never; you would have been upset in the rapids long before you could get to Montreal."

"Well, mother, I can swim," replied John.

"You naughty boy, nothing will make you afraid."

"Well, ma'am, it's a good fault, that of having confidence in yourself, so don't check it too much," replied Malachi. "It saves many a man who would otherwise be lost."

"That's very true, Malachi," observed Alfred; "so, now that he is safe back, we won't scold John any more. He will know better than to go out in such rough weather again."

"To be sure I shall," said John; "I don't *want* to go down the rapids."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that," replied Mrs. Campbell.

Captain Sinclair remained with them that night. Before daylight, the family were alarmed by the report of a gun, and it was immediately supposed that some attack had been made on the lodge occupied by Malachi, Martin, and his

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wife. Captain Sinclair, Alfred, and John sprang out of bed, and were clothed in a minute. As soon as they had armed themselves, they opened the door cautiously, and, looking well round, went through the passage to the sheepfold where the lodge was built. Everything, however, appeared to be quiet, and Alfred knocked at the door. Malachi answered to the inquiry, "What is the matter?"

"We heard the report of a gun close to the house just now, and we thought something might have happened."

"Oh!" cried Malachi, laughing, "is that all? Then you may all go to bed again. It's my trap for the bear—nothing more. I forgot to tell you last night."

"Well, as we are up, we may as well go and see," said Alfred; "the day is breaking."

"Well, sir, I am ready," said Malachi, coming out with his deer-skin jacket in one hand and his rifle in the other.

They walked to the maize-field on the other side of the river, and found that the trap had been successful, for a large bear lay dead at the foot of the snake-fence.

"Yes, sir, I've got him," said Malachi.

"But what was the trap?" said Henry.

"You see, sir, I tracked the brute over the rails by his broad foot-mark, and as I knew he would come the same way, I fixed the rifle with a wire to the trigger, so that, as he climbed up, he must touch the wire with his fore-paws, and the muzzle, pointed a little downward, would then about reach his heart when the gun went off. You see, sir, it has happened just as I wished it, and there's another good skin for Montreal."

"It is a she-bear," said Martin, who had joined them, "and she has cubs; they can't be far off."

"That's true," replied Malachi; "so now you had better all go back again. Martin and I will hide, and I'll answer for it, in an hour, we will bring the cubs home with us."

The rest of the party returned to the house. The Strawberry had already made known to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell the cause of the report. About an hour before breakfast, Malachi and Martin came in, each with a cub of a few weeks old. The little animals had come in the track of the mother in search of her, and were pawing the dead body, as if trying to awaken her, when Malachi and Martin secured them.

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"What a charming pet!" said Emma; "I will rear it for myself."

"And I'll have the other," said John.

No objection was raised to this, except that Mr. Campbell observed, that if they became troublesome as they grew up, they must be parted with, which was agreed to. Emma and John took possession of their pets, and fed them with milk, and in a few days they became very tame; one being chained up near the house, and the other at Malachi's lodge. They soon grew very playful and very amusing little animals, and the dogs became used to them, and never attempted to hurt them; indeed, very often Oscar and the bear would be seen rolling about together, the best friends in the world. But in a few months they became too large for pets, and too troublesome, so one was despatched by a *bateau* going to Montreal, as a present to Mr. Emmerson, and the other was taken to the fort by Captain Sinclair, and became a great favourite of the soldiers.

CHAPTER XXXVI

CAPTAIN SINCLAIR was now very constantly at the house, for in the summer time the commandant allowed much more liberty to the officers. Although the detention of the Young Otter and the cause of his being detained, had been made known to the Angry Snake, weeks passed away, and yet there appeared no intention on the part of the chief to redeem his young warrior by producing Percival. Every day an overture on his part was expected, but none came, and those who were in the secret were in a continual state of suspense and anxiety. One thing had been ascertained, which was, that the Indian fired at by John had been killed, and this occasioned much fear on the part of Malachi and Martin, that the Angry Snake would revenge the death upon young Percival. This knowledge of the Indian feeling, however, they kept to themselves.

Toward the close of the summer they had an arrival of letters and newspapers, both from England and Montreal. There was nothing peculiarly interesting in the intelligence

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from England, although the newspapers were, as usual, read with great avidity. One paragraph met the eye of Henry, which he immediately communicated, observing at the time that they always obtained news of Mr. Douglas Campbell on every fresh arrival. The paragraph was as follows :—"The Oxley hounds had a splendid run on Friday last;" after describing the country they passed through, the paragraph ended with, "We regret to say that Mr. Douglas Campbell, of Wexton Hall, received a heavy fall from his horse, in clearing a wide brook. He is, however, we understand, doing well." The letters from Montreal, were, however, important. They communicated the immediate departure from that city of four families of emigrants, who had accepted the terms offered by Mr. Emmerson, and were coming to settle upon Mr. Campbell's property. They also stated that the purchase of the other six hundred acres of contiguous land had been completed, and sent government receipts for the purchase-money.

The news contained in this letter induced Mr. Campbell to send a message to the commandant of the fort, by Captain Sinclair, acquainting him with the expected arrival of the emigrant families, and requesting to know whether he would allow a party of soldiers to assist in raising the cottages necessary for their reception, and begging the loan of two or three tents to accommodate them upon their arrival, until their cottages should be built. The reply of the commandant was favourable, and now all was bustle and activity, that, if possible, the buildings might be in forwardness previous to harvest time, when they would all have ample occupation. Indeed, as the hay harvest was just coming on, without assistance from the fort they never could have got through the work previous to the winter setting in, and it would have been very inconvenient to have had to receive any of the emigrants into their own house.

The sites of the four cottages, or log huts, were soon selected; they were each of them nearly half a mile from Mr. Campbell's house, and while some of the party, assisted by a portion of the soldiers, were getting in the hay, the others, with another portion, were cutting down the trees, and building up the cottages. In a fortnight after they had commenced, the emigrants arrived, and were housed in the

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tents prepared for them ; and as their labour was now added to that of the others, in a short time everything was well in advance. The agreement made by Mr. Campbell was, that the emigrants should each receive fifty acres of land, after they had cleared for him a similar quantity ; but there were many other conditions, relative to food and supply of stock to the emigrant families, which are not worth the while to dwell upon. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Campbell, with his former purchases, retained about six hundred acres, which he considered quite sufficient for his farm, which was all in a ring fence, and with the advantage of bordering on the lake. The fire had cleared a great deal of the new land, so that it required little trouble for his own people to get it into a fit state for the first crop.

While the emigrants and soldiers were hard at work, the Colonel paid a visit to Mr. Campbell to settle his account with him, and handed over a bill upon government for the planks, flour, &c., supplied to the fort.

"I assure you, Mr. Campbell, I have great pleasure," said the Colonel, "in giving you every assistance, and I render it the more readily as I am authorised by the Governor so to do. Your arrival and settling here has proved very advantageous ; for your supplying the fort has saved the government a great deal of money, at the same time that it has been profitable to you, and enabled you to get rid of your crops without sending them down so far as Montreal ; which would have been as serious an expense to you, as getting the provisions from Montreal has proved to us. You may keep the fatigue party of soldiers upon the same terms as before, as long as they may prove useful to you, provided they return to the fort by the coming of winter."

"Then I will, if you please, retain them for getting in the harvest ; we have so much to do that I shall be most happy to pay for their assistance."

I have said that there were four families of emigrants, and now I will let my readers know a little more about them.

The first family was a man and his wife of the name of Harvey ; they had two sons of fourteen and fifteen, and a daughter of eighteen years of age. This man had been a small farmer, and by his industry was gaining an honest livelihood, and putting by some money, when his eldest son,

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who was at the time about twenty years old, fell into bad company, and was always to be seen at the alehouses or at the fairs, losing his time and losing his money. The father, whose ancestors had resided for many generations on the same spot, and had always been, as long as they could trace back, small farmers like himself, and who was proud of only one thing, which was that his family had been noted for honesty and upright dealing, did all he could to reclaim him, but in vain. At last the son was guilty of a burglary, tried, convicted, and transported for life. The disgrace had such an effect upon the father, that he never held up his head afterward; he was ashamed to be seen in the parish, and at last he resolved to emigrate to a new country where what had happened would not be known.

He accordingly sold off everything, and came to Canada; but by the time that he had arrived in the country, and paid all his expenses, he had little money left, and when he heard from Mr. Emmerson the terms offered by Mr. Campbell, he gladly accepted them. The wife, his two sons and his daughter, who came with him, were as industrious and as respectable as himself.

The second family, of the name of Graves, consisted of a man and his wife, and only one son, a young man grown up; but the wife's two sisters were with them. He had come from Buckinghamshire, and had been accustomed to a dairy farm.

The third family was a very numerous one, with a man and his wife, of the name of Jackson; these had been farmers and market-gardeners near London; and had brought out some money with them: but, as I have mentioned, they had a very large family, most of them too young to be very useful for a few years. They had seven children: a girl of eighteen, two boys of twelve and thirteen, then three little girls, and a boy an infant. Jackson had money enough to purchase a farm, but being a very prudent man, and reflecting that he might not succeed at first, and that his large family would run away with all his means, he decided upon accepting the terms proposed by Mr. Campbell.

The fourth and last of the emigrant families was a young couple of the name of Meredith. The husband was the son of a farmer in Shropshire, who had died, and divided his

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property between his three sons : two of them remained upon the farm and paid the youngest brother his proportion in money, who, being of a speculative turn, resolved to come to Canada, and try his fortune. He married just before he came out, and was not as yet encumbered with any family ; he was a fine young man, well educated, and his wife a very clever, pretty young woman.

Thus there was an addition of twenty-one souls to the population of Mr. Campbell's settlement, which with their own ten made a total of thirty-one people, out of whom they reckoned that thirteen were capable of bearing arms, and defending them from any attack of the Indians.

Before harvest time, the cottages were all built, and the emigrants were busy felling round their new habitations, to lay up firewood for the winter, and clearing away a spot for a garden, and for planting potatoes in the following spring. The harvest being ripe again, gave them all full employment ; the corn was got in with great expedition by the united labour of the soldiers and emigrants, when the former, having completed their work, returned to the fort, and the Campbells, with the addition to their colony, were now left alone. Visiting the emigrants in their own cottages, and making acquaintance with the children, was now a great source of amusement to the Miss Percivals. Various plans were started relative to establishing a Sunday-school and many other useful arrangements ; one, however, took place immediately, which was, that divine service was performed by Mr. Campbell in his own house, and was attended by all the emigrants every Sunday. Mr. Campbell had every reason to be pleased with their conduct up to the present time ; they all appeared willing, never murmured or complained at any task allotted to them, and were satisfied with Mr. Campbell's arrangements relative to supplies. Parties were now again formed for the chase ; Meredith and young Graves proved to be good woodsmen and capital shots with the rifle, so that now they had enough to send out a party on alternate days, while one or two of the others fished all the day and salted down as fast as they caught, that there might be a full supply for the winter.

But although Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and the Miss Percivals, as well as the major part of the family, were fully satisfied and happy in their future prospects, there were four

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who were in a state of great anxiety and suspense. These were Alfred, Malachi, Martin, and the Strawberry, who, being acquainted with the existence of young Percival, found their secret a source of great annoyance, now that, notwithstanding the capture and detention of the Young Otter, no advance appeared to be made for his exchange, nor any signs of any overture on the part of the Angry Snake. Captain Sinclair, who was usually at the farm twice during the week, was also much fretted at finding that every time Malachi and Alfred had no more information to give him than he had to impart to them. They hardly knew how to act; to let a second winter pass away without attempting to recover the boy, appeared to them to be delaying too long, and yet to communicate intelligence which might only end in bitter disappointment, seemed unadvisable; for the Indian chief, out of revenge, might have killed the boy, and then the grief of the father and mother would be more intense than before. It would be opening a wound to no purpose. This question was frequently canvassed by Alfred and Captain Sinclair, but an end was put to all their debates on the subject by an unexpected occurrence. Mary Percival had one morning gone down to a place called the Cedar Swamp, about half a mile from the house to the westward, near to the shore of the lake, to pick cranberries for preserving. One of the little emigrant girls, Martha Jackson, was with her; when one basket was full, Mary sent it home by the little girl, with directions to come back immediately. The girl did so, but on her return to the Cedar Swamp, Mary Percival was not to be seen. The basket which she had retained with her was lying with all the cranberries upset out of it on a hill by the side of the swamp. The little girl remained for a quarter of an hour, calling out Miss Percival's name, but not receiving any answer, she became frightened, imagining that some wild beast had attacked her; and she ran back as fast as she could to the house, acquainting Mr. and Mrs. Campbell with what had happened. Martin and Alfred were at the mill; Malachi, fortunately, was at his own lodge, and Strawberry ran for him, told him what the girl had reported, and having done so, she looked at Malachi, and said "Angry Snake."

"Yes, Strawberry, that is the case, I have no doubt,"

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replied Malachi; "but not a word at present; I knew he would be at something, but I did not think that he dared do that either; however, we shall see. Go back to the house, and tell master and missis that I have gone down to the Cedar Swamp, and will return as soon as possible, and do you follow me as fast as you can, for your eyes are younger than mine, and I shall want the use of them: tell them not to send anybody else, it will do harm instead of good, for they will trample the ground, and we may lose the track."

Malachi caught up his rifle, examined the priming, and set off in the direction of the swamp, while the Strawberry returned to the house to give his message to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Leaving Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who were in a great state of alarm, and had sent the little girl, Martha Jackson, to summon Alfred and Martin (for John and Henry were out in the woods after the cattle), the Strawberry went down to the Cedar Swamp to join Malachi, whom she found standing still, leaning on his rifle, near the basket which had contained the cranberries.

"Now, Strawberry, we must find out how many of them there were, and which way they have gone," said Malachi, in the Indian tongue.

"Here," said Strawberry, pointing to a mark on the short grass, which never could have attracted the observation of one unused to an Indian life.

"I see, child; I see that and two more, but we cannot tell much as yet; let us follow up the trail till we come to some spot where we may read the print better. That's her foot," continued Malachi, after they had proceeded two or three yards. "The sole of a shoe cuts the grass sharper than a moccasin. We have no easy task just now, and if the others come, they may prevent us from finding the track altogether."

"Here, again," said Strawberry, stooping close to the short, dry grass.

"Yes; you're right, child," replied Malachi. "Let us once follow it to the bottom of this hill, and then we shall do better."

By the closest inspection and minutest search, Malachi and the Strawberry continued to follow the almost imperceptible

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track till they arrived at the bottom of the hill, about a hundred yards from where they started. It had become more difficult, as the print of Mary's foot, which was more easily perceptible than the others, had served them for a few yards; after which it was no more to be distinguished, and it was evident that she had been lifted up from the ground. This satisfied them that she had been carried off. When they arrived at the bottom of the hill, they could clearly distinguish the print marks of moccasins, and by measuring very exactly the breadth and length of the impressions, made out that they were of two different people. These they continued to follow till they arrived at the forest, about a quarter of a mile from the swamp, where they heard the hallooming of Alfred and Martin, to which Malachi answered, and they soon joined him.

"What is it, Malachi?"

"She has been carried off, sir, I've no doubt," replied Malachi, "by the Snake. The rascal is determined to have the vantage of us. We have one prisoner, and he has made two."

Malachi then explained why he was certain that she had been carried away, and Martin agreed with him immediately. Alfred then said—"Well, but now, before we act, let us consult what is best to be done."

"Well, sir," replied Malachi, "the best to do now, at this moment, is for the Strawberry and me to follow the trail, and try if we cannot obtain more information, and when we have got all we can, we must form a party, and go in pursuit. Let us only get fairly on the trail, and we will not lose it, especially if the Strawberry is with us, for she has a better eye than any Indian I ever knew, be it man or woman."

"Well, that is all right, Malachi; but what shall I do now while you are following up the trail?"

"Well, sir, you must prepare the party, and get them all ready for a start; for we must be off in three hours, if possible."

"Captain Sinclair had better come with us. He will be quite frantic if he does not," said Alfred.

"Well, then, perhaps he had, sir," replied Malachi coldly; "but I'd rather he were away. He won't be so cool and calm as he ought to be."

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"Never fear ; but I must now go to my father and mother, and tell the whole of the circumstances which have occurred. I must tell them that Percival is alive."

"Why so, sir?" replied Malachi. "It will only fret them more. It's quite sufficient that they should have to lament Miss Percival being carried off, without their knowing what fresh cause for anxiety there is about the boy. I would only say that Miss Mary has been carried off by somebody, and leave out all about our having captured the Young Otter, and why we took him."

"Well, perhaps it will be better," said Alfred ; "then I'll leave Martin here, and ride off to the fort to Captain Sinclair. Shall I ask for any soldiers?"

"Yes, sir ; if there are any good backwoodsmen among them, we may find a couple of them of service. We ought to have a larger force than the Indian ; and the latter, if you recollect, is stated at six with the chief. Now, there are you, Martin, and I, that's three ; Captain Sinclair and two soldiers would be six ; young Graves and Meredith make eight. That's sufficient, sir ; more than sufficient does harm. Mr. Henry must stay, and so must Mr. John, because he will not be home before we are away. I'm sorry for that, as I should have liked him to be with me."

"It can't be helped," replied Alfred. "Well then, Martin and I will go back at once ; in two hours I will return with Captain Sinclair, if I possibly can."

"As quick as you please, sir, and Martin will get everything ready for the journey, for we must not fire our rifles, if we can help it."

Alfred hastened away, and was soon followed by Martin, to whom Malachi had given some directions. Malachi and the Strawberry then continued to follow the trail, which they traced through the thickest of the wood for more than an hour, when they came upon a spot where a fire had been lighted, and the ground trodden down, evidently showing that the parties had been living there some time.

"Here was the nest of the whole gang," resumed Malachi, as he looked round.

The Strawberry, who had been examining the ground, said—

"Here is her foot again."

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"Yes, yes ; it's clear enough that two of them have carried her off and brought her here to where the others were waiting for them, and from here the whole party have made their start. Now we have the new trail to find, and that they have taken every care to prevent us, I do not doubt."

The Strawberry now pointed to a mark near where the fire had been lighted, and said, "The moccasin of a squaw."

"Right, then she is with them, so much the better," replied Malachi, "for, as she sent me that letter, she may serve us still, if she chooses."

CHAPTER XXXVII

PREVIOUS to his starting for the fort, Alfred had a hasty communication with his father and mother, in which he informed them simply that it was evident that Mary had been carried off, and that it was the opinion of Malachi and Martin that the Angry Snake was the party to be suspected.

"But what cause could he have?" said Emma, weeping.

"Merely to get powder and shot as a reward for bringing her back again," replied Alfred ; "so there is not anything to fear as to her being ill treated ; but if he has any other reason for what he has done, it is well known that an Indian always respects a female. But here comes my horse."

"But what are you going to do, Alfred?" said Mrs. Campbell, who was in a state of great agitation.

"Ride to the fort for assistance, bring Captain Sinclair, and go in pursuit as fast as we can, mother. Martin will get all ready by my return, Malachi is following up the trail with Strawberry. But there is no time to be lost ; I shall soon be back."

Alfred then sprang upon his horse, which Martin had brought to the door, and galloped away to the fort.

As it may be supposed, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell and Emma were in great distress ; this did not, however, prevent them from listening to Martin, and supplying him with all that he requested, which was salt pork and other food for their journey, powder and shot for their rifles, &c. Having specified all that was wanted, Martin then went off to summon

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young Graves and Meredith ; they were soon found, and when they heard the intelligence, were ready in a minute for departure. Their rifles and an extra pair of moccasins each was all that they required for the journey, and in a few minutes they accompanied Martin to the house. After they had been occupied for a little time in dividing the various articles into different packages, that each might carry his proportion, Mr. Campbell said—

“Martin, supposing that you and Malachi are correct in your supposition, where do you think that they will take my poor niece?”

“Right away to their own wigwams, sir,” replied Martin.

“Have you any idea how far that may be?” said Mrs. Campbell.

“Yes, ma’am, I have heard that the Angry Snake’s quarters are about twelve days’ journey from this.”

“Twelve days’ journey ! how far is a journey?”

“As far as a stout man can walk in a day, ma’am.”

“And will my niece have to walk all the way?”

“Why, yes, ma’am ; I don’t see how it can be otherwise ; I don’t know of the Indians having any horses, although they may have.”

“But she cannot walk as far as a man,” replied Mrs. Campbell.

“No, ma’am, and so I suppose they will be twenty days going instead of twelve.”

“Will they ill-treat or ill-use her, Martin?” said Emma.

“No, ma’am, I shouldn’t think they would, although they will make her walk, and will tie her at night when they stop.”

“Poor Mary ! what will she suffer?” exclaimed Emma ; “and if you do come up with them, Martin, will they give her up to you?”

“We shan’t ask their leave, miss,” replied Martin ; “we shall take her.”

“But not without bloodshed, Martin,” said Mrs. Campbell.

“No, ma’am, certainly not without bloodshed, for either the Indians must destroy us or we them ; if we conquer, not an Indian will be left alive ; and if they master us, it will be about the same thing, I suppose.”

“Heaven protect us, but this is dreadful ; I was prepared

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for difficulties and annoyances when I came out here," exclaimed Mrs. Campbell; "but not for such trials as these."

"Never fear but we'll bring her back, ma'am," said Martin; "Malachi is a better Indian than them all, and he'll circumvent them."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, ma'am, that we will, if possible, fall upon them unawares, and then we'll have the advantage, for half of them will be killed before they know that they are attacked; we'll fight them Indian fashion, ma'am."

Mrs. Campbell continued her interrogations till Alfred was seen at the end of the prairie returning at full speed, accompanied by Captain Sinclair and two other men, also on horseback.

"Here they come," said Martin; "and they have lost no time, that's certain."

"Poor Captain Sinclair! what must be his feelings? I pity him," said Mrs. Campbell.

"He must take it coolly, nevertheless," observed Martin; "or he may do more harm than good."

Alfred and Captain Sinclair now dismounted: they had brought with them two of the soldiers who were well used to the woods, and excellent shots with the rifle. A hurried conversation of a few minutes took place, but time was too precious, and Alfred, embracing his father and mother, who, as they shook hands with Captain Sinclair, expressed in a melancholy way their hopes for their success, the party of seven which had been collected set off to rejoin Malachi and the Strawberry.

Malachi and Strawberry had not been idle; the latter had run back to their lodge and procured a bow and arrows, and since that they had tracked the footmarks through the forest for more than a mile, when they had come to a small rivulet which ran through the forest. Here the trail was lost, at least it was not to be perceived anywhere on the opposite side of the rivulet, and it was to be presumed that, to conceal their trail, the Indians had walked in the water, either up or down, for a certain distance before they put their feet on the other side; but as it was near the time that they might expect the arrival of Alfred and the others, Malachi had returned to the spot where Alfred and Martin had left them,

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leaving the Strawberry to walk down and up the side of the rivulet to recover the trail. As soon as the party joined him, they and Malachi set off to where the trail had been lost, and the latter had left the Strawberry.

There they waited some time, as the Strawberry was not in sight, and they took this opportunity of distributing the provisions and ammunition among them. Captain Sinclair, although his feelings may well be imagined, was very active in arrangements, and showed that, if his heart was smitten, his head was clear. The order of the march was settled by Malachi and him, and as soon as all was arranged, they waited impatiently for the return of the Indian girl; she came at last, and informed them that she had recovered the trail about three miles up the course of the stream, and they all started immediately. As was agreed, they kept perfect silence, and followed the newly-discovered trail for about a mile, when, on their arrival at a clear spot in the woods, where the grass was very short and dry, they were again at fault. They went over to the other side of this heath, to see if they could again fall in with it, but after half-an-hour's search, could not discover it, when they were summoned by a low whistle from the Strawberry, who had returned to the spot where the trail had been lost.

"They have turned back again," said the Strawberry, pointing to the former footmarks; "see, the track of the moccasins is both ways."

"That's true," said Malachi, after a close examination; "now then, Strawberry, to find out where they have left the old trail again. I told you, sir," continued Malachi to Alfred, "that the Strawberry would be useful; she has the eye of a falcon."

It was not till another half-hour had elapsed that the spot where they had left the trail, which, to deceive those who might pursue them, the Indians had returned upon, was discovered, and then they started again, and proceeded with caution, led by the Strawberry, until she stopped and spoke to Malachi in the Indian tongue, pointing at a small twig broken upon one of the bushes.

"That's true, let us see if it happens again."

In a few moments the Strawberry pointed out another.

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"Then all's right," said Malachi, "I said that she could help us again if she chose, and so she has. The Indian woman who wrote the letter," continued Malachi, turning to Captain Sinclair and Alfred, "is our friend still. See, sir, she has, wherever she has dared to do it without being seen by the Indians, broken down a small twig as a guide to us. Now, if she has continued to do this, we shall not have much trouble."

They continued their course through the woods until the sun went down, and they could see no longer, having made a journey of about nine miles from the settlement. They then lay down for the night under a large tree; the weather was very warm, and they did not light a fire, as they had some cooked provisions.

The next morning, as soon as it was daylight, they made a hasty meal, and resumed their task. The trail was now pretty clear, and was occasionally verified by the breaking of a twig as before. This day they made sixteen miles' journey, and at the close of it they arrived at the borders of a lake about ten miles long, and from one and a half to two wide; the trail went right on to the shore of the lake, and then disappeared.

"Here they must have taken to the water," said Alfred; "but what means have they had to cross?"

"That we must discover, somehow or another, sir," replied Malachi, "or else we shall not find the trail again; perhaps, however, we shall see to-morrow morning; it is too dark now to attempt to find out, and we may do more harm than good by tracking down the bank. We must bring to for the night. There is a high rock there on the beach farther up; we had better go there, as we can light a fire behind the rock without being discovered by it, supposing the Indians are on the opposite shore; and to-night we must cook all our provisions if we possibly can, for, depend upon it, we have travelled faster to-day than they can have done with the young lady, and if we can once get well on the trail again, we shall soon be up with them."

"God grant that we may!" exclaimed Captain Sinclair; "the idea of what poor Mary must suffer, almost drives me mad."

"Yes, sir, she will be terribly foot-sore, I have no doubt,"

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replied Malachi, "but the Indians will not treat her ill, depend upon it."

Captain Sinclair sighed, but made no reply.

As soon as they arrived at the mass of rock which Malachi had pointed out, they all commenced collecting firewood, and the Strawberry in a few minutes had a sufficient fire for their purpose. They had not any cooking utensils with them, but the pork was cut in slices, and stuck upon the ends of small sticks round the fire, until it was sufficiently cooked, and then it was packed up again in parcels, with the exception of what was retained for their supper. They had finished their meal, and were sitting round the embers of the fire, conversing, and calculating the probabilities as to their overtaking the Indians, when Martin sprang up, with his rifle ready to bring to his shoulder.

"What is it?" said Alfred in a low tone, as Martin held up his finger as a sign for silence.

"There's somebody coming this way—he is behind that large tree," said Martin; "I see his head now, but it is too dark to make out who it may be."

As Martin said this, a low and singular sort of whistle between the teeth was heard, upon which the Strawberry gently put down Martin's rifle with her hand, saying—

"It is John."

"John! impossible," said Alfred.

"It is," replied Strawberry. "I know well that whistle. I go to fetch him. I have no fear."

Strawberry stepped out from the group, and went up to the tree, calling John softly by name, and in a few seconds afterward returned, leading John by the hand, who, without saying a word, quietly seated himself down by the fire.

"Well, John, how did you come here?" exclaimed Alfred.

"Followed trail," replied John.

"But how—when did you leave home?"

"Yesterday," replied John, "when I came back."

"But do your father and mother know that you have come?" said Captain Sinclair.

"I met old Graves, and told him," replied John. "Have you any meat?"

"The boy has had nothing since he left, I'll answer for it,"

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said Martin, as the Strawberry handed some of the pork to John; "have you, John?"

"No," replied John, with his mouth full.

"Let him eat," said Malachi, "it's long for a lad to be two days without food, for I'll answer he left as soon as he heard we were gone, and did not wait for yesterday's supper. Indeed he must have done so, for he must have followed the trail some time yesterday to be up with us to-night, so let him eat in quiet."

"What surprises me, Malachi, is how he could have found his way to us."

"Well, sir, I do confess that I'm as much surprised almost as I am pleased," replied Malachi. "It is really a great feat for a lad to accomplish all by himself, and I am proud of him for having done it; but from the first I saw what a capital woodsman he would make, and he has not disappointed me."

"There are not many who would have been able to do it, that's certain," said Martin; "I wonder as much as you do, Mr. Alfred, how he could have done it—but he has the gift."

"But suppose he had not come up with us, how would he have lived in these woods? It's a mercy that he has fallen in with us," said Captain Sinclair.

John slapped the barrel of his rifle, which was lying by him, and which Captain Sinclair had not perceived.

"You don't think that John would come into the woods without his rifle, sir, do you?" said Malachi.

"I did not perceive that he had it with him," said Captain Sinclair, "but I certainly ought to have known John better."

John having finished his supper, they all lay down to rest, one keeping watch that they might not be surprised.

At daylight they made their breakfast, and then went down again to the borders of the lake, where the trail had been lost. After a long examination, Malachi called the Strawberry, and pointing to the edge of the water, asked her to look there. The Strawberry did so, and at last decided that there was the mark of the bottom of a canoe which had been grounded.

"Yes, I thought so," said Malachi. "They have had their canoe all ready, and have crossed the water; now, we must

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walk quite round the lake to discover the trail again, and that will give them half a day's start of us."

They immediately set off coasting the shore of the lake, until they arrived at the other side, carefully examining the ground as they went. This took them till noon, by which time they had arrived at that part of the lake which was opposite to the large rock behind which they had kindled their fire the night before; but no traces were to be perceived.

"They have not crossed over in a straight line," said Captain Sinclair, "that is evident; we must now try more to the northward."

This they did; and at last discovered that the canoe had crossed over to the north point of the lake, having coasted along the eastern shore the whole way. The spot of landing was very evident, and for some distance they could trace where the canoe had been hauled up. It was now late in the afternoon, and it became a question whether they should follow the trail, or discover the place of concealment of the canoe, as it might be advantageous to know where it was when they returned. It was decided that they should first discover the canoe, and this was not done till after a search of two hours, when they found it concealed in the bushes about one mile from the lake. They then followed the trail about two miles; the twigs had been bent and broken, as before, which was a great help to them, but the night was now closing in. Having arrived at a clear knoll, they took up their quarters under the trees, and retired to rest. At daybreak they again started; and, after two hours' walk, had to track across a small prairie, which gave them some trouble, but they succeeded in finding the trail on their arrival at the wood on the opposite side, and then they made a very rapid progress, for the twigs were now more frequently broken and bent than before. During this day, with the bow and arrows brought by the Strawberry, Martin had procured them two wild turkeys, which were very acceptable, as their provisions would not last more than seven or eight days longer, and it was impossible to say how far they would have to travel. It was not far from dark when the quick ears of the Strawberry were attracted by a noise like that of a person breathing heavily. She at last pointed with her finger to a bush; they

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advanced cautiously, and on the other side of it they found an Indian woman lying on the ground, bleeding profusely. They raised her up, and discovered that it was the Indian whom they had cured of the sprained ankle, and who, they presumed, had been then discovered breaking the twigs that they might follow the trail, for, on examination they found that she had received a heavy blow on the head with a tomahawk; but, fortunately, it had glanced sidewise, and not entered into the brain. She was not sensible, however, at the time that they had discovered her, for she had lost a great deal of blood. They stopped the effusion of blood with bandages torn from their linen, and poured some water down her throat; it was now dark, and it was not possible to proceed any farther that night. The Strawberry went into the woods and collected some herbs, with which she dressed the wound, and having made the poor Indian as comfortable as they could, they again lay down to rest; but not until Malachi had said to Alfred—

“There is no doubt, sir, but that the Indians have discovered this woman was marking the trail for us, and that they have tomahawked her for so doing, and have left her for dead. I think myself that the wound, although it is a very ugly one, is not dangerous, and so says the Strawberry. However, to-morrow will decide the point; if she is not sensible then, it will be of no use waiting, but we must go on as fast as we can.”

When they awoke the next morning they found the Strawberry sitting by the Indian woman, who was now quite sensible and collected, although very weak and exhausted. Malachi and Martin went to her, and had a long conversation with her at intervals. Malachi had been right in his supposition; the Angry Snake had discovered her in the act of bending a twig, and had struck her down with his tomahawk. They gained from her the following information. The Angry Snake, irritated at the detention of the Young Otter, and resolved to have another hostage in lieu of him, had carried off Mary Percival. He had six Indians with him, which were the whole of his grown-up warriors. They were now but one day's journey ahead of them, as Miss Percival was very sore on her feet, and they could not get her along, but that in every other respect she had been well treated. That the

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Indians were not going to their lodges in a direct course, but by a circuitous route, which would make a difference of at least six or seven days; and that they did this that they might not be seen by some other tribes who were located in their direct route, and who might give information. She said that it was she who had written the Indian letter which Malachi had received the autumn before, and that she had done it because she had been so kindly treated by Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, when she had been found in the forest with her ankle sprained. That Percival was at the Indian lodges, quite well when they left, and that if the Angry Snake did not receive a large quantity of powder and shot and a great many rifles in exchange for him, it was his intention to adopt the boy, as he was very partial to him. On being asked if the boy was happy, she replied that he was not at first, but now he was almost an Indian; that he was seldom permitted to leave the lodges, and never unless accompanied by the Angry Snake. In answer to their questions as to the direction and distance to the lodges, she said that they were about seven days' journey by the straight road; but that the party with Miss Percival would not arrive there in less than fifteen days, if so soon, as she was every day less able to travel. Having obtained all this information, a council was held, and Malachi spoke first, having been requested so to do.

"My opinion is this," said Malachi, "that we can do no better than remain here at present, and wait till the woman is sufficiently recovered to travel, and show us the direct road to the lodges. In two or three days she will probably be well enough to go with us, and then we will take the direct road, and be there before them. The knowledge of the place and the paths will enable us to lay an ambush for them, and to rescue the young lady without much danger to ourselves. They will have no idea of falling in with us, for they of course imagine the woman is dead; a tomahawk seldom fails."

After a long parley, the advice of Malachi was considered the most judicious, and a further conversation with the Indian woman confirmed them in their resolution. As they had no fear of the Indians discovering that they were on their trail, Martin and Alfred went out in pursuit of game for provisions, while the others raised up a large hut with

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branches of trees, for the accommodation of the whole party. In the evening Martin and Alfred returned, carrying a fine buck between them. The fire was lighted, and very soon all were busy cooking and eating. The Indian woman also begged for something to eat, and her recovery was now no longer considered doubtful.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

IT was a great annoyance to Captain Sinclair to have to wait in this manner, but there was no help for it. He was satisfied that it was the most prudent course, and therefore raised no objection. Alfred too was uneasy at the delay, as he was aware how anxious his father and mother would be during the whole time of their absence. They were glad, however, to find that the Indian woman recovered rapidly, and on the fifth day of their taking up their abode in the forest, she said that she was able to travel if they walked slow. It was therefore agreed that on the sixth day they should start again, and they did so, having saved their salt provisions, that they might not be compelled to stop, or use their rifles to procure food. The evening before, they roasted as much venison as they thought they could consume while it was good, and at daylight again proceeded, not to follow the trail, but guided by the Indian woman, in a direct course for the lodges of the Indian band under the Angry Snake.

As they had now only to proceed as fast as they could without tiring the poor Indian woman, whose head was bound up, and who was still weak from loss of blood, they made a tolerable day's journey, and halted as before. Thus they continued their route till the sixth day, when as they drew up for the night, the Indian stated that they were only three or four miles from the Indians' lodges which they sought. Thereupon a council was held as to how they should proceed, and at last it was agreed upon that they should be guided by the Indian woman to a spot where they might be concealed, as near as possible to the lodges, and that when the party had arrived there, that the woman and Malachi

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should go and reconnoitre, to ascertain whether the chief and his band with Mary Percival had returned or not. The night was passed very impatiently, and without sleep by most of them, so anxious were they for the morrow. Long before break of day they again started, advancing with great caution, and were led by the Indian till they were within one hundred and fifty yards of the lodges, in a thick cluster of young spruce, which completely secured them from discovery. Shortly afterward Malachi and the Indian woman, creeping on all fours, disappeared in the surrounding brushwood, that they might, if possible, gain more intelligence from listening. In the meantime, the party had their eyes on the lodges, waiting to see who should come out as soon as the sun rose, for it was hardly clear daybreak when they arrived at their place of concealment.

They had remained there about half-an-hour, when they perceived an Indian lad come out of one of the lodges. He was dressed in leggins and Indian shirt of deer-skin, and carried in his hand his bow and arrows. An eagle's feather was stuck in his hair above the left ear, which marked him as the son of a chief.

"That's my brother Percival," said John in a low tone.

"Percival!" replied Alfred, "is it possible?"

"Yes," whispered the Strawberry, "it is Percival, but don't speak so loud."

"Well, they have turned him into a regular Indian," said Alfred; "we shall have to make a pale face of him again."

Percival, for he it was, looked round for some time, and at last perceiving a crow flying over his head, he drew his bow, and the arrow brought the bird down at his feet.

"A capital shot," said Captain Sinclair, "the boy has learned something at all events. You could not do that, John."

"No," replied John, "but they don't trust him with a rifle."

They waited some little time longer, when an Indian woman, and then an old man, came out, and in about a quarter of an hour afterward, three more women and an Indian about twenty years old.

"I think we have the whole force now," said Martin.

"Yes, I think so too," replied Captain Sinclair, "I wish

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Malachi would come back, for I do not think he will find out more than we know ourselves."

In about half-an-hour afterward, Malachi and the Indian woman returned; they had crept in the brushwood to within fifty yards of the lodges, but were afraid to go nearer, as the woman said that perhaps the dogs might give the alarm; for two of them were left at home. The woman stated her conviction that the party had not come back, and now a council was again held as to their proceedings. The Indian force was nothing—an old man, one lad of twenty, and four women. These might be easily captured and secured, but the question was whether it would be desirable so to do, as in case one should by any means escape, information of their arrival might be conveyed to the absent party, and induce them not to come home with Mary Percival. This question was debated in a low tone between Malachi, Captain Sinclair, and Alfred. At last John interrupted them by saying, "They are going out to hunt, the old and the young Indian and Percival—they have all their bows and arrows."

"The boy is right," said Malachi. "Well, I consider this to decide the question. We can now capture the men without the women knowing anything about it. They will not expect them home till the evening, and even if they do not come, they will not be surprised or alarmed; so now we had better let them go some way, and then follow them. If we secure them, we can then decide what to do about the women."

This was agreed upon, and Malachi explained their intentions to the Indian woman, who approved of them, but said, "The Old Raven (referring to the old Indian) is very cunning; you must be careful."

The party remained in their place of concealment for another quarter of an hour, till the two Indians and Percival had quitted the open space before the lodges, and had entered the woods. They then followed in a parallel direction, Malachi and John going ahead: Martin and Alfred following so as to keep them in sight, and the remainder of the party at about the same distance behind Martin and Alfred. They continued in this manner their course through the woods for more than an hour, when a herd of deer darted past Malachi and John. They immediately stopped, and

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crouched, to hide themselves. Martin and Alfred perceiving this, followed their example, and the rest of the party behind, at the motion of the Strawberry, did the same. Hardly had they done so, when one of the herd, which had been pierced by an arrow, followed in the direction of the rest, and after a few bounds fell to the earth. A minute or two afterward the hunters made their appearance, and stood by the expiring beast, where they remained for a minute or two talking, and then took out their knives to flay and cut it up. While they were thus employed, Malachi and John on one side, Alfred and Martin from another direction, and the rest of the party from a third, were creeping slowly up toward them; but to surround them completely it was necessary the main party should divide, and send one or two more to the eastward. Captain Sinclair despatched Graves and one of the soldiers, desiring them to creep very softly till they arrived at a spot he pointed out, and then to wait for the signal to be given.

As the parties gradually approached nearer and nearer to the Indians and Percival, the Old Raven appeared to be uneasy; he looked round and round him and once or twice laid his ear on the ground; whenever he did this, they all stopped, and almost held their breaths.

"The Indian woman says that the Old Raven is suspicious; he is sure that some one is in the woods near him, and she thinks that she had better go to him," said the Strawberry to Captain Sinclair.

"Let her go," said Captain Sinclair.

The Indian rose, and walked up in the direction of the Indians, who immediately turned to her as she approached. She spoke to them, and appeared to be telling them how it was that she returned. At all events, she occupied the attention of the Old Raven till the parties were close to them, when Malachi arose, and immediately all the others did the same, and rushed upon them. After a short and useless struggle, they were secured, but not before the younger Indian had wounded one of the soldiers, by stabbing him with his knife. The thongs were already fast round the arms and legs of the Indians, when Percival, who had not been tied, again attempted to escape, and by the direction of Malachi, he was bound, as well as the other two.

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As soon as the prisoners were secured, Martin and Graves and the soldiers employed themselves cutting up the venison and preparing it for dinner, while the Strawberry and the Indian woman were collecting wood for a fire. In the meanwhile Captain Sinclair, Malachi, and John were seated by the prisoners, and directing their attention to Percival, whom they had been compelled to bind, that he might not make his escape; for his sojourn of nearly two years in the woods with the Indians, without seeing the face of a white man, had (as has been invariably proved to be the fact in every instance where the parties were very young) wholly obliterated, for the time, his recollections of his former life—so rapid is our falling off to the savage state. To the questions of Alfred he returned no reply, and appeared not to understand him.

“Let me try him, sir,” said Malachi, “I will speak to him in the Indian tongue; he has perhaps forgotten his own. It’s wonderful how soon we return to a state of nature when we are once in the woods.”

Malachi then spoke to Percival in the Indian language; Percival listened for some time, and at last replied in the same tongue.

“What does he say, Malachi?” said Alfred.

“He says he will sing his own death song; that he is the son of a warrior, and he will die like a brave.”

“Why, the boy is metamorphosed,” said Captain Sinclair; “is it possible that so short a time could have produced this?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Malachi; “in young people a very short time will change them thus, but it won’t last long. If he were to meet again with his mother at the settlement, he would by degrees forget his Indian life and become reconciled; a woman has more effect than a man. Let the Strawberry speak to him. You see, sir, he is bound, and considers himself a captive, and let him loose we must not, until we have done our work; after that, there will be no fear, and when he has been with us a short time, he will come all right again.”

Malachi called the Strawberry, and told her to speak to Percival about his home and his mother, and everything connected with the farm.

The Strawberry sat down by Percival, and in her soft tones

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talked to him in her own tongue of his father and mother, of his cousins, and how he had been taken by the Indians when he was hunting; how his mother had wept for him, and all had lamented his loss; running on in a low musical key from one thing to another connected and associated with his former life in the settlement, and it was evident that at last he now listened with attention. The Strawberry continued to talk to him thus, for more than an hour, when Alfred again addressed him and said, "Percival, don't you know me?"

"Yes," replied Percival in English, "I do; you are my brother Alfred."

"All's right now, sir," said Malachi; "only he must be kept fast; but the lad's coming to his senses again. The Strawberry will talk to him again by-and-by."

They then sat down to their meal; the two Indians were removed to a distance under the guard of one of the soldiers, but Percival remained with them. John sat by Percival, and cutting off a tempting bit of venison, held it to his mouth, saying to him, "Percival, when we go home again, your hands shall be untied, and you shall have a rifle of your own instead of a bow and arrows; come, eat this."

This was a long speech for John, but it produced its effect, for Percival opened his mouth for the venison, and being fed by John, made a very good dinner. As soon as their meal was over, they consulted as to what steps should next be taken. The question discussed was whether they should now capture the women who were left in the lodges, or remain quiet till the Angry Snake and his party arrived?

Malachi's opinion was as follows:—

"I think we had at all events better wait till to-morrow, sir; you see, the women will not be at all surprised at the hunting party not returning for even a day or two, as they know that they will not return without game, and may not find it immediately; their absence, therefore, will create no suspicion of our being here. I think we should return to our former place of concealment, and watch their motions. There is no saying when the party with Miss Percival may return; they may have arrived while we have been away, or they may come to-morrow. It will be better, therefore, not to encumber ourselves with more prisoners unless it is necessary."

This opinion was at last assented to, and they set off on

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their return to the Indian lodges. They arrived about an hour before dusk at their hiding-place, having taken the precaution to gag the two Indians for fear of their giving a whoop as notice of their capture. Percival was very quiet, and had begun to talk a little with John.

Scarcely had they been five minutes again concealed among the spruce fir trees, when they heard a distant whoop from the woods on the other side of the lodges.

"They are now coming on," said Martin; "that is their signal."

One of the Indian women from the lodges returned the whoop.

"Yes, sir, they are coming," said Malachi. "Pray, Captain Sinclair, be quiet and sit down; you will ruin all our plans."

"Down, Sinclair, I beg," said Alfred.

Captain Sinclair, who was very much excited, nevertheless did as he was requested.

"O Alfred!" said he; "she's so near."

"Yes, my good fellow, but if you wish her nearer, you must be prudent."

"True, very true," replied Captain Sinclair.

In about half-an-hour more, the Angry Snake and his party were seen to emerge from the woods, and it was perceived that four of the Indians carried a litter made of branches between them.

"She could walk no farther, sir," said Malachi to Captain Sinclair; "so they are carrying her; I told you that they would not hurt her."

"Let me once see her get out of the litter, and I shall be satisfied," replied Captain Sinclair.

The Indians soon were over the clearing, and stopped at one of the lodges; Mary Percival was lifted out, and was seen to walk with difficulty into the wigwam, followed by two of the Indian women.

A short parley took place between the Angry Snake and the other two women, and the chief and rest of the party then went into another lodge.

"All's right so far, sir," observed Malachi; "they have left her to the charge of the two women in a lodge by herself, and so there will be no fear for her when we make the attack, which I think we must do very shortly, for if it is

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quite dark, some of them may escape, and may trouble us afterward."

"Let us do it immediately," said Captain Sinclair.

"No, not immediately, sir; we have yet an hour and a half daylight. We will wait one hour, for I think that as they have nothing to eat, and are pretty well tired from carrying Miss Percival, they will, in all probability, go to sleep, as Indians always do. An hour hence will be the best time for us to fall upon them."

"You are right, Malachi," replied Alfred. "Sinclair, you must curb your impatience."

"I must, I believe," replied Captain Sinclair; "but it will be a tedious hour for me. Let us pass it away in making our arrangements; we have but six to deal with."

"And only two rifles," replied Alfred; "so we are pretty sure of success."

"We must watch first," said Martin, "to see if they all continue in the same lodge, for if they divide, we must arrange accordingly. Who will remain with the prisoners?"

"I won't," said John, in a positive manner.

"You must, John, if it be decided that you do," said Alfred.

"Better not, sir," replied Malachi; "for as soon as the boy hears the crack of the rifles, he will leave his prisoners, and join us; that I'm sure of. No, sir, the Strawberry can be left with the prisoners. I'll give her my hunting-knife; that will be sufficient."

They remained for about half-an-hour more watching the lodges, but everything appeared quiet, and not a single person came out. Having examined the priming of the rifles, every man was directed to take up a certain position, so as to surround the buildings and support each other. John was appointed to the office of looking after his cousin Mary, and preventing the women from escaping with her from the lodge in which she was confined; and John took his office willingly, as he considered it one of importance, although it had been given him more with a view that he might not be exposed to danger. Leaving the prisoners to the charge of the Strawberry, who, with her knife drawn, stood over them, ready to act upon the slightest attempt of escape on their part, the whole party now crept softly toward the lodges, by the same path as had been taken by Malachi and the Indian woman. As soon as

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they had all arrived, they waited for a few minutes, while Malachi reconnoitred, and when they perceived that he did so, they all rose up and hastened to their allotted stations round the lodge into which the Angry Snake and his followers had entered. The Indians appeared to be asleep, for everything remained quiet.

"Let us first lead Miss Percival away to a place of safety," whispered Captain Sinclair.

"Do you do it, then," said Alfred; "there are plenty of us without you."

Captain Sinclair hastened to the lodge in which Miss Percival had been placed, and opened the door. Mary Percival, as soon as she beheld Captain Sinclair, uttered a loud scream of delight, and, rising from the skins on which she had been laid, fell upon his neck. Captain Sinclair caught her in his arms, and was bearing her out of the lodge, when an Indian woman caught him by the coat; but John, who had entered, putting the muzzle of his rifle into their faces, they let go and retreated, and Captain Sinclair bore away Mary in his arms into the brushwood, where the Strawberry was standing over the Indian prisoners. The scream of Mary Percival had roused the Indians, who, after their exhaustion and privations, were in a sound sleep; but still no movement was to be heard in the lodge, and a debate between Malachi and Alfred, whether they should enter the lodge or not, was put an end to by a rifle being fired from the lodge, and the fall of one of the soldiers, who was next to Alfred. Another shot followed, and Martin received a bullet in his shoulder, and then out bounded the Angry Snake, followed by his band, the chief whirling his tomahawk, and springing upon Malachi, while the others attacked Alfred and Martin, who were nearest to the door of the lodge. The rifle of Malachi met the breast of the Angry Snake as he advanced, and the contents were discharged through his body. The other Indians fought desperately, but the whole of the attacking party closing in, they were overpowered. Only two of them, however, were taken alive, and these were seriously wounded. They were tied and laid on the ground.

"He was a bad man, sir," said Malachi, who was standing over the body of the Indian chief; "but he will do no more mischief."

"Are you much hurt, Martin?" inquired Alfred.

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"No, sir, not much; the ball has passed right through and touched no bone; so I am in luck. I'll go to the Strawberry, and get her to bind it up."

"He is quite dead, sir," said Graves, who was kneeling by the side of the soldier who had been shot by the first rifle.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Alfred. "Well, I'm not sorry that they commenced the attack upon us; for I do not know whether I could have used my rifle unless they had done so."

"They never expected quarter, sir," said Malachi.

"I suppose not. Now, what are we to do with the women? They can do no harm."

"Not much, sir; but, at all events, we must put it out of their power. We must take possession of all the weapons we can find in the lodges. We have their two rifles; but we must collect all the bows and arrows, tomahawks, and knives, and either destroy or keep possession of them. John, will you look to that? Take Graves with you."

"Yes," replied John, who with Graves, immediately commenced his search of the lodges.

The two women, who had been in the lodge with Mary Percival, had remained where they were, as John's rifle had kept them from leaving the lodge; but the other two had escaped into the woods during the affray. This was of little consequence; indeed, the others were told that they might go away, if they would; and as soon as they heard this from Malachi, they followed the example of their companions. John and Graves brought out all the arms they could find, and Malachi and Alfred then went to the bushes to which Mary Percival and Sinclair had previously retired. Alfred embraced his cousin, who was still too greatly agitated to say much, being almost overpowered by the sudden transition in all her thoughts and feelings:—and, in the variety of her emotions, perhaps the most bewildering was that occasioned by the re-appearance of Percival,—like a restoration from the dead. Alfred was in consultation with Malachi, when he perceived the flames bursting out of the lodges. Martin, as soon as his wound was dressed, had returned and set fire to them.

"It's all right, sir," said Malachi; "it will leave the proof of our victory, and be a caution to other Indians."

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"But what will become of the women?"

"They will join some other band, sir, and tell the story. It is better that they should."

"And our prisoners, what shall we do with them?"

"Release them; by-and-by, sir, we shall have nothing to fear from them; but we will first take them two or three days' march into the woods, in case they have alliance with any other band whom they might call to their assistance."

"And the wounded Indians?"

"Must be left to Providence, sir. We cannot take them. We will leave them provisions and water. The women will come back and find them; if they are alive, they will look after them; if dead, bury them. But here comes John, with some bears' skins which he has saved for Miss Mary; that was thoughtful of the boy. As soon as the flames are down, we will take up our quarters in the clearing, and set a watch for the night; and to-morrow, with the help of God, we will commence our journey back. We shall bring joy to your father and mother, and the sooner we do it the better; for they must be anything but comfortable at our long absence."

"Yes," said Mary Percival; "what a state of suspense they must be in! Truly, as the Bible saith, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX

NOT one of the party slept much on this night. There was much to do, and much to be looked after. Captain Sinclair, as it may be supposed, was fully occupied with Mary Percival, of whom more anon. As soon as they had taken up their position in the clearing, and made arrangements for the accommodation of Mary, they relieved the Strawberry from her charge of the prisoners, whom they brought to the clearing, and made to sit down close to them. Percival, who had not yet been freed from his bonds, was now untied, and suffered to walk about, one of the men keeping close to him, and watching him carefully. The first object which caught his eye, was the body of the Angry Snake. Percival looked on it for some time, and then sat down by the side of it.

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There he remained for more than two hours, without speaking, when a hole having been dug out by one of the party, the body was put in and covered up. Percival remained a few minutes by the side of the grave, and then turned to the two wounded Indians. He brought them water, and spoke to them in the Indian tongue; but while he was still with them, Mary sent for him to speak with him, for as yet she had scarcely seen him. The sight of Mary appeared to have a powerful effect upon the boy; he listened to her as she soothed and caressed him, and appearing to be overcome with a variety of sensations, he lay down, moaned, and at last fell fast asleep.

The soldier who had been shot by the Angry Snake was buried before they buried the chief. Martin's wound had been dressed by his wife, the Strawberry, who was very skilful in Indian surgery. She had previously applied cataplasms made from the bruised leaves which she and the Indian woman had sought for, to the feet of Mary Percival, which were in a state of great inflammation, and Mary had found herself already much relieved by the application. Before the day dawned, the two Indians who had been wounded were dead, and were immediately buried by the side of the chief.

Alfred and Malachi had resolved to set off the next morning on their return home, if they found it possible to convey Mary Percival; but their party was now reduced, as one of the soldiers had been killed, and Martin was incapable of service. The Indian woman would also be fully loaded with the extra rifles, the two which they had captured from the Indians, the one belonging to the soldier, and Martin's, who could not carry anything in his present state.

They were now only six effective men, as John could not be of much use in carrying, and, moreover, was appointed to watch Percival. Then they had the two prisoners to take charge of, so that they were somewhat embarrassed. Malachi, however, proposed that they should make a litter of boughs, welded together very tight, and suspended on a pole so as to be carried between two men. Mary Percival was not a very great weight, and, by relieving each other continually, they would be able to get some miles every day, till Mary was well enough to walk with them. Alfred

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assented to this, and, as soon as it was daylight, went into the woods with Malachi, to assist him in cutting the boughs. On their return, they found that all the rest of the party were up, and that Mary felt little or no pain. They made their breakfast on their salt provisions, which were now nearly expended, and as soon as their meal was over, they put Mary upon the litter and set off, taking the Indian prisoners with them, as they thought it not yet advisable to give them their liberty. The first day they made but a few miles, as they were obliged to stop, that they might procure some food. The party were left under a large tree, which was a good landmark, under the charge of Captain Sinclair, while Malachi and Alfred went in search of game. At night-fall they returned with a deer which they had killed, when the Strawberry informed them that the Indian woman had told her, that about two miles to the southward there was a river which ran into the lake, and that there were two canoes belonging to the band, hauled up in the bushes on the beach; that the river was broad and swift, and would soon take them to the lake, by the shores of which they could paddle the canoe to the settlement. This appeared worthy of consideration, as it would in the end, perhaps, save time, and at all events allow Mary Percival to recover. They decided that they would go to the river, and take the canoes, as the Indian woman said that they were large enough to hold them all.

The next morning, guided by the Indian woman, they set off in the direction of the river, and arrived at it in the afternoon. They found the canoes, which were large, and in good order, and having carried them down to the beach, they resolved to put off their embarkation till the following day, as they were again in want of provisions for their subsistence. Alfred, Malachi, and John went out this time, for Percival had shown himself so quiet and contented, and had gradually become so fond of being near Mary Percival, that he appeared to have awakened from his Indian dream, and renewed all his former associations. They did not, therefore, think it necessary to watch him any more—indeed, he never would leave Mary's side, and began now to ask many questions, which proved that he had recalled to mind much of what had been forgotten during his long sojourn with the Indians. The

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hunters returned, having been very successful, and loaded with meat enough to last for four or five days. At daylight the next morning, they led the prisoners about half a mile into the woods, and, pointing to the north as to the direction they were to go, cast loose the deer-thongs which confined them, and set them at liberty. Having done this, they embarked in the canoes, and were soon gliding rapidly down the stream.

The river upon which they embarked, at that time little known to the Europeans, is now called the river Thames, and the town built upon it is named London. It falls into the upper part of Lake Ontario, and is a fine rapid stream. For three days they paddled their canoes, disembarking at night to sleep and cook their provisions, and on the fourth they were compelled to stop, that they might procure more food. They were successful, and on the next day they entered the lake, about two hundred miles to the west of the settlement. Mary Percival was now quite recovered, and found her journey or voyage delightful; the country was in full beauty; the trees waved their boughs down to the river-side, and they did not fall in with any Indians, or perceive any lodges on the bank. Sometimes they started the deer which had come down to drink in the stream, and on one occasion, as they rounded a point, they fell in with a herd which were in the water swimming across, and in this position they destroyed as many as they required for their food till they hoped to arrive at the settlement.

Percival was now quite reconciled to his removal from an Indian life, and appeared most anxious to rejoin his father and mother, of whom he talked incessantly; for he had again recovered his English, which, strange to say, although he perfectly understood it when spoken to, he had almost forgotten to pronounce, and at first spoke with difficulty. The weather was remarkably fine, and the waters of the lake were so smooth, that they made rapid progress, although they invariably disembarked at night. The only annoyance they had was from the musquitoes, which rose in clouds as soon as they landed, and were not to be dispersed until they had lighted a very large fire, accompanied with thick smoke; but this was a trifle compared with their joy at the happy deliverance of the prisoners, and success of their

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expedition. Most grateful, indeed, were they to God for His mercies, and none more so than Mary Percival and Captain Sinclair, who never left her side till it was time to retire to rest.

On the sixth day, in the forenoon, they were delighted to perceive Fort Frontignac in the distance, and although the house at the settlement was hid from their sight by the point covered with wood which intervened, they knew that they were not above four or five miles distant. In less than another hour, they were abreast of the prairie, and landed at the spot where their own punt was moored. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had not perceived the canoes, for, although anxiously looking out every day for the return of the party, their eyes and attention were directed on land, not having any idea of their return by water.

"My dear Alfred," said Mary, "I do not think it will be prudent to let my aunt see Percival at once; we must prepare her a little for his appearance. She has so long considered him as dead, that the shock may be too great."

"You say true, my dear Mary. Then we will go forward with Captain Sinclair and Malachi, and John. Let Percival be put in the middle of the remainder of the party, who must follow afterward, and then be taken up to Malachi's lodge. He can remain there with the Strawberry until we come and fetch him."

Having made these arrangements, to which Percival was with difficulty made to agree, they walked up as proposed, to the house. Outside of the palisade, they perceived Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, with their backs toward them, looking toward the forest, in the direction which the party had taken when they left. But when they were half-way from the beach, Henry came out with Oscar from the cottage, and the dog, immediately perceiving them, bounded to them, barking with delight. Henry cried out, "Father—mother, here they are,—here they come." Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of course turned round, and beheld the party advancing; they flew to meet them, and as they caught Mary in their arms, all explanation for a time was unnecessary—she was recovered, and that was sufficient for the time.

"Come, mother, let us go into the house, that you may compose yourself a little," said Alfred,—that she might not

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perceive Percival among the party that followed at a distance. "Let me support you. Take my arm."

Mrs. Campbell, who trembled very much, did so, and thus turned away from the group among whom Percival was walking. Emma was looking at them attentively, and was about to exclaim, when Captain Sinclair put his finger to his lips.

As soon as they arrived at the house, and had gone in, Alfred, in a few words, gave them an account of what had passed—how successful they had been in their attempt, and how little they had to fear from the Indians in future.

"How grateful I am!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell. "God be praised for all His mercies! I was fearful that I should have lost you, my dear Mary, as well as my poor boy. He is lost for ever—but God's will be done."

"It is very strange, mother," said Alfred, "but we heard, on our journey, that the Indians had found a white boy in the woods."

"Alas! not mine."

"I have reason to believe that it was Percival, my dear mother, and have hopes that he is yet alive."

"My dear Alfred, do not say so unless you have good cause; you little know the yearnings of a mother's heart; the very suggestion of such a hope has thrown me into a state of agitation and nervousness of which you can form no conception. I have been reconciled to the Divine will; let me not return to a state of anxiety and repining."

"Do you think, my dear mother, that I would raise such hopes if I had not good reason to suppose that they would be realised? No, my dear mother, I am not so cruel."

"Then you know that Percival is alive?" said Mrs. Campbell, seizing Alfred by the arm.

Calm yourself, my dear mother, I do know—I am certain that he is alive, and that it was he who was found by the Indians; and I have great hopes that we may recover him."

"God grant it! God grant it in His great mercy!" said Mrs. Campbell, "my heart is almost breaking with joy: may God sustain me! Oh, where is he—my dear Alfred—where is he?" continued Mrs. Campbell. Alfred made no reply, but a flood of tears came to her relief.

"I will explain it to you when you are more composed,

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my dear mother. Emma, you have not said one word to me."

"I have been too much overjoyed to speak, Alfred," replied Emma, extending her hand to him, "but no one welcomes your return more sincerely than I do, and no one is more grateful to you for having brought Mary back."

"Now, Alfred, I am calm," said Mrs. Campbell, "so let me hear at once all you know."

"I see you are calm, my dear mother, and I therefore now tell you that Percival is not far off."

"Alfred! he is here; I am sure he is."

"He is with Malachi and the Strawberry; in a minute I will bring him."

Alfred left the house: the intelligence was almost too overpowering for Mrs. Campbell. Mary and Emma hastened to her, and supported her. In another minute Alfred returned with Percival, and the mother embraced and wept over her long-lost child,—and then gave him to his father's arms.

"How this has happened, and by what merciful interference he has been preserved and restored to us," said Mr. Campbell, when their first emotions were over, "we have yet to learn; but one thing we do know, and are sure of, that it is by the goodness of God alone. Let us return our thanks while our hearts are yet warm with gratitude and love, and may our thanksgiving be graciously received."

Mr. Campbell kneeled down, and his example was followed by all the rest of the party assembled. In a fervent tone he returned thanks for the recent mercies vouchsafed to his family, which, he expressed a hope, would never be forgotten, but would prove a powerful inducement to them all, to lead a more devout life of faith in Him who had so graciously supported them in the hour of peril and affliction,—who had so wonderfully restored to them their lost treasures, and turned all their gloom into sunshine,—filling their hearts with joy and gladness.

"And now, my dear Alfred," said Mrs. Campbell, whose arms still encircled the neck of Percival, "do pray tell us what has taken place, and how you recovered Mary and this dear boy."

Alfred then entered into his detail, first stating the

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knowledge which Captain Sinclair, Malachi, and himself had of Percival being still in existence from the letter written by the Indian woman,—the seizure and confinement of the Young Otter in consequence, which was retaliated by the abduction of Mary. When he had finished, Mr. Campbell said—

“And poor Martin, where is he, that I may thank him?”

“He is at his own lodge, with the Strawberry, who is dressing his wound; for we have not been able to do so for two or three days, and it has become very painful.”

“We owe him a large debt of gratitude,” said Mr. Campbell; “he has suffered much on our account. And your poor man, Captain Sinclair, who fell!”

“Yes,” replied Sinclair, “he was one of our best men—but it was the will of Heaven. He lost his life in the recovery of my dear Mary, and I shall not forget his wife and child, you may depend upon it.”

“Now, Mary, let us have your narrative of what passed when you were in company of the Indians, before your rescue.”

“I was, as you know, gathering the cranberries in the Cedar Swamp, when I was suddenly seized, and something was thrust against my mouth, so that I had no time or power to cry out. My head was then wrapped up in some folds of blanket, by which I was almost suffocated, and I was then lifted up and borne away by two or three men. For a time I kept my senses, but at last the suffocation was so great, that my head swam, and I believe I fainted, for I do not recollect being put down; yet after a time I found myself lying under a tree, and surrounded by five or six Indians, who were squatted round me. I was not a little terrified, as you may imagine. They neither moved nor spoke for some time; I endeavoured to rise, but a hand on my shoulder kept me down, and I did not attempt a useless resistance. Soon afterward, an Indian woman brought me some water, and I immediately recognised her as the one whom we had succoured when we found her in the woods. This gave me courage and hope, though her countenance was immovable, and I could not perceive, even by her eyes, that she attempted any recognition; but reflection convinced me that, if she intended to help me, she was right in so doing.

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After I had raised myself, and drunk some water, the Indians had a talk in a low voice. I observed that they paid deference to one, and from the description which my father and Alfred had given of the Angry Snake, I felt sure that it was he. We remained about half-an-hour on this spot, when they rose, and made signs to me that I was to come with them. Of course I could do no otherwise, and we walked till night came on, when I was, as you may imagine, not a little tired. They then left me with the Indian woman, retiring a few yards from me. The woman made signs that I was to sleep, and although I thought that was impossible, I was so much fatigued that, after putting up my prayers to the Almighty, I had not lain down many minutes before I was fast asleep.

“Before daylight, I was awakened by their voices, and the woman brought me a handful of parched Indian corn; not quite so good a breakfast as I had been accustomed to; but I was hungry, and I contrived to eat it. As soon as the day broke we set off again, and toward evening arrived at a lake. A canoe was brought out from some bushes; we all got into it, and paddled up along the banks for two or three hours, when we disembarked and renewed our journey. My feet were now becoming very sore and painful, for they were blistered all over, and I could scarcely get along; they compelled me, however, to proceed, not using any great force, but still dragging me and pushing me, to make me keep up with them. I soon perceived that I was a prisoner only, and not likely to be ill treated if I complied with their wishes. Toward evening I could hardly put one foot before the other, for they had obliged me to walk in the water of a stream for two or three miles, and my shoes were quite worn out in consequence. At night they again stopped, and the Indian woman prepared some herbs, and applied them to my feet. This gave me great relief, but still she continued to take no notice of any signs I made to her. The next morning I found I had received so much benefit from the application of the herbs, that for the first half of the day I walked on pretty well, and was a little in advance, when, hearing the chief speak in an angry tone behind me, I turned round, and, to my horror, saw him raise his tomahawk, and strike down the poor Indian woman. I could not refrain from hastening to

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her ; but I had just time to perceive that her skull was cloven, and that she was, as I imagined, dead, when I was dragged away and forced to continue my journey. You may imagine how my blood curdled at this scene, and how great were now my apprehensions for myself. Why I had been carried away I knew not, for I was as ignorant as you were of Percival being alive, and of the Young Otter having been detained at the fort. My idea was, when the chief struck down the Indian woman, that it was to get rid of her, and that I was to replace her. This idea was almost madness, but still I had hope, and I prayed as I walked along to that God who sees the most secret act, and hears the most silent prayer of the heart, and I felt an assurance while praying that I should be rescued. I knew that my absence would be immediately discovered, and that there were those who would risk their lives to rescue me, if I was still in existence ; and I therefore used all my efforts to walk on as fast as I could, and not irritate the Indians. But that night I had no one to dress my feet, which were bleeding and very much swelled, and I was very wretched when I lay down alone. I could not drive from my thoughts the poor Indian woman weltering in her blood, and murdered for no crime or fault—nothing that I could discover. The next morning, as usual, my food was some parched Indian corn, and of that I received only a handful for my sustenance during the twenty-four hours ; however, hunger I never felt, I had too much pain. I was able to drag myself on till about noon, when I felt that I could not proceed further. I stopped and sat down ; the chief ordered me to get up again by signs ; I pointed to my feet, which were now swelled above the ankles, but he insisted, and raised his tomahawk to frighten me into compliance. I was so worn out, that I could have almost received the blow with thankfulness, but I remembered you, my dear uncle and aunt and others, and resolved for your sakes to make one more effort. I did so ; I ran and walked for an hour more in perfect agony ; at last nature could support the pain no longer, and I fell insensible.”

“ My poor Mary ! ” exclaimed Emma.

“ I thought of you often and often, my dear sister,” replied Mary, kissing her.

“ I believe it was a long while before I came to my senses,”

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- continued Mary, "for when I did, I found that the Indians were very busy weaving branches into a sort of litter. As soon as they had finished, they put me upon it, and I was carried by two of them swinging on a pole which they put on their shoulders. I need hardly say, that the journey was now more agreeable than it was before, although my feet were in a dreadful state, and gave me much pain. That night we stopped by a rivulet, and I kept my feet in the water for two or three hours, which brought down the inflammation and swelling very much, and I contrived after that to gain some sleep. They carried me one more day, when they considered that they had done enough, and I was again ordered to walk; I did so for two days, and was then in the same condition as before. A litter was therefore again constructed, and I was carried till I arrived at the lodges of the Angry Snake and his band. What passed from that time you have heard from Alfred."

When Mary Percival had finished her narrative, they all sat down to supper, and it hardly need be said that Mr. Campbell did not fail, before they retired to rest, again to pour forth his thanksgivings to the Almighty for the preservation of those who were so dear. The next morning, they all rose in health and spirits. Martin came early to the house with the Strawberry; his wound was much better, and he received the thanks and condolence of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

When they were at breakfast, Mr. Campbell said, "John, in our joy at seeing your brother and cousin again, I quite forgot to scold you for running away as you did."

"Then don't do it now, sir," said Malachi, "for he was very useful, I can assure you."

"No, I won't scold him now," replied Mr. Campbell; "but he must not act so another time. If he had confided to me his anxious wish to join you, I should probably have given my permission."

"I must now take my leave, and return to the fort," said Captain Sinclair; "I do, however, trust I shall see you all again in a few days, but I must report the results of the expedition, and the death of poor Watkins. May I borrow one of your horses, Mr. Campbell?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Campbell; "you know the *bateau*

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is expected every day from Montreal ; perhaps you will bring us our letters when it arrives."

Captain Sinclair took his leave, as it may be imagined, very reluctantly, and in a day or two the family again settled down to their usual occupations. The emigrants had, during the absence of the expedition, gathered in a great portion of the corn, and now all hands were employed in finishing the harvest.

"How happy we are now, Mary!" said Emma to her sister, as they were walking by the stream watching John, who was catching trout.

"Yes, my dear Emma, we have had a lesson which will, I trust, prevent any future repining, if we have felt any, at our present position. The misery we have been rescued from has shown us how much we have to be thankful for. We have nothing more to fear from the Indians, and I feel as if I could now pass the remainder of my life here in peace and thankfulness."

"Not without Captain Sinclair?"

"Not always without him; the time will, I trust, come when I may reward him for his patience and his regard for me; but it has not yet come; and it's for my uncle and aunt to decide when it shall. Where's Percival?"

"He is gone into the woods with Malachi, and with a rifle on his shoulder, of which he is not a little proud. John is not at all jealous. He says that Percival ought to know how to fire a rifle, and throw away that foolish bow and arrow. Do you not think that his residence among the Indians has made a great change in Percival?"

"A very great one; he is more manly and more taciturn; he appears to think more and talk less. But Henry is beckoning to us. Dinner is ready, and we must not keep hungry people waiting."

"No," replied Emma; "for in that case I should keep myself waiting."

CHAPTER XL

CAPTAIN SINCLAIR on his return to Fort Frontignac reported to the Colonel the successful result of the expedition, and was warmly congratulated upon it, as the Colonel

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had been made acquainted with the engagement between him and Mary Percival. The Young Otter, who had remained in confinement during Captain Sinclair's absence, was now set at liberty; and the Colonel, who was aware that Captain Sinclair must be very anxious to remain at the settlement for a short time after what had occurred, very kindly offered him leave for a few days, which it may be supposed Captain Sinclair did not fail to avail himself of. The Colonel at the same time sent a message to Mr. Campbell, stating that as soon as the *bateaux* should arrive from Montreal, he would bring any letters or newspapers that might arrive for them, and take that opportunity of offering in person his congratulations.

Captain Sinclair did not, however, return for two or three days, as he had many letters to write in answer to those which had arrived during his absence. On his return to the settlement, he found them all well and happy; Mary quite recovered from her fatigue, and everything going on in the same quiet order and method as if the expedition had never taken place, and had never been necessary. Indeed, nothing appeared now wanting to the happiness of the whole party, and their affairs were prospering. The emigrants who had joined Mr. Campbell were industrious and intelligent, very civil, and very useful. They paid the greatest respect to Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who were certainly very liberal and kind to them, assisting them in every way in their power. Although the farm had been so much increased, the labour was light, from the quantity of hands they could command; the stock had increased very fast; old Graves had taken charge of the mill during the absence of Alfred and Martin, and had expressed his wish to continue in that employment, which Alfred gladly gave up. In short, peace and plenty reigned in the settlement, and Alfred's words when he recommended his father to go to Canada, had every prospect of becoming true—that his father would be independent, if not rich, and leave his children the same. In three days Captain Sinclair arrived; he was received with great warmth by all the party, and after dinner was over, Mr. Campbell addressed the family as follows:—

“My dear children, your mother and I have had some conversation on one or two points, and we have come to the

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decision that having so much to thank God for, in His kindness and mercies shown towards us, it would be selfish on our parts if we did not consult the happiness of others. We are now independent, and with every prospect of being more so every day; we are no longer isolated, but surrounded by those who are attached to us and will protect us should there be any occasion. In short, we are living in comfort and security, and we trust to Providence that we shall continue so to do. You, my dear Alfred, generously abandoned your profession to which you were so partial, to come and protect us in the wilderness, and we knew too well the value of your services not to accept them, although we were fully aware of the sacrifice which you made; but we are no longer in the wilderness, and no longer require your strong arm and bold heart. We have therefore decided that it is our duty no longer to keep you from the profession to which you belong, but, on the contrary, to recommend you now to rejoin and follow up your career, which we trust in God may prove as prosperous as we are convinced it will be honourable. Take our best thanks, my dear boy, for your kindness to us, and now consider yourself at liberty to return to England, and rejoin the service as soon as you please.

“And now I must address you, my dear Mary; you and your sister accompanied us here, and since you have been with us, have cheered us during our stay by your attentions and unwearied cheerfulness under all the privations which we at first had to encounter. You have engaged the affections of an honourable and deserving man, but at the same time have never shown the least disposition to leave us; indeed, we know what your determination has been, but your aunt and I consider it our present duty to say, that much as we shall regret to part with one so dear, you must no longer sacrifice yourself for us, but make him happy who so well deserves you. That you will remain here is of course out of the question; your husband's connections and fortune require that he should return to England, and not bury himself in the woods of Canada. You have therefore our full permission, and I may say, it will be most pleasing to us, if you no longer delay your union with Captain Sinclair and follow your husband; whenever and wherever you go, you will have our blessing and our prayers, and the satisfaction of knowing that you have

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been to us as a dutiful daughter, and that we love you as dearly as it is possible for parents to do. Take her, Captain Sinclair, from my hands, and take with her our blessings and best wishes for your happiness, which I do not doubt will be as great as we can expect in this checkered world; for a dutiful daughter will always become a good wife."

Mary, who was sitting between Mrs. Campbell and Captain Sinclair, fell upon her aunt's neck and wept; Mr. Campbell extended his hand to Captain Sinclair, who expressed in return his warmest thanks and gratitude. Alfred, who had said nothing more, went up to his mother and kissed her.

"I wish you to go, Alfred," said his mother; "I wish you to rejoin a service to which you are a credit. Do not believe otherwise, or that I shall grieve too much at your departure."

"Go, my son," said Mr. Campbell, shaking him by the hand, "and let me see you a post-captain before I die."

Mrs. Campbell now took Mary Percival into the next room, that she might compose herself, and Captain Sinclair ventured to follow. Every one appeared happy at this announcement of Mr. Campbell except Emma, who looked unusually serious. Alfred, perceiving it, said to her, "Emma, you are very grave at the idea of losing Mary, and I do not wonder at it, but you will have one consolation,—you will lose me too, and I shall no longer plague you as you continually complain that I do."

"I never thought of that," replied Emma, half angry; "well, you *are* a great plague, and the sooner you go——"

Emma did not, however, finish her speech, but left the room, to join her sister.

Now that Mr. Campbell had announced his wishes, the subject of Mary's marriage and Alfred's return to the service was, for a few days, the continual subject of discussion. It was decided that Mary should be married in a month, by the chaplain of the fort, who had returned, and that Captain Sinclair, with his wife and Alfred, should leave the settlement at the end of September, so as to arrive at Quebec in good time for sailing before the winter should set in. It was now the last week in August, so that there was not much time to pass away previous to their departure. Captain Sinclair returned to the fort, to make the Colonel acquainted with what had passed, and to take the necessary steps for leave of absence, and his return

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to England. This, from his interest with the Governor, he was sure to obtain, and when in England, it would be time sufficient to decide whether he should leave that service or exchange into some regiment at home. As every prospect of war or disturbance in Canada was now over, he could take either step without any censure being laid upon him.

A week afterward, the *bateaux* arrived from Montreal, and the Colonel and Captain Sinclair made their appearance at the settlement, bringing with them the letters and papers from England.

Having received the congratulations of the Colonel, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, with his permission, opened their letters, for all the family were present, and all, as usual, anxious to hear the news. The first letter Mr. Campbell opened, to the surprise of all, produced an immediate change in his countenance. He read it a second time, and laying it down on his knee, appeared to remain in a state of complete abstraction.

"No bad news, I hope, Campbell?" said his wife anxiously, as all the rest looked upon him with astonishment.

"No, my dear Emily, no bad news, but most unexpected news; such as it has been my fortune in life to receive once before this time. You remember, although years have since passed, the letter that was brought to us in our little parlour——"

"Which put you in possession of Wexton Hall, Campbell."

"Yes, I did refer to that; but I will not keep you all in longer suspense. This is but a counterpart of the former letter."

Mr. Campbell then read as follows:—

"May 7, 18—.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure that we have again to communicate to you that you may return, as soon as you please, and take possession of the Wexton Hall property.

"You may remember that many months back Mr. Douglas Campbell received a fall from his horse when hunting. No serious consequences were anticipated, but it appears that his spine was injured, and after some months' close confinement, he expired on the 9th of April. As Mr. Douglas Campbell has left no issue, and you are the next in tail, you have now undisputed possession of the property which you so honourably surrendered some years since.

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"I have taken upon myself to act as your agent since Mr. Campbell's decease. Mrs. D. Campbell has a handsome settlement upon the property, which will of course fall in upon her demise. Waiting your commands, I am, dear sir, yours truly,
J. HARVEY."

"Mr. Campbell, I congratulate you with all my heart," said the Colonel, rising up, and taking his hand. "You have proved yourself deserving of such good fortune; Mrs. Campbell, I need hardly add that my congratulations extend to you."

Surprise at first rendered Mrs. Campbell mute; at last she said—

"We are in the hands of Him, and do but execute His will. For your sake, my dear Campbell, for the children's sake, perhaps, I ought to rejoice—we hardly know. That I am happy here, now that my children have been restored to me, I confess. I doubt whether that happiness will be increased by the return to Wexton Hall; at all events, I shall leave this place with regret. We have had too many revolutions of fortune, Campbell, since we have been united, not to have learned by experience that a peaceful, quiet, and contented home is more necessary to our happiness than riches."

"I feel as you do, Emily," replied Mr. Campbell, "but we are growing old, and have been taught wisdom practically, by the events of a checkered life. Our children, I perceive, think otherwise—nor do I wonder at it."

"I shan't go," said John; "I shall only be sent to school; no master shall flog me—I'm a man."

"Nor me," cried Percival.

The Colonel and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, as well as the elder portion of the party, could not help smiling at the exclamation of the two boys. They had both played the part of men, and it was but too evident how unfitted they would be for future scholastic discipline.

"You shall neither of you go to school," replied Mr. Campbell, "but still you must render yourselves fit for your stations in life, by improving your minds, and attending those who will instruct you."

It is hard to say whether much real joy was felt by any of the party at the prospect of returning to England. It is true

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that Mary Percival was delighted at the idea of not being so far from her aunt and uncle, and that Emma was better pleased to be in England, for reasons which she kept to herself. But it was not the coming into the large property which occasioned pleasure to any of them. However, if there was not much pleasure derived from this re-accession to property, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell knew their duty too well to hesitate, and every preparation was commenced for their return along with Alfred and Captain Sinclair. John, however, still continued obstinate in declaring that he would not go, and Percival was very much of John's opinion, although he did not speak so plainly.

When Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were alone, the former said to his wife—

"I do not know what to do about John. He appears so resolute in his determination not to go with us, that I fear he will run away into the woods at the time of our departure. He is now continually with Malachi and Martin, and appears to have severed himself from the family."

"It is hard to decide, Campbell; I have more than once thought it would be better to leave him here. He is our youngest son. Henry will of course inherit the estate, and we shall have to provide for the others out of our savings. Now this property, by the time that John is of age, will be of no inconsiderable value, and by no means a bad fortune for a younger son. He appears so wedded to the woods and a life of nature, that I fear it would only be the cause of continual regret and discontent if we did take him to England; and if so, what comfort or advantage should we gain by his returning? I hardly know what to advise."

"I have serious thoughts of leaving him here under the charge of Martin and Malachi," replied Mr. Campbell. "He would be happy; by-and-by he would be rich. What could he obtain more in England? But it must be for you to decide, my dear Emily. I know a mother's feelings, and respect them."

"I cannot decide at once, my dear husband. I will first talk with John, and consult with Alfred and Henry."

The result of Mrs. Campbell's communicating with her sons, was a decision that John should remain in Canada, under the charge of Martin and Malachi, who were to superintend

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the farm, and watch over him. Martin was to take charge of the farm. Malachi was to be John's companion in the woods, and old Graves, who had their mill under his care, engaged to correspond with Mr. Campbell, and let them know how things went on. When this was settled, John walked at least two inches higher, and promised to write to his mother himself. The Colonel, when he heard the arrangement, pledged himself that as long as he was in command of the fort, he would keep a watchful eye, not only over John, but the whole of the settlement, and communicate occasionally with Mr. Campbell.

A month after the receipt of the letter, the whole family, with the exception of John, embarked in two *bateaux*, and arrived at Montreal, where they remained a day or two, and then proceeded on to Quebec.

At Quebec, their agent had already taken all the cabins of one of the finest ships for their passage, and after a run of six weeks, they once more found themselves at Liverpool, from which town they posted to Wexton Hall, Mrs. Douglas Campbell having retired to a property of her own in Scotland.

We have now finished our tale, and have only to inform our little readers what were the after-lives of the Campbell family.

Henry did not return to college, but remained with his father and mother at the Hall, employing himself in superintending for his father the property to which he afterward succeeded.

Alfred was appointed to a ship commanded by Captain Lumley. He soon rose in the service, was highly distinguished as a gallant, clever officer, and four years after his return to England was married to his cousin Emma—at which the reader will not be surprised.

Mary Percival was married to Captain Sinclair, who sold out, and retired upon half-pay, to live upon his estate in Scotland.

Percival went to college, and turned out a very clever lawyer.

John remained in Canada until he was twenty years old, when he came home to see his father and mother. He had grown to six feet four inches high, and was stout in proportion. He was a very amusing fellow, and could talk fast

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enough, but his chief conversation was upon hunting and sporting. The farm had been well conducted ; the emigrants had adhered to the agreements, and were now cultivating for themselves. Martin had three papooses (as the Indians call the children) by the Strawberry. Malachi had grown too old to go out often into the woods, and he sat by the fire in the winter, and basked in the sun at the door of the house during the summer. Oscar was dead, but they had some fine puppies of his breed. Mr. Campbell gave John a deed on his return, conveying to him the Canadian property, and shortly afterward John picked up a little Canadian wife at Quebec, who made him perfectly happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell lived to a good old age, respected as long as they lived, and lamented when they died. They had known prosperity and adversity, and in each state of life had acquitted themselves with exemplary propriety, not having been elated by the one, or depressed by the other. They knew that this world was a world of trial, and but a preparation for another ; they therefore did their duty in that state of life to which it pleased God to call them—proving in all their actions, that they remembered their duty to their God, and their duty to their neighbour ; living and dying (as I hope all my young readers will) sincere and good Christians.

THE END

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